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MISCELLANIES

ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY

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Arthur Latham Perry D.D.
to the
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ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY.

MISCELLANIES

BY

ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY, D.D., LL.D.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY, WILLIAMS COLLEGE; MEMBER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY; AND PRESIDENT OF THE BERKSHIRE HISTORICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

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1902

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For Fifty Years

GEORGE MOOAR AND I

HAVE NOT BROKEN LOVE

A SINGLE HOUR

PREFACE

As the time draws sensibly near to the survivors of the Williams College class of 1852, as they propose to gather at Williamstown in June to keep their semi-centennial celebration of graduation, I have been led to consider whether there be anything that I could do in a formal yet simple way to make somewhat more memorial than it otherwise might be a meeting to which I look forward with the deepest interest. The only reason why I should entertain a feeling of this sort more than any other member of the class is this: The year following our graduation had not more than one-half passed by when I had received and accepted the position in the college which I now hold *Emeritus* and with a salary; so that my home has virtually been in Williamstown for fifty years without a break, besides the four years which we spent together here as a college class.

I concluded at length that I would print for the occasion a selection of my casual writings, all or nearly all having been seen at some time in print before, — the last one only, on the "New England College," being wholly new, and dating from Christmas, 1901. Considering the purpose of the selection, I thought it would not be inappropriate nor unacceptable to my classmates to prefix to these papers a copperplate engraving of my face, which I never put before into any book or other publication of my own.

As the list of the class appears to-day, as faithfully kept for many years by our beloved secretary, L. Pratt, sixteen are still living and thirty-five have passed over to the shore beyond. Pixley, and may God bless him, is still in Africa.

And now, with a thankful heart for the past and with loving thoughts toward the memory of the living and the dead, I append my name on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1902.

ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY.

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APHORISMS.

1. HISTORY is not a record of mere events, but rather of a portion of the social progress of mankind, whether in an institution, in a nation, or in the world at large; unmixed eulogy of persons, accordingly, is never true history, but is at once false and foolish and useless, because no individual was ever perfect in his social or other action nor ever can be.

2. Nothing is perfect in this world except the world itself as a school for discipline; and yet God has made the world on everlasting lines of order, and hence the possibility and the certainty of the sciences.

3. A science is the body of exact definitions and sound conclusions, as these are induced from and applied to a single class of facts or phenomena. Political economy, for example, is the science of Buying and Selling, — a process easily and certainly separable in society (1) from giving and (2) from stealing.

4. Buying and Selling necessarily includes two persons in a voluntary action of each in relation to the other, and is precisely the same thing on the part of both: when a man buys anything he must pay for it, and that is selling; and when he sells anything he must take his pay for it, and that is buying.

5. There is no distinction whatever between buyer and seller as such.

6. Fraud aside, which is stealing, trade is always profitable to both parties to it, because each prefers what he is about to receive to what he is about to render, — otherwise he would not render it; the motive to trade is just this difference in estimation.

7. Not only is trade thus profitable to both parties, it is the only possible source of profit to any parties; therefore trade is good in its inmost nature and issue.

8. To prohibit or lessen trade by law, save only in the undoubted interest of morals or health or revenue, is, so far forth, to destroy the property (actual and prospective) of individuals.

9. Tariffs are taxes and nothing else; "revenue" tariffs may be a reasonable mode of public taxation of the people, for the foreign goods only yield a revenue to government as they are allowed to come in; while "protective" tariffs (falsely so-called) only yield their plunder to greedy individuals as the foreign goods are kept out, and so stop a profitable trade.

10. A market for products is products in market; a tariff law that keeps out a dollar's worth of foreign goods which want to come in keeps in a dollar's worth of domestic goods which want to go out; and both nations suffer instantly an inevitable loss.

11. If a nation will not buy of foreigners, it cannot sell to them, and this under an immutable law of Almighty God.

MISCELLANIES

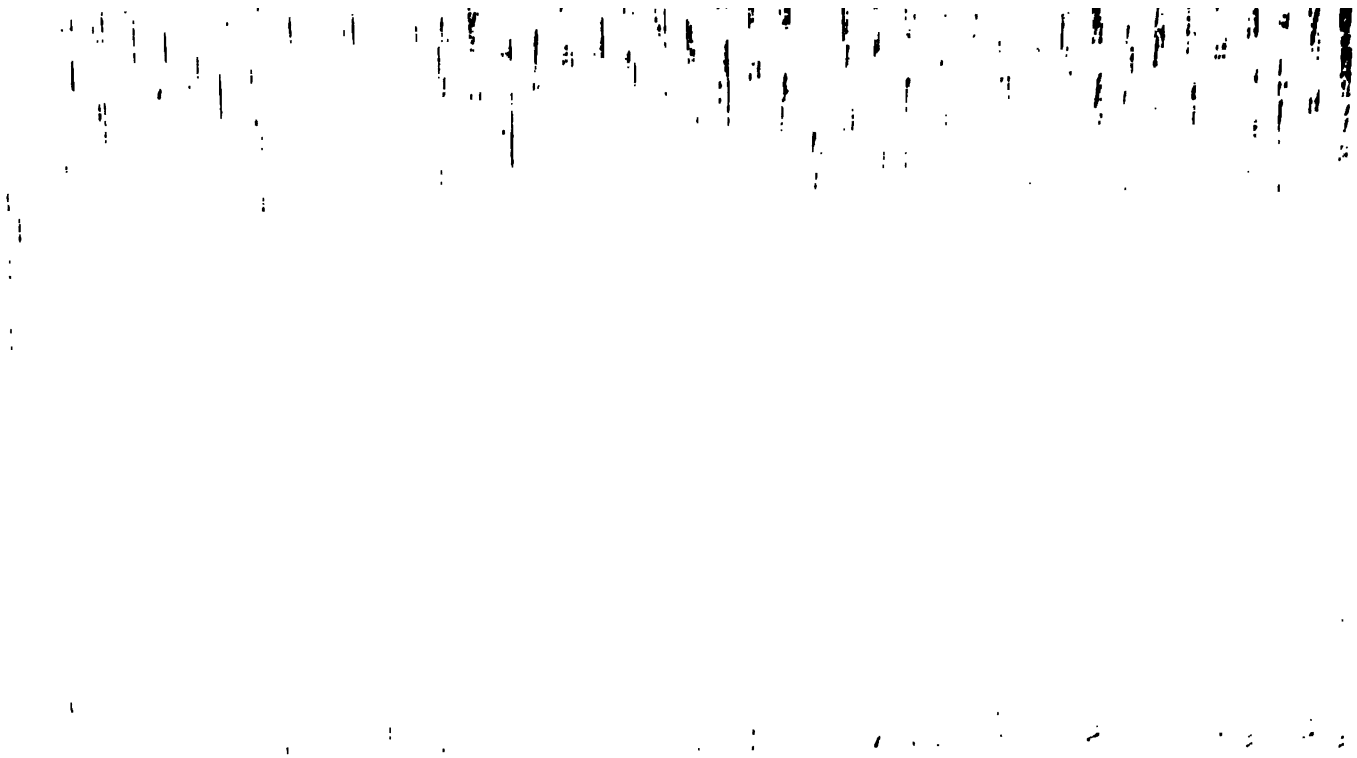
SCOTCH-IRISH IN NEW ENGLAND.

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN OF THE SOCIETY —

The Scotch-Irish did not enter New England unheralded. Early in the spring of 1718 Rev. Mr. Boyd was dispatched from Ulster to Boston as an agent of some hundreds of those people who expressed a strong desire to remove to New England, should suitable encouragement be afforded them. His mission was to Governor Shute, of Massachusetts, then in the third year of his administration of that colony, an old soldier of King William, a Lieutenant-Colonel under Marlborough in the wars of Queen Anne, and wounded in one of the great battles in Flanders. Mr. Boyd was empowered to make all necessary arrangements with the civil authorities for the reception of those whom he represented, in case his report of the state of things here should prove to be favorable.

As an assurance to the governor of the good faith and earnest resolve of those who sent him, Mr. Boyd brought an engrossed parchment twenty-eight inches square, containing the following memorial to his excellency, and the autograph names of the heads of the families proposing to emigrate: "We whose names are underwritten, Inhabitants of ye North of Ireland, Doe in our own names, and in the names of many others, our Neighbors, Gentlemen, Ministers, Farmers, and Tradesmen, Commissionate and appoint our trusty and well beloved friend, the Reverend Mr. William Boyd, of Macasky, to His Excellency, the Right Honorable Collonel Samuel Suitte, Governour of New England, and to assure His Excellency of our sincere and hearty Inclination to Transport ourselves to that very excellent and renowned Plantation upon our obtaining from His Excellency suitable incouragement. And further to act and Doe in our Names as his prudence shall direct. Given under our hands this 26th day of March, Anno Dom. 1718."

To this brief but explicit memorial, three hundred and nineteen names were appended, all but thirteen of them in fair and vigorous



welcoming the Scotch-Irish into her jurisdiction was to plant them on the frontiers of Maine as a living bulwark against the restless and enterprising French of the north, and their still more restless savage allies; the motive of the Ulstermen in coming to America was to establish homes of their own in fee simple, taxable only to support their own form of worship and their strictly local needs — to escape, in short, the *land lease* and the *church tithe;* the bottom aims, accordingly, of both parties to the negotiation ran parallel with each other, and there was in consequence a swift agreement in the present, and in the long sequel a large realization of the purposes of both.

August 4, 1718, five small ships came to anchor near the little wharf at the foot of State Street in Boston, then a town of perhaps twelve thousand people. On board these ships were about one hundred and twenty families of Scotch-Irish. They reckoned themselves in families. It is certain that the number of persons in the average family so reckoned was, according to our modern notions, very large. There may have been, there probably was, at least seven hundred and fifty passengers on board. Cluttered in those separate ships, not knowing exactly whither to turn, having as a whole no recognized leader on board, no Castle Garden to afford a preliminary shelter, no organized Commissioners of Immigration to lend them a hand, the most of them extremely poor — the imagination would fain, but may not picture the confusions and perplexities, the stout hearts of some and the heart-aches of others, the reckless joy of children, and the tottering steps of old men and women. One patriarch, John Young — I know his posterity well — was ninety-five years old. And there were babies in arms, a plenty of them!

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I have lately scrutinized with critical care this ancient parchment stamped by the hands of our ancestors, now in the custody of the Historical Society of New Hampshire, and was led into a line of reflections which I will not now repeat, as to its own vicissitudes in the seven quarter-centuries of its existence, and as to the personal vicissitudes and motives, and heart-swellings and hazards, and cold and hunger and nakedness, as well as the hard-earned success and the sense of triumph, and the immortal *vestigia* of the men who lovingly rolled and unrolled this costly parchment on the banks of the Foyle and the Bann Water! Tattered are its edges now, shrunken by time and exposure its original dimensions, illegible already some of the names even under the fortifying power of modern lenses, but precious in the eyes of New England, nay, precious in the eyes of Scotch-Irishmen everywhere, is this venerable muniment of intelligence and of courageous purpose looking down upon us from the time of the first English George.

It is enough for our present purpose to know that Governor Shute gave such general encouragement and promise of welcome through Mr. Boyd to his constituents that the latter were content with the return-word received from their messenger, and set about with alacrity the preparations for their embarkation. Nothing definite was settled between the governor and the minister, not even the locality of a future residence for the newcomers; but it is clear in general, that the governor's eye was upon the district of Maine, then and for a century afterward, a part of Massachusetts. Five years before Boyd's visit to Boston, had been concluded the European treaty of Utrecht, and, as between England and France, it had therein been agreed that all of Nova Scotia or Acadia, "according to its ancient boundaries," should remain to England. But what were the ancient boundaries of Acadia? Did it include all that is now New Brunswick? Or had France still a large territory on the Atlantic between Acadia and Maine? This was a vital question, wholly unsolved by the treaty. The motive of Massachusetts in

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in some sequestered spot the sweet ministrations of the Gospel according to their own sense of its rule and order, and, being better able than the rest to wait and choose out for themselves, we shall follow their fortunes a little farther on.

Others of the company were the descendants of those who participated in the original "Colonization of Ulster," which dates from 1610; and of those who, three years later, formed the first Presbytery in Ireland, the "Presbytery of Antrim." Others still were the progeny of those Scotchmen and Englishmen, whom Cromwell transplanted at the middle of the century to take the places of those wasted by his own pitiless sword — "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" And a few families of native Irish also mingled in the throngs around the wharf, doubtless drawn by sympathy and attachment to take the risk of the New with their neighbors whom they had found trustworthy and hospitable in the Old. I only know for certain that the numerous Young family, consisting of four generations, and the wife of Joshua Gray, of whom we shall hear more pretty soon, were Celtic Irish.

If now we except some individuals and families of this great company, who found pretty soon a transient or permanent home in Boston in connection with their countrymen already settled there in an isolated way, and who a few years afterward formed a Presbyterian Church in Long Lane (later Federal Street), under Rev. John Moorehead of saintly but eccentric memory, which church turned Congregational in 1786, and afterward, under the famous Dr. Channing, became the bridge to Unitarianism; and if we except also, perhaps, as many families who went up that autumn to Andover, then a new town whose development they influenced both socially and theologically, and a considerable number more who went up temporarily to await events, to the towns along the Merrimac, as Dracut and Haverhill, all the rest of the migration became located in the course of six months in three main centers, to which we must now attend in order, and from which these peculiar people diffused themselves little by little into every corner of New England.

1. Worcester. Nowadays we in Massachusetts call Worcester "the heart of the Commonwealth." It is a shallow bowl of beautiful country. The fall of 1718 marked the fifth year of its permanent settlement. There were about fifty log-houses and two hundred souls within the circle. These were all English and Puritans, and from the towns immediately to the eastward. But the Indians were hostile. Two previous settlements on the spot had been abandoned from this cause, — the first in King Philip's War in the

year 1675, the second in Queen Anne's War in 1709. Now the colony was determined to hold the ground. At least five garrison-houses, one a regular block fort, stood within the bowl. Accordingly, Governor Shute looked favorably upon the proposition, that a part of the Scotch-Irish, now in one sense on his hands, should go direct to Worcester, to find a much-needed home for themselves, to reinforce the fifty families already on the ground, and to take their chances in helping to defend the menaced western frontier, fifty miles from Boston.

We do not know exactly how many went to Worcester. We may fairly infer that at least fifty families — large families — went straight from Boston to Worcester that autumn, and that the population of the place was thus more than doubled at one stroke. I entertain the opinion, gathered from scattered and uncertain data, that it was the poorer, the more illiterate, the more helpless, part of the five shiploads who were conducted to Worcester. I have hanging in my study, handsomely framed, the original deed by which my immediate maternal ancestor, Matthew Gray, conveyed to his son, of the same name, in 1735, his farm in Worcester of fifty-five acres, still called there the "Gray Farm," to which deed are appended not the autographs but the "marks" of Matthew and Jean, his wife. Neither Matthew nor Jean could write. The deed is witnessed, however, by "William Gray, Jr.," who writes a fair hand; but "Ealanor Gray," who witnesses with him, makes her "mark." Three *marks* to one *manual* is a bad proportion, but you will allow me to premise that the Grays, though illiterate, were long-headed.

There is much evidence that the poor Scotch-Irish were welcomed in Worcester at first. They were needed there, both for civil and military reasons. Jonas Rice, the first permanent settler of Worcester, who had been a planter during the second settlement broken up by the Indians, returned to his farm to stay, October 21, 1713, and remained with his family alone in the forest till the spring of 1715. Adonijah, his son, was the first child born in Worcester, November 7, 1714. The cool courage, good sense, and strict integrity of Jonas Rice made him the first great leader in the town where great leaders have never been wanting since. He was just the man to appreciate the stout hearts of his new-come, not yet well-understood, neighbors. No town organization had as yet been made when, in 1722, Lovell's Indian War broke out, and two Scotch-Irishmen, John Gray and Robert Crawford, were posted alone as scouts on Leicester Hill to the westward, doubtless at Rice's in-

stance. In September of the same year a township organization was first effected, and John Gray, with Jonas Rice, were two of the first selectmen; William Gray was chosen one of the two fence-viewers, and Robert Peebles one of the two hog-reeves. At the first annual town meeting, the next year, new names of the strangers appear on the list of town officers; for example, James Hamilton as surveyor, and Andrew Farren as fence-viewer, though John Gray dropped this year from selectman to sealer of leather; but at the second annual March meeting, 1724, John Gray goes back to his earlier post as selectman; James McClellan, great-great-great-grandfather to the late general-in-chief, becomes a constable; Robert Lethridge, a surveyor of highways; William Gray and Robert Peebles, fence-viewers; John Battay, tithingman; and Matthew Gray, my own great-great-grandfather, both sealer of leather and hog-reeve.

The most interesting of the purely Irish families, who came with the Scotch to Worcester, with whom they had contracted relationship during their long residence in Ulster, or become attached by community of sentiment and suffering, was the Young family, four generations together. They brought the potato to Worcester, and it was first planted there in several fields in the spring of 1719. The tradition is still lively in Scotch-Irish families (I listened to it eagerly in my boyhood) that some of their English neighbors, after enjoying the hospitality of one of the Irish families, were presented each, on their departure, with a few tubers for planting, and the recipients, unwilling to give offense by refusing, accepted the gift; but suspecting the poisonous quality, carried them only to the next swamp and *chucked* them into the water. The same spring a few potatoes were given for seed to a Mr. Walker, of Andover, Mass., by an Irish family who had wintered with him, previous to their departure for Londonderry to the northward. The potatoes were accordingly planted, came up and flourished well, blossomed and produced *balls*, which the family supposed were the fruit to be eaten. They cooked the balls in various ways, but could not make them palatable, and pronounced them unfit for food. The next spring, while plowing the garden, the plow passed through where the potatoes had grown, and turned out some of great size, by which means they discovered their mistake. This is the reason why this now indispensable esculent is still called in New England certainly, and perhaps elsewhere, the "Irish potato."

John Young was perhaps the oldest immigrant who ever came to this country to live and die. If the inscription on his tombstone is to be trusted, which the American Antiquarian Society, of Worcester,

copied and published many years ago, he was ninety-five years old when he landed at Boston. He lived in Worcester twelve years, died in 1730, was buried in the old yard on the common. His son, David Young, an old man when he came, died at ninety-four years, and was buried in the same place. *His* son, William Young, a stone-cutter by trade, erected over their graves a common double headstone, with the following inscriptions in parallel columns, united at the bottom by the rude yet precious rhyming lines: —

"Here lies interred the remains of
John Young, who was born in
the isle of Bert, near London-
derry, in the Kingdom of Ireland.
He departed this life, June
30, 1730, aged 107 years.

Here lies interred the remains of
David Young, who was born in
the parish of Tahbeyn, county of
Donegal, and Kingdom of Ireland.
He departed this life, December
26, aged 94 years.

The aged son, and the more aged father
Beneath (these) stones their mould'ring bones
Here rest together."

Moses Young, probably the son of this epitaphist, William Young, was a lad of some six years at the time of the emigration, and became the ancestor of numerous families of that name in Western Massachusetts, and particularly in Williamstown, the town of my residence, where there are no less than five Young families at present, living in one neighborhood, the same they have occupied as farmers for a century and a quarter. These families and individuals have never exhibited the main traits of their Scotch-Irish companions and their descendants. They have been less "canny" and enterprising. Race blood tells from generation to generation. They have been, perhaps, more inclined to intoxicants than the others; although, if the truth must be told, the whole tribe in New England, as a rule, and in the earlier times, *have drunk more than their fair share of the liquor.* Only now and then one of the Youngs has tried professional and official life. John Young, born in Worcester, June 2, 1739, studied medicine with the first and famous Dr. Green, of Worcester. He practiced a little while in Pelham, and then moved to Peterborough, N.H., about 1764. Both of these were Scotch-Irish towns, and Dr. Young's migrations illustrate the usage, well-nigh universal in the last century, of families and individuals moving from town to town within the Presbyterian circuit. Young was always very poor, and became very intemperate. The common custom of "treating" the doctor and minister at each professional, and even friendly call, wrought mischief to multitudes of both orders; and the later and the last necessities of poor John Young,

who died February 27, 1807, were considerately ministered unto by the town of Peterborough.

When "Lovell's War" was over, and before the "Old French War" began, and when the two sets of population in Worcester settled down to a better neighborhood acquaintance, the inevitable antipathies waked up as between Englishmen and Scotchmen, as between Presbyterians and Puritans. Certain traits and habits of our folks, to be specified later as common to them in all New England, intensified the feeling of repugnance felt toward them in Worcester. They were commonly called "Irish." Even a formal act of the General Court of Massachusetts denominated them "poor Irish people"; and a little later the General Court of New Hampshire styled the Londonderry section of them "a company of Irish at Nutfield." This designation they all naturally enough resented. "We are surprised," writes Rev. James McGregor, the pastor of Londonderry, in a letter to Governor Shute, bearing date in 1720, "to hear ourselves termed Irish people, when we so frequently ventured our all for the British crown and liberties against the Irish papists, and gave all tests of our loyalty which the government of Ireland required, and are always ready to do the same when required."

In Worcester there were at least two, Abraham Blair and William Caldwell, and in Londonderry several more, including Rev. Matthew Clark, of the survivors of the heroic defense of the Ulster Londonderry in 1689; and these men and their heirs were made free of taxation throughout the British provinces by Act of Parliament, and occupied what were called "*exempt farms*" in New England until the American Revolution, so immensely important to the establishment of their throne did William and Mary hold the services of the Protestant settlers and defenders of Ulster against the last and the worst of the Stuarts. Now, for these very men and their companions in exile to be stigmatized as "Irish," in the sense in which that term was then held in reproach, was a bitter pill to our fathers; and this, and other prejudices more or less well-founded, only yielded, in the course of time, to the influence of their simple virtues and sterling worth.

The tenure by which these people held their lands in Worcester seems at first to have been the same as that of their English neighbors, who came earlier; namely, by direct grant of the General Court of Massachusetts: at any rate, there is a very early record that lots were so granted to John Gray and Andrew McFarland, two of their leaders; and the lots so granted earlier to members of

the Committee of Settlement, and to others not actual settlers, were soon in the market at a very cheap price, and it is known that some of the families bought these lots at second hand, because the deeds are on record, and I have seen them; it was not, accordingly, at this point, of lands or anything connected with them, that the jealousy and bitterness between the two strains of blood began, but rather at the point of differences of language and personal habits, and especially of church beliefs and ceremonial. The English had put up a rude log meeting-house the year before the Scotch-Irish came, and the year after a more commodious structure was erected on the site of the "Old South Church" (but quite recently removed); the Ulster Presbyterians, from the very first, liked to have worship by themselves, and in their own way, whenever and wherever they could; it is known that they held service, sometimes in summer, in the open air, and for a considerable period, by vote of the town, they occupied for preaching purposes one of the old garrison houses, commonly called the "Old Fort." Here having formed a religious society, they enjoyed for a time the ministrations of Rev. Edward Fitzgerald and Rev. William Johnston; still, they did not abandon the Puritan Church on the Common, and were taxed, of course, for its support. This taxation made friction, for they were poor and could not support their own minister besides contributing to the support of the other; and Mr. Fitzgerald, being unable to procure proper maintenance, removed from the town. The numbers of Presbyterian communicants were nearly equal to those of the Congregational Church, and the latter had proposed a union with the former; and Mr. Fitzgerald had once been invited to occupy the pulpit, vacated by the dismissal of Rev. Mr. Gardner in 1722, for a single Sabbath when no candidate could be procured, but the request was not repeated, and no inducement was held out to him to remain.

In 1725 the English settled a new minister in the person of Rev. Isaac Burr, and the tacit understanding if not the express agreement was that if the Presbyterians would aid morally and pecuniarily in his support, they should be permitted to place in the pulpit occasionally teachers of their own denomination; and so the Scotch people united with the other inhabitants. After some time, finding that their expectations were not being realized in this regard, and were not likely to be, the Scotch withdrew from the Church on the Common, and installed the Rev. William Johnston to be their minister. Feelings were deepening, difficulties in the way of union were multiplying, and the Scotch had no suitable place of worship of their own. When, in 1733, the Church on the Common was

repaired and somewhat adorned, and a committee of seven (all English) being appointed "to seat ye meeting-house pursuant to instructions," it cannot be denied that the olive-branch was held out to the party of the second part by assigning them in general very good seats, according to the standard of the time; for example: "In ye fore section of ye body" (with five English families), John Gray; "In ye second section of ye body" (with three English), William Gray, James Hamilton, Andrew McFarland, John Clark, Robert Peebles; "In ye third section of ye body" (all Scotch), Matthew Gray, Alexander McKonkey, William Caldwell, John Duncan, William Gray, Jr., Matthew Gray, Jr., Andrew McFarland, Jr., John Gray, Jr.; "In ye fourth section of ye body" (with four English), James Thornington, John Battey, Oliver Wallis, Robert Blair; "In ye fifth section of ye body" (all Scotch), James Forbush, John Alexander, William Mahan, John Stimson, Duncan Graham, John McFarland, Joseph Clark; "In ye sixth section of ye body" (with three English families), John Patrick, James Glasford, John Sterling, Hugh Kelso; "In ye fore section of ye foremost gallery" (no Scotch); "In ye second section of ye foremost gallery" (with five English), Samuel Gray, Thomas Hamilton, Matthew Clark, William Temple; "In ye fore section of ye long gallery" (with fourteen English), William McClellan, James McClellan, John Cishiel, Robert Barbour; "In ye second section in ye long gallery" (with three English), Patrick Peebles, John McKonkey, Robert Marble, John Peebles.

Three years after this apparently ostentatious patronage of the Presbyterians, the latter, having been compelled to contribute for eleven years to the support of the Rev. Mr. Burr without any pulpit or other recognition of their peculiar views, made a formal appeal to the justice of their fellow-townsmen in town meeting for relief from a tax inconsistent with their religious privileges. It was of no avail. The petition is not extant, since little care was taken to preserve the memorials of this unoffending but persecuted people, whose history discloses the injustice and intolerance of our English ancestors; but the answer of the town of Worcester to their application is on record, and it is a curious specimen of an attempt to make the worse appear the better reason. One can hardly say whether there be in it more of Yankee subtlety or religious illiberality. It begins in this way: "In answer to the petition of John Clark and others, praying to be released from paying toward the support of the Rev. Isaac Burr, pastor of the church in this town, or any other except Mr. Johnston, the town, upon mature consideration, think that the request is unreasonable, and that they ought not to comply

with it, upon many considerations." Thereupon follow four enumerated and elaborate alleged reasons for refusal, no one of them, nor all of them together, expressing fully the real reasons. The first is a mere quibble; the second asserts that, inasmuch as both churches follow substantially the Westminster Confession of Faith, "they may enjoy the same worship, ordinances, and Christian privileges, and means of their spiritual edification, with us, as in the way which they call Presbyterian, and their consciences not be imposed on in anything." As is usual in this kind of document, the third enumerated consideration falls into an accusing of the brethren, "but we have rather reason to suppose that their separation from us is from some irregular views and motives, which it would be unworthy of us to countenance"; and the fourth consideration I will quote in full, for the purpose of exhibiting its spirit: "We look upon the petitioners and others breaking off from us as they have done, as being full of irregularity and disorder, not to mention that the ordination of their minister was disorderly, even with respect to the principles which they themselves pretend to act by, as well as with respect to us, to whom they stand related, and with whom they cohabit, and enjoy with us in common all proper social, civil, and Christian rights and privileges; their separating from us being contrary to the public establishment and laws of this Province; contrary to their own covenant with us, and unreasonably weakening to the town, whose numbers and dimensions (the north part being excepted by the vote from paying to Mr. Burr) will not admit of the honorable support of two ministers of the gospel, and tending to cause and cherish divisions and parties, greatly destructive to our civil and religious interests, and the peace, tranquillity, and happiness."

It is hardly necessary to add that these masterful bits of logic, from which almost all of the formal fallacies of the books might be illustrated, carried the town by a large majority. This was in 1736. It gave rise to two distinct impulses among the Presbyterians: first, to build a meeting-house of their own, in which "Mr. Johnston" might officiate, which there was no law to prevent; and second, among individuals of better fortune and more independence than the rest, to shake off the dust of their feet for a testimony against the infinitesimal bigotry of Worcester Puritans, and go elsewhere.

The Worcester Registry of Deeds bears ample evidence that many farms in the "north part" of the town, where the Scotch-Irish were specially located, and where the "Old Fort" stood in which they sometimes worshiped, changed hands in 1737, and in the years

immediately following. John Gray, for example, and each of three sons of his, made significant conveyances of land in Worcester in that interval; and it is quite noticeable that the name of John Clark, the first to sign the petition to the town of Worcester for exemption from church taxes in behalf of himself and fellow signers, stands prominent a couple of years later among the first settlers of the Scotch-Irish town of Colerain, fifty miles to the northwest of Worcester, so named from the old Ulster town on the Bann. The Morrisons, Pennells, Herrouns, Hendersons, Cochranes, Hunters, Henrys, Clarks, McClellans, McCowens, Taggarts, and McDowells, many of whom had been previous settlers in Worcester, were the chief families in this frontier and Presbyterian town, now on the border of Vermont.

But the most striking proof of the discontent of the folks of our blood with their church-treatment in Worcester was the formal organization there in 1738, two years after the contemptuous rejection of their petition, of a company consisting of thirty-four families to purchase and settle a new town on principles in keeping with their own. Thus originated Pelham, about thirty miles west of Worcester. Robert Peebles and James Thornington (afterward spelled Thornton) were a committee to contract with Colonel John Stoddard and others, who owned the territory. In the contract occurs this passage: "It is agreed that families of good connection be settled on the premises, who shall be such as were the inhabitants of the Kingdom of Ireland or their descendants, being Protestants, and none to be admitted but such as bring good and undeniable credentials or certificates of their being persons of good conversation and of the Presbyterian persuasion as used in the Church of Scotland, and conform to the discipline thereof."

The first meeting of these proprietors was held in Worcester at the house of Captain Daniel Haywood in February, 1739, and all subsequent meetings of the proprietors were held in Worcester, until in August, 1740, when a meeting was held in the new township at the house of John Ferguson. At this first meeting in their own new town it was "voted to build a meeting-house, to raise £100 towards building it, and choose a committee to agree with a workman to raise the house and provide for the settling of a minister." Subsequent to this, £220 were raised in two installments for the erection and completion of the structure. In the spring of 1743 two meetings were held in the new meeting-house, and measures were then taken "to glaze the meeting-house, to build a pulpit, and underpin the house at the charge of the town." The first pastor

they called to settle was their old quasi-pastor at Worcester, Rev. Mr. Johnston, who had in the meantime removed to Londonderry, N. H.; but he naturally enough declined the call. But Robert Abercrombie, a native of Edinburgh, a profound scholar, and possessor of a library surpassed by few in its time, and which has been kept together till the present time, began to preach to the people in the summer of 1742. His ordination sermon was preached by the famous Jonathan Edwards, and he remained a steadfast friend and coadjutor of that persecuted servant of God throughout his subsequent troubles in the neighboring Northampton. It is worth noting that the public school of Pelham was kept in the new meeting-house for about ten years, when it was "voted to build three school-houses, one at the Meeting-house, one at the West End of the town, and one on the East Hill."

Now, notwithstanding these repeated drafts on the home colony and church at Worcester, to Colerain and Pelham and elsewhere, those who remained there were still determined to build a meeting-house of their own. They had been weakened, but not disheartened. They naturally chose a site near to the "Old Fort," which had been to them more or less a worshiping-place, on the "Boston road," not far from the center of their scattered homesteads. I have often been in the neighborhood of this place, and am confident I can point out the spot within a very few rods. In their extreme poverty they raised the needful moneys, the timber was brought to the site, framed and raised, and the building in the earlier progress of construction, when the other inhabitants of Worcester, many of them persons of consideration and respectability and professed piety, gathered tumultuously in the night-time, leveled the structure with the ground, sawed the timbers, and burnt or carried off the pieces and other materials. This was in 1740. The defenseless, but indignant strangers were compelled to submit to this infamous wrong. The English Puritans and their irresponsible hangers-on chose, indeed, the night-time for their mob-violence and devilish meanness, but no blackness of darkness can ever cover up a deed like this; no sophistries, no neighborhood mis-affinities, no town votes, no race jealousies, no wretched shibboleth of any name, can ever wipe out that stain. The blood of English Puritans and of Scotch Presbyterians mingles in my veins; my great-grandfather Perry, my grandfather of the same name, my uncle, too, in the same line, officiated as deacons for ninety-four successive years in the old South Church on the Common, which originated and perpetrated this outrage on humanity; nevertheless, I give my feeble word of

utter condemnation for this shameless act of bigotry, the details of which I learned as a little boy at my mother's knee.

The motives to a still further exodus from Worcester on the part of the Scotch were of course still further intensified by this scandalous destruction of their property in 1740, and it is significant, that the third and fourth purely Scotch-Irish towns in Massachusetts, namely, Western (now Warren), in Worcester County, and Blandford, in Hampden County, were both incorporated the next year, 1741. These two towns, even more than the two earlier ones, Pelham and Colerain, have continued and still remain in the hands of the descendants of the Worcester families. In Blandford the families of Blair, Boise, Knox, Carnahan, Watson, Wilson, and Ferguson were prominent; and in Western some of the same names, especially the Blairs, with Reeds and Crawfords, and many more. Notwithstanding these successive migrations from Worcester, a very considerable number of families remained there; among them, the McClellans, the Caldwells, the Blairs, the McFarlands, the Rankins, the Grays, the Crawfords, the Youngs, the Hamiltons, the Duncans, the Grahams, the Forbushes, the Kelsos, the Clarks, the Fergusons, the McClintocks, the McKonkeys, the Glasfords, and the McGregors. The later movement of individual families from Worcester and Pelham and Colerain and Western and Blandford carried Scotch-Irish blood into every town of Western Massachusetts, and ultimately into most of the towns of Vermont, while the reflex movement from and into Massachusetts to and from the contemporary settlements in New Hampshire and Maine, soon to be characterized, served to keep in touch and sympathy, in mutual acquaintance and interchange of ministers, and more or less of intermarriage, all these local centers of our race in New England.

The two most distinguished men who have come out from this Worcester branch of the great migration of 1718, have been Dr. Matthew Thornton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Professor Asa Gray, at the time of his death the most accomplished botanist in the world.

Matthew Thornton (or Thornington, as the name was then spelled) was a lad of four years when the five ships zigzagged into Boston Harbor. His father, James Thornton, instead of going to Worcester directly that autumn, was one of a company — Willis estimates them at about three hundred — who wintered on shipboard in Portland Harbor. In the spring, with few others, he settled at Wiscasset, in the Kennebec country. After a very few years there, we find both father and son in Worcester, where the boy received whatever

primary education he had, and after studying medicine, which was rudely taught in those days, commenced practice in Londonderry, among those who were from his native land, and who proverbially possess warm national remembrances. Here he acquired a wide reputation as a physician, and in the course of several years of successful practice became comparatively rich for those times. He also sustained several public offices, taking, as Scotch-Irishmen are wont to do, an active and influential part in the public affairs of his locality.

He became surgeon to a regiment of New Hampshire men in the famous expedition against Cape Breton under Pepperell in 1745; and it is related of his regiment of five hundred men that only six died previously to the surrender of Louisburg, although a company from Londonderry commanded by Captain John Mooar, were employed for fourteen successive nights, with straps over their shoulders, and sinking to their knees in mud, in drawing cannon from the landing-place to the camp, through a morass. Scotch-Irishmen always hated the French next to the Devil!

At the breaking out of the Revolution, Thornton held the post of colonel in the New Hampshire militia, and had also been commissioned a justice of the peace by Benning Wentworth, acting under British authority; but after Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775, John Wentworth, then governor, retired from the government of New Hampshire and went to England. Under these circumstances the colony called a "Provincial Convention," of which Thornton was appointed president. There was no state constitution as yet, and no declaration of independence, but there was no other constituted government in the province besides this provincial convention, and I am fond of thinking, and believe it to be historically correct to affirm, that this extemporized but indispensable New Hampshire convention, presided over by a Scotch-Irishman, Ulster-born, was the first independent sovereignty upon this continent! It certainly assumed the functions of an independent government in the name of the people of the Colony.

Thereafter the public career of Matthew Thornton, both in state and nation, is well known to the world; and a station on the Railroad from Boston to Concord commemorates in its name, "Thornton's Ferry," a fine estate on the banks of the Merrimac, confiscated by New Hampshire from its then Tory owner, which later became by purchase the home and last resting-place of the first of our kith and kin to gain a national reputation here in the line of statesmanship.

An anecdote of Judge Thornton has been preserved which may

serve to illustrate the keen and ready wit possessed by him in common with most of the Scotch-Irish race. In his old age, 1798, he happened to attend a session of the New Hampshire legislature, which met in a town adjoining his own. He was eighty-four years old. He had served many years before in all three branches of the legislature. Meeting at this time an old Londonderry neighbor, who was now a member of the House, the latter asked the judge if he did not think the legislature had improved very much since the old days when he held a seat? if it did not have more men of natural and acquired abilities, and more eloquent speakers than formerly, "for then," said he, "you know that there were but five or six who could make speeches, but now all we farmers can make speeches." "To answer that question, I will tell you a story I remember to have heard related of an old gentleman, a farmer, who lived but a short distance from my father's residence in Ireland. This old gentleman was very exemplary in his observance of religious duties, and made it a constant practice to read a portion of Scripture morning and evening before addressing the Throne of Grace. It happened one morning that he was reading the chapter which gives an account of Samson catching three hundred foxes, when the old lady, his wife, interrupted him by saying, 'John, I'm sure that canna' be true; for our Isaac was as good a fox-hunter as there ever was in the country, and he never caught but about twenty.' 'Hooh! Janet,' replied the old gentleman, 'ye mauna' always tak' the Scripture just as it reads; perhaps in the three hundred there might ha' been aughteen, or may be twanty, that were real foxes; the rest were all skunks and woodchucks.'"

Professor Asa Gray, the cosmopolitan botanist, was born in Paris, N. Y., in 1810, and died in his seventy-eighth year, in Cambridge, the seat of his labors and the center of his fame. He was a great-great-grandson of the first Matthew Gray of Worcester, to whom I also stand in the same genealogical relation. Some ten years ago I spent, by invitation, an evening at his house, in order to unfold to him a little the story of our common ancestors in Worcester. He was very courteous, and apparently attentive; but I soon discovered that the drift and training of his mind had led him to care vastly more about the genealogy and physiology of plants the world over than about the genealogy and mode of life of that Scotch-Irish ancestry from whom, nevertheless, he derived directly all the peculiar traits of his own mental activity. He was canny, absorbed, analytic, comprehensive, religiously consecrated.

In 1885, on attaining his seventy-fifth year, he was the recipient

of a large and beautiful silver vase, the gift of the botanists of the United States to their honored master, and a flood of congratulations from friends at home and abroad. The following terse and appropriate lines were sent by James Russell Lowell:

"Kind Fate, prolong the days well spent,
Whose indefatigable hours
Have been as gaily innocent
And fragrant as his flowers."

Comparatively early in life he became a member of most of the learned societies of the world, and at length even the most exclusive gladly opened their doors to him. The Royal Society of London was one of these, and he was also one of the "immortal eight" foreign members of the French Institute. During his last visit to Europe, the last summer of his life, he was received with distinguished honors everywhere, among which were the highest degrees ever conferred by the great universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh.

He himself tersely and modestly stated his own fundamental beliefs as follows: "I am, scientifically and in my own fashion, a Darwinian; philosophically, a convinced Theist; and religiously, an accepter of the creed commonly called the Nicene, as the exponent of the Christian faith."

2. LONDONDERRY. The core of the company that settled Londonderry, N. H., in April, 1719, consisted of sixteen men, with their families, namely: James McKeen, John Barnett, Archibald Clendenin, John Mitchell, James Sterrett, James Anderson, Randall Alexander, James Gregg, James Clark, James Nesmith, Allen Anderson, Robert Weir, John Morrison, Samuel Allison, Thomas Steele, John Stuart. Thirteen of these men lived to an average age of seventy-nine years; six of them attained to nearly ninety, and two of them overpassed that limit; and one, John Morrison, lived to see ninety-seven years. All of the Scotch-Irish of that generation, wherever they located in New England, unless their personal habits were such as shorten life, attained on the average to a very advanced age. The pioneers in this second settlement were most of them men in middle life, robust and persevering, and adventurous and strong-willed, fronting death with no thought of surrender. Most of them were the descendants of Scotch Covenanters who had passed over to Ulster later than the mass of the settlers there; and they had kept together in church relations, as well as in residence, more closely than most of the Scotch settlers. Their residence was in

the valley of the Bann, mostly on the Antrim side of the river, in or near the towns or parishes of Coleraine, Ballymoney, Ballymena, Ballywatick, and Kilrea; and when they decided to emigrate, they still wished to keep together in church relations; and those of them who had been under the pastoral charge of Rev. James McGregor, who came with them, especially the McKeen families and their numerous connections, desired to form a distinct settlement here and become again the charge of their beloved pastor.

With this end in view, about twenty families, taking others with them, amounting in all (as Willis estimated) to three hundred persons, sailed from Boston in the late autumn to explore Casco Bay for a home, under a promise from Governor Shute of a grant of land whenever and wherever they decided upon a location in any still unappropriated quarter in New England. They wintered, hungry and cold, in Portland harbor. In the early spring they explored to the eastward, but there is no record how far they went or what they found. It is enough for our present purpose that Maine seemed to offer no genial home to those sea-worn and weather-beaten voyagers. Though they left a few of their number in Portland, to whom we shall recur later, and probably a larger number on the Kennebec at or near Wiscasset, the bulk determined to seek a milder climate and a more favorable location. Undoubtedly, while still in Boston their attention had been called to Southern New Hampshire as well as to Maine, both at that time under the jurisdiction of the governor of Massachusetts, for they sailed directly back to the mouth of the Merrimac and anchored at Haverhill, on that river, where they heard of a fine tract of land about fifteen miles to the northward, then called Nutfield, on acoount of the abundance of the chestnut and walnut and butternut trees which, in connection with the pines, distinguished the growth of its forests. A party, under the lead of James McKeen, grandfather of the first president of Bowdoin College, and brother-in-law of Pastor McGregor, went up and examined the tract; and ascertaining that it was not appropriated, they decided at once to take up here the grant obtained from the government of Massachusetts of a township twelve miles square of any of her unappropriated lands.

Having selected the spot on which to commence their settlement, and having built a few temporary huts on a little brook which they called "West-Running Brook," a tributary of Beaver Brook, which falls into the Merrimac at Lowell, and leaving two or three of their number in charge, they returned to Haverhill to bring on their families, their provisions, their implements of labor, and household

utensils. Mr. McGregor and some others had passed the winter at Dracut, on Beaver Brook, just north of Lowell; and two parties, one from Dracut and the other from Haverhill, were soon converging through the forests toward West-Running Brook, when they met, as tradition says, at a place ever after called "Horse Hill," from the fact that both parties there tied their horses while the men surveyed the territory around as the future home. This day was April 11, old style, 1719. The next day, having in the meantime explored with the leaders more fully what they had selected for the township, the good pastor, under a large oak on the east side of Beaver Pond, delivered to his people, now partially re-united, the first sermon ever preached in that region — Isaiah 32, 2: "And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The spot where this religious service was held, especially the tree around which these hardy pioneers assembled, was for a long period regarded with great reverence by the people of Londonderry. When at last it decayed and fell, the owner of the field in which it stood planted a young apple tree among its rotten roots, which now serves, and will long serve, to designate the venerated spot.

These first families, in order to secure the advantages of near neighborhood, and be better able to protect themselves against the attacks of the Indians, with which all the New England colonies were at that time threatened, planted their log-houses on each side of West-Running Brook, on home-lots but thirty rods wide and extending back on a north and south line till they inclosed sixty acres each. These lots constituted what has ever since been called the Double Range. For fifty years or more this range continued to be a populous section of the town. The first season the settlers cultivated a field alongside the brook, then and ever since called the "Common Field"; but the best land in the township was not in that section, for it lay too low, and as each settler had allotted to him another sixty acres elsewhere, after a while the lowland began to be deserted of houses, and nothing is now to be seen along the Double Range but meadows, dotted here and there by the cellar-holes of these earliest planters. No price was paid for the land, since it was the free gift of King William to his loyal subjects of the old country, some of them faithful champions of his throne in the siege and defense of Londonderry.

The first dwellings were, of course, of logs, and covered with bark. It is to be noticed, however, that in these exiles for right-

eousness' sake, sound and pious as they were, there was as much human nature to the square inch as in the rest of mankind. When John Morrison was building his house in the Double Range his wife came to him, and in a persuasive, affectionate manner said to him, "Aweel, aweel, dear Joan, an' it maun be a log-house, do make it a log heegher nor the lave" (than the rest). Beaver Brook, however, tumbles well in its course from the pond to the Merrimac, and saw-mills were soon built, and within a year or two good framed houses were erected; the first for Pastor McGregor, only quite recently demolished, and the second by John McMurphy, Esq., who bore a commission as justice of the peace, dated in Ireland, and so antedated the commission signed by Governor Shute, April 29, 1720, to Justice James McKeen, in some sense the foremost man of the settlement.

Two stone garrison-houses, strongly built and well prepared to resist an attack of the Indians, were put up the first season; and to these the several families retired at night whenever, for any reason, special danger from that source was apprehended. But it is remarkable that neither in Lovell's War, when Londonderry was strictly a frontier town, nor in either of the two subsequent French and Indian wars, did any hostile force from the northward ever even approach that town. Tradition has always been busy in ascribing the signal preservation of this colony from the attacks of the Indians to the influence of Pastor McGregor over Governor Vaudreuil of Canada. It is said that they had known each other in the Old World at college; that a correspondence was kept up between them on this side the water; that at the request of his friend the governor caused means to be used for the protection of the settlement; that he induced the Catholic priests to charge the Indians not to injure any of these people, as they were different from the English, and that the warriors were assured beforehand that no bounty would be paid for such scalps, and no sins forgiven to those who killed them. It is certain that the early inhabitants of Londonderry believed in all these assertions; and it is some confirmation of them that a manuscript sermon of McGregor's, still extant, has on the margin the name and various titles of the Marquis Vaudreuil, by which, of course, he would be addressed upon occasion.

At any rate, the earliest pioneers were much indebted to the volunteer services of an Indian of some tribe and connection. Taking Mr. McGregor to a high hill, he pointed to a tall pine some nine miles distant, and told him that in that direction and neighborhood

there were falls in the river, where he would find an abundance of fish. By the help of his compass the pastor, with a few of the settlers, was able to mark out a course to Amoskeag Falls, where the city of Manchester now stands, and with a scoop-net, which they had provided, readily secured an ample supply of salmon and shad, with which the Merrimac then abounded. This was for a long time a valuable resource to the inhabitants of Londonderry. The salted fish constituted an important article of their food, especially before their new fields became productive. But their food at best was scant and poor for many years. Bean porridge, barley broth, hasty pudding, samp and potatoes, were the chief reliance.

In securing a perfectly valid title to their lands, and the democratic privileges of a town corporate, the people of Londonderry experienced no little embarrassment. The executive jurisdiction of Governor Shute over the territory was acknowledged by everybody, and the validity of his grant to them of the land in the king's name; but could they also get a prior title direct from the original Indian chiefs claiming to own the land? Rev. John Wheelright of Exeter had obtained by fair purchase, in 1629, from the four principal Sagamores, all the territory lying between the river Piscataqua and the Merrimac. Colonel John Wheelright of Wells, Me., had inherited from his grandfather that portion of this right now occupied by the Scotch-Irish; and he gave to a committee of these, partly at the instance of Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, a formal deed of the land ten miles square, corresponding to the grant of Governor Shute; and in consideration of this service both Wheelright and Wentworth received certain lots of land in Londonderry, which proved in the sequel to be some of the best farms in the town.

Before this was accomplished, however, appeared the first state paper of the Scotch-Irish in America, the original of which is now among the collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, which I proceed to quote in full, because it shows there were men among them — probably in this case James Gregg and Robert Wear, who signed it — who knew how to put sharp points into clean words, and especially because it shows that they thoroughly appreciated already the town-government system of New England, and wanted all its advantages for themselves:

"The humble petition of the people late from Ireland, now settled at Nutfield, to His Excellency the Governour and General Court assembled at Portsmouth, Sept. 23, 1719, — Humbly sheweth: That your petitioners having made application to the General Court

met at Boston in October last, and having obtained a grant for a township in any part of their unappropriated lands, took encouragement thereupon to settle at Nutfield about the Eleventh of April last, which is situated by estimation about fourteen miles from Haverel meeting-house to the North-west, and about fifteen miles from Dracut meeting-house on the River Merrimack north and by east. That your petitioners since their settlement have found that the said Nutfield is claimed by three or four different parties by virtue of Indian deeds, yet none of them offered any disturbance to your petitioners except one party from Newbury and Salem. Their deed from one John, Indian, bears date March 13, Anno Dom. 1701, and imparts that they had made a purchase of said land for five pounds. By virtue of this deed they claim ten miles square westward from Heverel line; and one Caleb Moody of Newbury, in their name, discharged our people from clearing or any way improving the said land, unless we agreed that 20 or 25 families at most should dwell there, and that all the rest of the land should be reserved for them. That your petitioners by reading the grant of the Crown of Great Britain to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, which determineth their northern line three miles from the River Merrimack from any and every part of the River, and by advice from such as were more capable to judge of this affair are satisfied that the said Nutfield is within his majesties province of New Hampshire, which we are further confirmed in, because the General Court met at Boston in May last upon our renewed application, did not think fit any way to intermeddle with the said land. That your petitioners, therefore, embrace this opportunity of addressing this Honorable Court, praying that their township may consist of ten miles square, or in a figure equivalent to it, they being in number about seventy families and inhabitants, and more of their friends arrived from Ireland to settle with them, and many of the people of New England settling with them; and that they being so numerous, may be erected into a township with its usual privileges, and have a power of making town officers and laws. That, being a frontier place, they may the better subsist by government amongst them, and may be more strong and full of inhabitants. That your petitioners being descended from, and professing the faith and principles of, the established Church of North Britain, and loyal subjects of the British Crown in the family of his majesty King George, and encouraged by the happy administration of his majesties chief governour in these provinces [Gov. Shute], and the favorable inclination of the good people of New England to their brethren,

adventuring to come over and plant in this vast wilderness, humbly expect a favorable answer from this Honourable Court, and your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray, etc. Subscribed at Nutfield in the name of our people, Sept. 21, 1719."

Under the auspices, perhaps it would be proper to say patronage, of Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth, Nutfield was incorporated as a town in June, 1722, containing ten square miles indeed, but not equilateral, "duly bounded," panhandled, gerrymandered, so as to reach up to their fishing station on the Merrimac at Amoskeag Falls — this portion afterward called Derryfield, and now Manchester. The following entry upon the town record must not only be viewed as a genuine token of gratitude for past favors received, but also in part as expressing a sense of pre-thankfulness for "the substance of things hoped for": "The people of Nutfield do acknowledge with gratitude the obligation they are under to the Hon. John Wentworth, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of New Hampshire. They remember with pleasure, that His Honor, on all occasions, showed a great deal of civility and real kindness to them, being strangers in the country, and cherished the small beginnings of their settlement and defended them from the encroachment and violence of such as upon unjust grounds would have disturbed their settlement, and always gave them a favorable ear and easy access to government, and procured justice for them, and established order, and promoted peace and good government amongst them; giving them always the most wholesome and seasonable advice, both with respect to the purity and liberty of the gospel, and the management of their secular concerns, and put arms and ammunition into their hands to defend them from the fears and dangers of the Indians; and contributed liberally, by his influence and example, to the building of a house for the worship of God; so that, under God, we own him for the patron and guardian of our settlement, and erect this monument of gratitude to the name and family of Wentworth, to be had in the greatest veneration by the present generation and the latest posterity."

In the meantime and afterward, the people of the town now christened Londonderry at its incorporation, though the ancestors of most of them came from the parallel valley dividing County Antrim from County Londonderry, — the siege and defense of the Ulster town in which some of them had taken a personal part giving that name the preference, — were surveying their heritage, building their first meeting-house, and laying out upon the higher grounds new ranges for farms. Among the first of these was the English

Range, so-called, to accommodate a few heads of families from Massachusetts who had cast in their lot with, and were welcomed by, the Scotch-Irish. Number One on the English Range was assigned to Joseph Simonds, who was one of the first twenty heads of families, who was one of the four undertakers to build in 1719 the first saw-mill on Beaver Brook, and who (which is much less worth the mention) was one of the great-great-great-grandfathers of my children. A few weeks ago I had myself driven leisurely in a buggy over all parts of ancient Londonderry; I crossed the original farm of Joseph Simonds, No. 1 in the English Range, and was told by Mr. Choate, proprietor of the same or adjoining estate, that "the best lands in Londonderry were on the English Range"; I rode, also, over the crest of Aiken's Range, and along the brook bearing the same name, and farther west toward the so-called High Range, past the second-built church, and then bearing east past the site of Dr. Morrison's church, and near the place of the Hill church and graveyard, and, crossing the railroad again, with Beaver Pond on the left, climbed the hill past the original meeting-house, which John Wentworth helped to build, and the original graveyard there, — God's own sown field, — and on the road towards Parson McGregor's first framed house, touched the highest land in old Londonderry; whence returning to Derry village, we crossed the old "West-Running Brook," and passed also by the "Common Field," and on Beaver Brook again, the place of the first saw-mill, which Joseph Simonds helped to build, and where logs have been rolled in and boards tossed out from that day to this.

It was not all harmony in state or church in ancient Londonderry. The town thrived and the congregation became very large. "Many men of many minds." The Scotch-Irish were a straight-thinking and a plain-speaking people. Parson McGregor died in 1729. Though but a youth at the time, he took part in the defense of the Ulster Derry, and always claimed to have himself discharged the large guns from the tower of the cathedral which announced to the starving besieged below the approach of the ships up the Foyle that brought them the final relief. Soon after the death of McGregor, Rev. Matthew Clark, then seventy years old, came direct from Ireland to Londonderry, and was asked to supply the desk and take pastoral care, but not to become formal pastor. There is extant an original portrait of this man, representing him with a black patch around the outer angle of the right eye, the patch covering a wound that refused to heal, received in one of the sallies of the besieged at Londonderry. He had been an officer in the Protestant army during

the civil commotions in King William's time, and had been particularly active in the defense of Derry. It is related of him that, while sitting as moderator of the presbytery, the martial music of a training band passing by recalled the smoldering fires of his youth, and made him incapable for a little time to attend to his duties, and his reply to the repeated calls of the brethren was, "Nae business while I hear the toot o' the drum!" and when he died at the age of seventy-six, in January, 1735, in compliance with his special request on his death-bed, his remains were borne to the grave by those only who had been his fellow-soldiers and fellow-sufferers in the siege of Londonderry! This is at once the most picturesque and the most pathetic scene in the story of the Scotch-Irish in New England. Forty-five years after the event, this modern Israel, this "Warrior of God," in two senses, borne along between the mingled pines and nut-trees of a new God's acre in the wilderness, by those only who, with him, had stood to the outermost verge of their lives for the faith once delivered to the saints!

Two years after the death of Matthew Clark, David McGregor, son of the first minister, who had received his literary and theological education chiefly under the tuition of Clark, himself an university-bred man, took pastoral charge of the new West Parish in Londonderry. Two meeting-houses had already been built in this parish —one on Aiken's Range, and the other, called the Hill Meeting-house, nearly a mile west. Here were the seeds of a deep-seated and long-continued quarrel. Moreover, there was great dissatisfaction with Mr. Davidson, the third pastor in the old parish. The population was increasing, and was already beginning to diffuse itself into new settlements in the neighborhood. At a sacramental season in 1734, only fifteen years from the first settlement, there were present, according to the church records, seven hundred communicants. The everlasting place-of-the-meeting-house question, which has wrought more plague and alienation in New England than all theological dogmas put together, was stirring up the ministers and the sessions and the people into a hotch-potch; and this, as at Worcester, with other matters of disagreement, intensified the spirit of separation, and multiplied in course of time new colonies going forth to post themselves elsewhere. During the quarter-century preceding the Revolution, ten distinct settlements were made by emigrants from Londonderry, all of which became towns of influence and importance in New Hampshire. Two strong townships in Vermont, and two in Nova Scotia, were settled from the same source within the same time; besides which, numerous families,

sometimes singly and sometimes in groups, went off in all directions, especially northward and westward, up the Connecticut River and over the ridge of the Green Mountains, to carry everywhere the sturdy qualities, the fixed opinions, and the lasting grudges characteristic of Scotch-Irishmen.

Neither the crown nor the colonies ever appealed in vain to these brave people, now widely scattered, for help in the old French wars. Not a route to Ticonderoga or Crown Point but was tramped again and again by the firm-set feet of these New England Protestants. They were with Colonel Williams in the "bloody morning scout" at the head of Lake George in 1755, and in the battle with Dieskau that followed; they were with Stark and Lord Howe under Abercrombie in the terrible defeat at Ticonderoga in 1758; many of them toiled under General Amherst at his great stone fort at Crown Point in 1759, whose broken ruins even astound us to-day; and others still were with General Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham the same year, where and when was fought the most vital and decisive battle ever seen upon this continent. Major Robert Rogers, the famous commander of the three companies of rangers raised by New Hampshire in 1756, was himself a native of Londonderry, and most of his men were enlisted in the same locality.

When it came to the Revolution, however, Rogers's loyalty to the English king, for whom he had risked his life in numberless scouts and fights, overrode his sense of the grievance of the colonies, and he was proscribed as a Tory by the act of New Hampshire. Not so John Stark. Stark was captain of one of Rogers's companies of rangers, and at one time commanded the whole corps, with the rank of major. Rogers went to England in 1777, and Stark, the same year, went to Bennington! In August next will be consecrated there, with fitting ceremonial, to national and local liberty, a limestone shaft three hundred and one feet high, whose foundations are cut into the solid and everlasting rock — a shaft paid for from out the treasuries of the three states which furnished Stark his men for that fight; from out the treasury of the United States, under whose colors, a little later, he fought Burgoyne in person at Saratoga, and from out the scattered contributions of patriotic men and women all over the land; a shaft which will stand a silent witness for many things and many men — for the Berkshire militia, for the Green Mountain Boys and the Catamount tavern, but most of all for John Stark, the most distinguished Scotch-Irishman of New England, a native of Londonderry, and for the seventy Derry volunteers who went with him to Bennington, and whose names are of record, and

for Robert McGregor, a grandson of the old pastor, who was on Stark's staff in 1777!

Colonel George Reid, another native of Londonderry, pure blood, held a command in the New Hampshire forces during the entire war of the Revolution; was in the battles of Bunker Hill, Long Island, White Plains, Trenton, Brandywine, Germantown, Saratoga, and Stillwater; was with the army in all their hardships at Valley Forge during the severe winter of '77–'78. He took an efficient part in Sullivan's expedition against the Six Nations, and was in chief command at Albany during the last summer of the war. Afterward he was appointed by his old commander and companion-in-arms, General Sullivan, then president of the state of New Hampshire, to command, as brigadier-general, all the forces of the state in a most critical juncture of the civil and military affairs of that section.

It is not so generally known that James Miller, who brought out more reputation from our last war with Great Britain at the northward than any other American save Winfield Scott, was a Scotch-Irishman out of the loins of Londonderry. He was born in Peterborough, N. H., in 1776; studied for a while in his youth at Williams College, in Massachusetts; became interested more or less in military affairs, and was recommended to the War Department at Washington by General Benjamin Pierce, father of the late President, and was commissioned major in the Fourth U. S. Infantry, March 3, 1809, the last day of Jefferson's administration. The war with England soon breaking out, young Miller was ordered to Indiana Territory under General Harrison, and his regiment was in the battle of Tippecanoe. Under General Hull at Detroit, James Miller and Lewis Cass, both young officers in the army, and the two becoming thereafter life-long friends, planted with their hands the United States flag on Canada soil, at Sandwich, July 14, 1812. Both were afterward taken prisoners with Hull, though Cass snapped his sword before surrendering it; and both made public complaint of what they deemed the cowardice of Hull, on the basis of which and other like testimony he was tried by court-martial and condemned, but was pardoned by the President, and lived to vindicate his action in a pamphlet now generally regarded as exculpatory and triumphant.

After Miller was exchanged he was put into command of the Twenty-seventh Regulars, and ordered to the Niagara frontier under General Jacob Brown. The story of the battle of Lundy's Lane is known to all Americans; but I have recently had the pleasure of reading a letter written by Colonel Miller three or four days after

the battle to his wife — "My Beloved Ruth" — in which he gives interesting details of the storming of the battery and the capture of the cannon, which are not down in the books. Brown's order to him, as he transcribes it for his wife, is a little different from what it stands in the histories — "Colonel, take your regiment, storm that work, and take it!" "I'll try, sir!"

With three hundred men he moved steadily up the hill in the darkness, along a fence lined with thick bushes, that hid his troops from the view of the gunners and their protectors, who lay near. When within short musket range of the battery, they could see the gunners, with their glowing linstocks ready to act at the word *Fire!* Selecting good marksmen, Miller directed each to rest his rifle on the fence, select a gunner, and fire at a given signal. Very soon every gunner fell, when the colonel and his men rushed forward and captured the battery — not, however, until a terrible hand-to-hand fight in the darkness with the protectors of the guns had ensued. The British fell back. Rallying, and being re-inforced by three hundred men sent forward by Drummond at Queenstown, they were repulsed the second time. Let Miller tell the rest of the story in words to his wife: "After Generals Brown, Scott, and others were wounded, we were ordered to return back to our camp, about three miles [Chippewa], and preparations had not been made for taking off the cannon, as it was impossible for me to defend them and make preparations for that too, and they were all left on the ground, except one beautiful six-pounder, which was presented to my regiment in testimony of their distinguished gallantry. The officers of this army all say, who saw it, that it was one of the most desperate and gallant acts ever known; the British officers whom we have prisoners say it was the most desperate thing they ever saw or heard of. General Brown told me the moment he saw me that I had immortalized myself. 'But,' said he, 'my dear fellow, my heart ached for you when I gave you that order, but I knew it was the only thing that would save us.'"

Miller had indeed immortalized himself already; and five years later, in the piping times of peace, he resigned his commission in the army, an act he regretted as long as he lived, and received the appointment of Governor of Arkansas, a place he held for four years. He returned to New Hampshire, an invalid, in 1823, and received the appointment of national collector at Salem and Beverly in Massachusetts, a post he held for twenty-four years, when he resigned, and was succeeded by his youngest son, who held it eight years longer. He was doubly immortalized in this last period of his life

by having Nathaniel Hawthorne, a subordinate in the custom-house, "a chiel amang them taking notes"; and the notices of James Miller in the miscellaneous writings of Hawthorne honor the pen and heart of the one as much as the life and conduct of the other. Miller died 7th July, 1851, and lies buried in Salem. He was a Scotch-Irishman indeed, in whom was no guile.

Londonderry and the towns populated from it have furnished ornaments to society all over New England in every walk of life. Let me rather say, all over the country, particularly North and Middle and West. I will only mention two by name in this connection, Horace Greeley and George W. Nesmith. Greeley was a man known and read of all men. His faults were as open as his virtues, and both rested back alike upon a true and rough manhood.

> "Strong-armed as Thor — a shower of fire
> His smitten anvil flung;
> God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire —
> He gave them all a tongue!"

George W. Nesmith died only a month ago, in his ninetieth year, and passed his life in the near neighborhood of Daniel Webster's birthplace in New Hampshire, both of them graduates of Dartmouth College, and the two remarkably intimate with each other till Webster's death in 1852, though Nesmith was by much the younger man. In the very crisis of the fate of his college, Webster defended and emancipated it in the Supreme Court of the United States; perhaps in part from that very reason, so strongly was the younger man drawn toward the traditions of the elder. Nesmith flung his old age, till the very last, into a supreme effort to sweeten and harmonize troubles that have come upon his college, not troubles of the same crucial type as struck it in the first quarter of the century, but still troubles that impede its usefulness and lessen its prestige.

I have no list of the governors of New Hampshire from 1775, when all direct authority of the British crown was suppressed there, and even if I had I could not certainly tell what proportion of them have been of Scotch-Irish origin; but I have been pretty familiar with the names of New Hampshire governors for fifty years, and I venture in this great presence the historical conjecture, that nearly, if not quite, one-half of them from that day to this have been of our own strain of blood.

3. Kennebec Country. Full as New Hampshire became of the Scotch-Irish, especially in the southern and eastern halves of it, it is likely that this element became still more predominant in what

is now the state of Maine. We have already noted the but half-suppressed anxiety of Governor Shute at Boston to get as many as possible of the five ship-loads into his province to the eastward, as a frontier-barrier against the French and Indians of Canada. Although many of the supposed three hundred persons who wintered in the harbor of Portland returned the next spring to the Merrimac to settle Londonderry, some of them remained in Maine. We know certainly, that John Armstrong, Robert Means, William Jameson, Joshua Gray, William Gyles, and a McDonald remained and founded families in Portland. James Armstrong, for example, an infant son of John, was born in Ireland in 1717, and the parents had a son Thomas, born in Portland in 1719. It is pretty certain, also, that parts of that company were left on points along Casco Bay and the mouth of the Kennebec, at or near Wiscasset, before the main part returned to the Merrimac.

We happen to know with almost absolute certainty the fortunes of one of the families left behind in Portland, when the future Londonderry settlers returned to Massachusetts. This was the family of Joshua Gray. He had a Celtic-Irish wife, and a large family. The names of the sons of this family were Reuben, Andrew, James, John, Samuel, and Joshua. In the spring of 1759, the year of Wolfe's battle on the Heights of Abraham, Governor Pownall, of Massachusetts, fitted out an expedition of three hundred and ninety-five men in order to capture from the French the mouth of the Penobscot River. They left Portland May 4, and arrived at Wasaumkeag Point, May 17. Among the enlisted men were Andrew and Reuben Gray. In Governor Pownall's journal may be found the following: "May 26. Visited Pentaget with Captain Cargill and twenty men. Found the old abandoned French Fort, and some abandoned settlements. Went ashore into the Fort. Hoisted the King's Colours there and drank the King's health. Embarked in the sloop King George for Boston."

The place thus described is now known as Castine, from Baron Castine, whose name is a very familiar one along the eastern coast of Maine; and among the twenty men who accompanied Governor Pownall on that occasion was Reuben Gray. A strong fort was planted at Wasaumkeag Point, and the work of building it was carried forward so diligently, that it was completed July 5, 1759, the expense being five thousand pounds. A garrison was kept there until 1775, when the fort was dismantled by Commodore Mowett in a British man-of-war, and later in the same year entirely destroyed by Colonel Cargill of New Castle. The building of this fort marked

the beginning of settlements by the English around the Penobscot Bay and River region, the first settlers being members of the military expedition, who, on being discharged, established themselves near the fort, where their homes could have its protection against the French and Indians. The two Gray brothers, Reuben and Andrew, being of a venturesome disposition, crossed the bay and located at what is now called Penobscot, and were the first settlers of English origin to build their homes on that historic peninsula. Several brothers of Reuben and Andrew followed them to the Penobscot, and at last, also, their old father and mother. The distinction is claimed for Reuben's son, Reuben Gray, 2d, of being the first male child of English parentage born east of the Penobscot River, the date of his birth being 1762. The old father, Joshua, died about the opening of the Revolution, but the Irish widow continued until after the close of the war. The first Reuben seems to have died about 1820, and the second certainly in 1858; and about ten years ago, as my two oldest boys, with other students of Williams College, were making sailing excursions along the coast of Maine, they ran across, at Brooksville, within the mouth of the Penobscot, Captain Abner Gray, son of the second Reuben, then nearly eighty-five, as straight as an arrow, helpful and hospitable; and that chance acquaintance led to the correspondence that has given us these facts about the Scotch-Irish on the Penobscot. The Grays of this very family are still in large numbers in Brooksville and Bucksport, on the lower Penobscot; and so are Wears, and Orrs, and Doaks, and other Scotch-Irish families.

In published extracts from court records of the Province of Maine I have read the affidavits of several of the early inhabitants, who stated that they came to Boston in August, 1718, from Ulster, and thence that autumn to Maine, where they settled in Brunswick and that neighborhood; which is another independent evidence that parts of our now famous five ship-loads furnished the first Scotch-Irish settlers of Maine, as well as of New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The next attempt to introduce this class of immigrants into Maine seems to have been from a source entirely independent of the previous one, though nearly contemporaneous with it. Robert Temple, who had been an officer in the English army, and was a gentleman of family, was a leader in the enterprise. His motive was to establish himself as a large landed proprietor in this country. He says in a letter to the Plymouth proprietors: "In September, 1717, I contracted with Captain James Luzmore, of Topsham, to bring

me, my servants, and what little effects I had to Boston." "My eye," he continues, "was always toward a good tract of land as well as a convenient place for navigation." Returning from an examination of Connecticut, he says: "I was resolved to see the eastern country also before I should determine where to begin my settlement." The proprietors of the west banks of the Kennebec took him down to see their land; but he gave the ultimate preference to land on the east side of the river, which belonged to Colonel Hutchinson and the Plymouth Company, and he became a partner in that concern and engaged to bring a colony to it. Within two years he chartered five large ships to bring over families from Ulster to carry on the settlement. They were the same sort of people that came to Boston, and from the same general localities. During the two years, 1719 and 1720, several hundred families were landed on the shores of the Kennebec from its mouth to Merrymeeting Bay. Many of the families settled in what is now Topsham, which received its name from Temple's place of departure on his first voyage, the port of Exeter in Devonshire; another portion settled in the northerly part of Bath, on a tract of land stretching along on Merrymeeting Bay to the Androscoggin, and was called Cork, and sometimes Ireland, from the country of the settlers, which name it still retains; and still others straggled along on the eastern side of the bay and river, and descendants of these still occupy and improve portions of the country. The familiar Scotch names, McFadden, McGowen, McCoun, Vincent, Hamilton, Johnston, Malcolm, McClellan, Crawford, Graves, Ward, Given, Dunning, Simpson, still live to remind the present generation of the land from which their ancestors came.

Unhappily, the Indian troubles, which we call "Lovell's War," commenced shortly after Temple's people got fairly seated on the Kennebec, broke up some of the settlements, which had begun to assume a flourishing aspect, and scattered away many colonists from the rest; some of these sought a refuge with their countrymen at Londonderry, N. H., but the greatest part of them removed to Pennsylvania; Brunswick and Georgetown were destroyed and deserted; in the summer of 1722, nine families were captured at one time by the Indians in Merrymeeting Bay; but Temple himself and many of his people remained, and the descendants of both have connected their names indissolubly with Bowdoin College in Brunswick, and with both state and church in Maine. Temple himself received a military commission from Governor Shute, and rendered good service in the defense of his adopted country. His posterity have served it long and well. His eldest son, Robert, married a daughter of Gov-

ernor Shirley; the second son, John, lived to become a baronet, and married a daughter of Governor Bowdoin, of Massachusetts. Their daughter, Elizabeth, married Thomas D. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, and those are the parents of Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston.

After the breaking up of the Norridgewock tribe on the Upper Kennebec, some of Temple's Scotch settlers returned to the deserted places on the eastern shore, and new adventurers sought the vacant seats. In 1729, Colonel Dunbar, a native of Ireland, of Scottish descent, in the hope of separating Maine from the Massachusetts government, obtained a commission from the crown as governor of the territory. He had previously been commissioned as surveyor-general of the woods, with a view to preserve the pine timber for the British navy. He selected Fort Frederick, at Pemaquid, as the seat of his government, and was placed in possession by a detachment of troops from Nova Scotia, in 1730. Rightful were the claims of Massachusetts to the eastern shore; but Dunbar took immediate measures to occupy and improve the lands in his new province by inviting his countrymen, the Scotch-Irish, to settle upon them through liberal inducements both of lands and privileges. He granted one-hundred-acre lots on Pemaquid in the neighborhood of the fort, laid out and improved a large farm for himself, and ceded to his countrymen, Montgomery and Campbell and McCobb, large tracts, which soon became towns. In the course of two or three years, more than one hundred and fifty families, principally of Scotch descent, were introduced into this territory. Some were drawn from the older settlements of the stock in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and some were fresh colonists from Ireland. These had their pastor, Rev. Robert Rutherford, and their Presbyterian institutions, which they cherished with great tenacity for a long time. Among these families were McClintocks, Hustons, McLeans, McKeens, Caldwells, Dicks, Forbushes, Browns, McIntyres, and McFarlands.

Massachusetts continued to protest against the government of Dunbar, excellent as were its results, and it was terminated in August, 1732, and jurisdiction restored to Massachusetts. Dunbar returned to England in 1737, where, like Penn, he was committed to prison for debt, but afterward released through the liberality of his friends, and in 1743 was appointed governor of St. Helena, an English island since rendered famous by the exile of a more distinguished ruler than this early Scotch-Irish governor of Maine.

Samuel Waldo, who had been a sort of agent of Massachusetts in displacing Dunbar, and who had an interest in the territory as a

patentee, and who had seen the benefit arising from the admirable class of immigrants whom Dunbar had introduced, proceeded to profit by the example in respect to his own ample possessions lying between the St. George and the Penobscot rivers. In 1734, Waldo carefully examined the resources of his land grant, and fortunately discovered the invaluable quarries of limestone, which have proven from that day to this day a source of continued riches and progress to the inhabitants of that peninsula. The first movements in the manufacture of lime there, which are now so extended, and which seem at present to claim the attention of our legislators at Washington, was so small that the lime was shipped to Boston in molasses casks. The St. George River, on which the first settlements were made, is a plunging stream, and afforded then and now fine mill sites for handling both wood and stone, and the near forests gave an abundant supply of timber.

Waldo's first settlers upon his eastern grant were all of Scotch descent from the North of Ireland — some of them of recent immigration, and others had been in the country from the first arrival in Boston in 1718. The company consisted of twenty-seven families, arrived upon the spot in 1735, and each family furnished with one hundred acres of land on the banks of the St. George, in the present town of Warren, Maine. The names of some of these pioneers will show to those familiar with the history of Maine how much the state is indebted to this enterprising proprietor, Samuel Waldo, for placing in permanent contact with the soil these most useful settlers. Among the names are Alexander, Blair, Kilpatrick, North, Patterson, Nelson, Starrett, Howard, McLean, Spear, Creighton, McCracken, and Morrison. The Old French War broke out in 1744, which greatly interrupted developments in Maine for ten years, when Waldo went to Scotland again, and formed a company of sixty adults and many children, who reached St. George's river in September, 1753, and were settled in the western part of Warren, to which they gave the name of Stirling, the ancient royal city of their country. These were mostly mechanics; the names of some of them were Anderson, Malcolm, Crawford, Miller, Auchmutey, Carswell, and Johnston; and this we believe to be the last immigration into New England of people of Scottish extraction, in any considerable number, prior to the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

From these three centers of diffusion, now briefly indicated — Worcester, Londonderry, Wiscasset — the Scotch-Irish element penetrated and permeated all parts of New England: Maine the most of all, New Hampshire next, then Massachusetts, and then in les-

sening order Vermont and Connecticut and Rhode Island. They were all in general one sort of people. They belonged to one grade and sphere of life. They were for the most part very poor in this world's goods. The vast majority of all the adults, however, could read and write. If they had but one book to a family, that book was surely the Bible, which is itself, as we sometimes forget, a large collection of books of very varied character; and if there were two volumes to a family, the second place in most cases was disputed between Fox's "Book of Martyrs" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Their personal habits, their mental characteristics, their religious beliefs and experiences, and their very superstitions, were held largely in common; and all these were in more or less pronounced contrast with corresponding traits of the English Puritans who had nestled before them in most parts of New England.

So far as their physical natures went, they had received in the old country a splendid outfit for the race of life, in large bones and strong teeth, and a digestive apparatus the envy of the mountain bears. Men and women both were trained to an almost tireless physical industry. The struggle for physical subsistence had been with them no mere figure of speech. First of European countries, the potato had been found by Ireland, to which it had been brought from Virginia by slave-trader Hawkins in 1565, an invaluable resource of food for the poor; and each and every company of Scotch-Irish brought with them to New England, as a part of the indispensable outfit, some tubers of this esculent, which they prized beyond price. The pine lands of New England, which are always sandy, are adapted to the potato; and if there were no suffering from hunger in those large families during the first years of their sojourn, it should doubtless be put to the credit of the easily-cultivated, much-multiplying Irish potato!

Each and every company of these people brought also with them into New England the agricultural implements needful for the culture of the flax-plant, and the small wheels for spinning the flax-fiber, and the looms for weaving the linen textures. Nothing connected with the newcomers excited so much interest in English and Puritan Boston, in 1718, and the three following years, as the small wheels worked by women and propelled by the foot, for turning the straight flax-fibers into thread. There was a public exhibition of their skill in spinning flax, by the Scotch-Irish women, on Boston Common in the spring of 1719, at which prizes were awarded to the foremost. Drake's "Boston" gives an account of the sensation produced by the advent of this strange machine there, and of societies and schools

formed to teach the art of thus making linen thread. For four years the novelty exercised its fascination, and the first ladies of the town paraded on the Common to exhibit their newly-learned art, derived from their stalwart sisters from over the sea. It is not historically set down in the records in so many words, but at this safe distance, and (as it were) under the protection of the guns of Fort Duquesne, we may venture the assertion, that the Boston girls were hard to beat in their newly-found and most useful avocation!

It is time now to conclude this paper, perhaps too long already, with some brief points of reference to common traits among them, to characteristics, some good, some bad, but very few indifferent! It is perfectly plain at every point of their settlement alongside the previous English Puritan, that they pretty soon excited prejudice against themselves, sometimes disgust, and sometimes even hate. The natural result of this was to throw them more and more upon each other in intermarriage, in a community of residence and of interest and of feeling; so that they did not coalesce very readily with other strains of blood and with other sects of Christians, so that they tended to keep up acquaintance in families from generation to generation, even when separated locally; and, consequently, the very traits themselves, the peculiarities, tended to preserve and perpetuate themselves for the ends of a later critical study and record.

a. In the first place, what is the contemporary testimony of the senses of those who came into personal contact with our Scotch-Irish ancestors who settled New England? The late Mr. Jewell, of Hartford, Conn., who was a tanner by trade, was sent by his country as a minister plenipotentiary to the court of St. Petersburg; being a Yankee, and "wanting to know you know," and being a tanner in possession of most of the profitable secrets of his guild, he went to Russia determined to avail himself of all his official and personal chances to find out the chemical composition and proportions of the tanning materials that give the peculiar odor and character to what is called "Russia leather"; but this was a national secret exceedingly profitable to the Muscovites; genial and precious as was dear Mr. Jewell, they would tell him nothing, but they would show him everything — were not Russia and the United States traditional and everlasting friends? Mr. Jewell told us himself on his return that he literally "followed his nose" in those Russian leather establishments; what he learned in this way he did not impart except to his partners, but he rightly considered the process to be one of inductive reasoning, the results of which were scientific and satisfactory to himself and his friends; in one word, that logical inferences may

be drawn from the sense of smell as well as from the other senses, and that he was not shut up to "ocular demonstration," so far as the immemorial processes of tanning skins are concerned.

It is indisputable that the contemporaries of our Scotch-Irish ancestors in New England satisfied themselves by analogous trains of reasoning and conclusion that, in their new neighbors' scale of the virtues, personal cleanliness was put way down far below godliness! They began with a devout care of the spirit, and life was really not long enough for them to fetch round to a decent care of the flesh! Wash-bowl and pitcher was no part of the common set-out of the newly-married pair. In the more progressive families an iron skillet in the kitchen sink opened up a chance for parents and children to wash their hands and faces in the morning, a chance, I take it, that rarely hardened itself into a rule for either. Ablution of the whole body even once a year, or ten years, or a life-time, was a thing practically unknown for three generations of our ancestral fathers and mothers. *Tertium quid?* This matter had ill consequences, of course, in diseases and mortality of children; in a disgust felt for uncleanly old people; in an intolerable stench arising from crowded religious assemblies, often prolonged for hours and hours; and in a prejudice and mockery on the part of neighbors trained in and accustomed to more cleanly personal habits.

For two or three generations, at least, ordinary houses were not provided with ordinaries of any kind; barns and pig-pens were in close proximity to the houses, and the two were scarcely discriminated from each other; the methods of farming were to the last degree uncleanly and unwholesome and disgusting — this is particularly noted in regard to Londonderry and its neighborhood, and I know that it was true in relation to Worcester. Their company was more or less avoided by the English on this account, and their rights doubtless less respected; the intermarriages that took place for two generations were for the most part with the lowest and poorest of the low and poor English; and with the major part of this class of people in New England the steps upward to the daily bath and the decent water-closet have been unreasonably slow and interrupted.

b. In the second place, it must be frankly admitted, that the dread of water in another sense of that term greatly harmed our folks for the first century of their residence in this land. They discriminated against water, in their estimate of beverages. Account for it as we may, high latitude, Celtic restlessness, strenuous poverty, aspiration above realization, cheap whisky, what not, the Scotch of

whatever origin and whatever residence grasp and hold too much stimulus *per capita* of the population. It was always so. It is so now. It is not because they are *canny*, and it is not because they are Presbyterians. *I do not know the reason why.* If there be one man in this vast assemblage that knows the reason and will tell it straight, he will immortalize himself like James Miller, and this four days' meeting in this year of grace will need no other memorial till the end of time!

When Londonderry was incorporated in the name of George III., June, 1722, the charter enacted "that on every Wednesday of the week forever they may hold, keep, and enjoy a market for the buying and selling of goods, wares, and merchandise, and various kinds of creatures, endowed with the usual privileges, profits, and immunities, as other market towns fully hold, possess, and enjoy; and two Fairs annually forever, the first to be held and kept within the said town on the 8th day of November next, and so annually forever, and the other on the 8th day of May in like manner. Provided, if it should so happen, that at any time either of these days fall on the Lord's day, then the said Fair shall be held and kept the day following it. The said Fair shall have, hold, and enjoy the liberties, privileges, and immunities as other Fairs in other towns fully possess, hold, and enjoy."

For more than one hundred years these semi-annual fairs were maintained without a break. Their original design was good; namely, to afford opportunity to people of neighboring towns to meet and exchange their commodities with each other for a mutual profit — and we will just note in passing that the Scotch-Irish of that day had not made the grand modern discovery that exchange of commodities is a crime to be prevented by the exercise of all the powers of the United States government. The assemblages at these fairs were usually large; merchants from Haverhill and Salem and Boston were present with their goods, and every variety of home growths and manufactures was collected for exchange. Everything at first was conducted with a decent order and propriety, although the fair was always held in and around the only tavern of the town, and there was always much drinking over the bar and some intoxication. As time went on and as stores became multiplied in the towns, and as means of communication improved, the benefits of these fairs and the grounds for their maintenance diminished, and the obvious evils increased, until they proved a moral nuisance, attracting chiefly the more corrupt portion of the community, and exhibiting each year for successive days scenes of vice and folly in

some of their worst forms. Serious attempts were made from time to time by the town to mitigate these evils, but with little success. In 1798 the following vote was passed at the annual town-meeting: "From the misconduct and disorderly behavior of most of the people which frequent the fair, as now holden, the good intention and original design are altogether defeated, it is hereupon enacted, that it shall be confined to two days — one day each spring and fall; voted also, that no booth shall be used after 9 o'clock in the evening of said days, for selling merchandise or liquor, or furnishing any kind of entertainment, without forfeiting and paying a fine of one pound." And at last the final suppression of the fair was brought about in 1839, as the result of the temperance reformation in Londonderry, for when the bar was removed from the tavern and no intoxicating drinks were to be had in the place, the crowds assembled as usual, but at once withdrew.

Many of the social customs of our fathers indicate also a fondness for strong drink, which not even their iron constitutions and out-of-door life, and in the main, approving consciences, could prevent from demoralizing them. This love of liquor was a national trait. The direct evidence we have on this point relates more particularly to Londonderry and its resulting towns, but there are lines of proof that converge upon the same point in relation to Worcester and its sequels, and to the Kennebec and Penobscot towns as well. It is true that, owing to the difference in their language and habits and modes of life from those of their English neighbors, prejudices against these settlers were early imbibed and unreasonably indulged, and many things in their manners and practices were grossly exaggerated at the time and falsely reported and believed; we must bear all this in mind in weighing the evidence, but the traditions that have come down in certain families from generation to generation, with some of which I became very familiar from childhood to manhood, as well as the written record in all its varied forms, can leave no doubt on the minds of their candid descendants that here was a crevasse in the generally solid character of their moral build-up. They found or made occasion in their marriage ceremonies, in their wakes or watchings with the dead, and in their funeral solemnities, to partake of ardent spirits with such freedom and frequency as were often productive of most painful scenes and serious consequences.

The wedding, for example, was in substance a sumptuous feast. The invitations were given out at least three days before the time, it being considered an affront to receive one only one day previous.

At the appointed hour the groom proceeded from his dwelling with his select friends, male and female; about half way on their journey to the house of the bride, they were met by the bride's select male friends; and, on meeting, each of the two companies made choice of one of their number "to run for the bottle" to the bride's house. The champion of the race who reached the well-filled bottle first, and returned with it, gave a toast, drank to the bridegroom's health, and having passed the bottle fully round, the united company proceeded to the residence of the bride. When arrived there, the religious and other services did not differ essentially from those common now at domestic weddings; but the ceremony being concluded, the whole company sat down to the entertainment, at which the "best man" and "best maid" presided. Then the room was cleared for dances and other amusements; the "flow" was kept up, and the "floor" was kept cleared; and an aged narrator, about the beginning of this century, kindling at the recollection of scenes then for him all gone by, concluded his account of the ancient wedding, "and the evening was spent with a degree of pleasure of which our modern fashionables are perfectly ignorant!"

When death entered a Scotch-Irish community in the olden time in New England, and one anywise prominent was removed, there was at once a cessation of all labor in the neighborhood. The people gathered at the house of mourning, and proceeded night after night to observe a custom which they had brought with them from Ireland (whether it be more Irish than Scottish, if there is any difference of meaning between these epithets in this connection, it were vain to speculate) called the "wake," or watching with the dead, until the interment had taken place. These night scenes, as at the present time wherever kept up, often exhibited a mixture of seriousness and frivolity, of religion and deviltry, to the last degree grotesque and incompatible. The Scriptures would be solemnly read, long prayers would be offered, and words of counsel and admonition administered to the mourning circle; but before long, according to established usage, the glass, with its exhilarating and intoxicating beverage, must circulate freely and repeatedly; so that, before the dawn, the joke and the laugh, if not scenes more boisterous and bewildering, would break in upon the slumbers of the dead.

The assemblage was sure to be large in all the Scotch-Irish settlements, whatever might have been the age or character or worldly condition of the party deceased, at the funeral services. Every relative, however distant the connection, must surely be present, or it would be regarded as a marked neglect; and it was expected also

that all the friends and acquaintance of the deceased within a reasonable distance of the home would be in attendance. Funeral sermons were rarely or never delivered upon the occasion, yet there would usually be as large a congregation as assembled on the Sabbath. Previous to the prayer ardent spirit was always handed round, not only to the mourners and bearers, but also to the entire assembly. Again after prayer, and before the coffin was removed, the same thing was repeated. Nearly all would follow the body to the grave, and usually the greater number walked. Processions from a third to one-half a mile in length were not infrequent in Londonderry at the burial of an ordinary citizen. On their return to the house, the demoralizing draught was again administered to all, and a further edible entertainment provided. Many a poor family became embarrassed, if not absolutely impoverished, in consequence of the heavy expenses incurred, not so much by the sickness which preceded the death of one of its members, as by the funeral ceremonies as then and there observed, required, as they foolishly supposed, by respect for the dead.

c. In the third place, it was a pleasing and remarkable trait of these people, that they knew how to put things in a humorous and witty and even sarcastic dress. It was natural to them. They could do it well, and therefore they liked to do it. They were marvelously quick at repartee. Of course their brogue was a great help to them here, because it intensified the sense of incongruity, which seems to be of the essence of merriment. Subjectively they relished the sense of the grotesque and incongruous, and objectively their art and their brogue helped them to magnify it. Rev. Dr. Morrison once delivered an election sermon before the New Hampshire legislature, which proved incisive and effective; the body voted to print a specified number of copies, when a witty member (appreciating this point) moved to substitute an additional number, "provided they would also print the brogue."

The ministers were particularly skilled as between each other in humorous attack and retort. It was the one chief relief from the soberness and intensity of their lives. For example, two of these clergymen were walking along together on an icy road. Suddenly one of them slipped, and fell flat. Rev. Upright eyed his brother for a moment solemnly, and quoted: "The wicked stand in slippery places." Instantly retorted Rev. Prostrate, "I see they do, but I can't." William Stinson, born in Ireland, came to Londonderry with his father while still very young. Thence he migrated to Dunbarton, N. H., where he lived alone in his log-house, destitute of most

of the conveniences of domestic life, and laid there and thus the foundations of a large fortune for the time. Rev. David McGregor, of Londonderry, called on him there (they had been boys together), and dined with him. Not having a table, or anything that would answer for a better substitute, Brother Stinson was obliged to make use of a bushel basket placed bottom-side upward. Both were grateful beforehand for the frugal meal frugally served, and Rev. Mr. McGregor, being asked, of course, to solicit the divine blessing, pertinently and devoutly implored that his host might be blessed "in his basket and his store." This was literally verified in the time to come!

Rev. Matthew Clark, who carried to his grave an unhealed wound from a sword-cut received in the siege of Derry, was accustomed, even to old age, and even in the pulpit, to quick and witty turns, which we must suppose were very effective. At any rate, they are very interesting to us, accustomed as we are, more or less, to dull preaching. The old cavalry captain with the black patch over his eye-brow was preaching one day on the over-confidence of Peter, that he would never deny his Lord, and his subsequent humiliating fall, and remarked: "Just like Peter, aye mair forrit than wise, ganging swaggering about wi' a sword at his side; an' a puir han' he mad' o' it when he cam' to the trial, for he only cut off a chiel's lug, an' he ought to ha' split down his head!"

This same old warrior of God is said also to have commenced a discourse from Philippians 4, 13, in the following startling manner: "'I can do all things.' Ay, can ye, Paul? I'll bet ye a dollar o' that (placing a Spanish milled dollar upon the desk). Stop! let's see what else Paul says: 'I can do all things through Christ, which strengthened me.' Ay, sae can I, Paul; I draw my bet," and he thereupon returned the dollar to his pocket!

This gift of enlivening humor, so common and so much cultivated among them, afforded a much-needed relief to their isolated lives upon their slovenly-kept farms, and afforded a relief also to their usually downright and dogmatic expression of their opinions. They were open and above-board in all their opinions and in all their talk. They did not back-bite with their tongues. There was biting, a plenty of it, but it was in a forward movement, fronting the opponent, whoever he was. Subterraneanism was something these people abhorred. If any one had a ground of complaint against another, or, what was much the same thing, if he supposed he had, his method of procedure was not like that of besieging castles in the Middle Ages, by gradual approaches, but, on the contrary, was exceedingly

direct and personal. The party of the second part was pretty sure to be the first one to hear of the grievance, and of the quick feelings excited by it. They seemed to like to fight their own battles directly, and rarely enlisted substitutes! They were a pugnacious people among themselves, these Scotch-Irish. Their views were mostly definite, and sharpened to a point. There was a wholesome breeziness among them that is refreshing to look back upon. They were fond of regarding the Christian course under St. Paul's favorite figure of a warfare; whatever else they failed to do, they meant to fight a good fight, and to keep the faith once delivered to them — the present saints. But in all this their ever-present sense of humor, and their ability to bring it to bear in extremities, was not only a relief to their pig-headed dogmatism, but was also a constant restraint and antidote to it.

And yet, what seems at first blush to be incompatible with what has just been said, it was a very common trait of these peculiar people to maintain a sort of secrecy or clandestinism in matters neutral to religion and politics, in matters personal and indifferent, that stood in strange contrast to their utter frankness and unreserve in those things which they deemed cardinal. They seem to have caught beforehand, and to have practiced from generation to generation, the spirit of Burns's strain:

"Conceal yersel' as weel's you can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every ither man
Wi' sharpened sly inspection!

"Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yersel'
Ye'll scarcely say to ony!"

Somewhere in the neighborhood of these two traits, which seem themselves to be the opposites of each other, there lay another characteristic of this tribe, what might almost be called in Bacon's phrase an idol of the tribe, — a persistent capacity to hold a grudge! I will not philosophize upon this, though I am certain of it as a fact. To forgive and forget an injury, real or supposed, a grace hard enough of attainment for any Christian anywhere, God knows, and we know, was especially hard for these half-Celtic and half-Saxon believers in and imitators of the blessed Lord. We need to make no reference here to the old historic feuds, Highland or Lowland — we are not sure as that would have any relevancy; but any analysis of the

character of the New England Scotch-Irish, however cursory, in contrast with the English Puritans alongside of whom they lived and labored, would be faulty and out of the true, that did not call a passing attention to a characteristic of them, both men and women — a characteristic which has come down within the observation of those still living — a tendency to hold together and re-knit at intervals the strong fibers of a grudge, a prejudice, a misconception; fibers late and last to be fused in the blessed fires of Christian discipline and holy love!

d. And this brings us, in the fourth place, to some peculiarities in the religious conceptions and experience of these good people which may prove instructive and illuminating to us to whom these ends of the world have come. John Knox had adjusted for their simple eye-sight all the glasses in the long tube, pointed for them toward Geneva and John Calvin, whenever they wished to take their bearings from the east, and to renew the grounds and the proportions of the famous Five Points; and, at one and the same time, perform the impossible task so often undertaken to no purpose, to conform their lives in simple faith and love to the still, small voice, and to settle themselves theologically four-square and impregnable. Of course there was something grotesque in this attempted combination, and of course there was something sublime in it. John Calvin was only twenty-six years old when he wrote or sketched his famous "Institutes of Theology." Oh! that he had waited twenty-five years longer, and learned, as he certainly would have done, that men are made in the image of God in other respects also, as well as in a tendency to an inflexible logic-handling of data imperfectly understood! This would have saved our morbidly conscientious ancestors from much that appears to us insane and ridiculous; and, let it be confessed, would have prevented them also from undertaking much that proved great and enduring.

The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of New England were in bondage to the "letter," and the "Emancipation Proclamation" has not even yet been read and pondered and joyfully accepted by many of their descendants. Contrary to the doctrine of St. Paul, who was and is the evangelist of the whole circle, they "served in the oldness of the letter and not in the newness of the spirit." They did not find out what this meaneth even from the lips of their own preferred teacher — "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." There was accordingly, a hardness and a formality in their religious lives and actions, in striking contrast with the relative freedom and love and spirit of the best Christians of our own times, who may themselves have come

out from the rigid lines and mailed loins of these saints and soldiers of the Middle Age.

The cases of church discipline, many of which have come down to us by way of record, turned for the most part not on the absence of brotherly love and the spirit of mutual helpfulness, which are of the essence of Christianity, but on some miserable technicality, some formal violation of an external rite or usage of the church. For example, the Thursday before communion was a fast day, and kept with all the rigidity and punctilio of a Jewish Sabbath. A complaint was brought against a member of the church of Londonderry, for spreading out grain to dry on such a Thursday — the grain was ready to spoil for lack of the sun shining in his strength — and he was duly and solemnly admonished by the session. In 1734, we find a complaint against John Morrison, brought by Archibald Stark, that the former, having found an axe in the road, "did not leave it at the next tavern as the laws of the country doth require"; and though Morrison acknowledged the fact, and plead that the axe was of so small value that it would not quit the costs of legally proclaiming it, yet he was severely censured by the session, "and exhorted to repent of the evil."

The cheap metallic pieces, called "tokens," which entitled the bearer without question to the privileges of the Lord's Supper, came to have a factitious and even superstitious value set upon them by the holders, as if St. Peter himself, at the gate of heaven, must instantly recognize the validity of those dirty bits of brass stamped with the initials of the church. Amid so much that was outer and formal and Jewish and rectangular, there is of necessity lacking the sweeter and gentler virtues, the noiseless charity, the reaching out to one another the hands which are felt, not seen. All the rain from heaven seemed to come in great showers in the day-time, and there was less of the refreshing and universal dew, the gift of the night, found often on the under-side of the blade and the leaf and the flower.

The bolder and sterner virtues of the Christian character were those present — the vigilance of the watchman on the walls of Zion, the valor of the desperate onset summoned by the trumpet of Jehovah, the tirelessness of the strong reaper in the hot harvest-field, the dying cry of the born general, sleepless and intent, "Tête d'armée!" But alas! for the onesidedness of the best human life; alas! for the temptation that lurks the nearest to the noblest virtue; alas! for the exhibition of what is devilish in apparently vital connection with what is divine. So here. Our fathers were heresy-hunters.

They revered a shibboleth. They only could guard aright the ark of God. They thought themselves to be vicegerents. They fell into the sin of condemning their brethren, for whom Christ died.

"The Truth's worst foe is he who claims
To act as God's avenger;
And dreams beyond his sentry beat
The crystal walls in danger!

"Who sets for heresy his traps
Of verbal quirk and quibble;
And weeds the Garden of the Lord
With Satan's borrowed dibble."

I may be wrong in this, but it is my deliberate judgment, that the English Pilgrims of the Old Colony and their descendants, and the original Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay and their children, fallible and narrow and one-sided and bigoted and uncharitable as they all were, nevertheless represented on the whole, in an age equally adverse to them all, a sweeter and better and truer spirit in their lives than the more highly organized and more historically connected Christians whose blessed memories we strive to keep alive to-day.

However this may be, one thing is certain, New England has proved to the last degree inhospitable to Presbyterianism as a form of church administration. Established over and over again in Maine, in New Hampshire, and in fewer numbers in Massachusetts, renewed over and over again when decayed and moribund, the presbyteries have run one steady and inevitable course toward extinction. There is one nominal presbytery in New England to-day doing duty only on the official records of the church, denominated "Boston," but it was utterly unrepresented in the General Assembly last week at Saratoga. It has a name to live, but it is dead.

Something corresponding with what the evolutionists style "environment" must be the explanation of this most striking and reiterated phenomenon. What is there in New England that is so fatal to the Presbyterian form? A good word is oftentimes a harbor of refuge to the perplexed and baffled inquirer. Presbyterianism came to us early; it came strong; it reinforced itself from time to time with new and large recruits, but it could not root in Yankee land. What has been the matter? I answer, environment, whatever that may mean. The Plymouth people, from 1620 and onward, were obliged to take to independence in church government, whether they willed or nilled; ten years later and onward, John Winthrop and

his learned ministers in Charlestown, Cambridge, and Boston, drank in from the salt marshes and Massachusetts Bay long whiffs of what afterward came to be called Congregationalism; Roger Williams inhaled the same sort of air in Salem, and liked the oxygen of it, and carried it in stout lungs to Providence, to become the breath of life to the Baptists, a vast congeries of independent churches; the molds got set in New England; self-governed churches took the bits in their teeth one by one; and when, in 1718, the Presbyterians came to Boston, and triangulated themselves at Worcester, Londonderry, and Wiscasset, they established their own forms at the two latter places without let or hindrance, but the opposition at Worcester was significant; and the whole trend and drift of things — in short, the environment — was and has continued such, that, proud of their fathers of every name, and thankfully accepting the tribute from every land, New England people believe in and will uphold the independent government of their churches, each for and by itself.

e. In the last place, we must note the social and political tendencies and peculiarities of the Scotch-Irish in New England. It is here that the main lesson comes in. It is here that their impress has been deepest and best. It is along this line that we can clearly trace their footsteps from the first, and see their lasting influence to this day. There is no careful investigation but brings its surprises. There is no genuine study of aggregate men whose results do not display apparent contradictions at some point. It is so with our folks. They were zealous Presbyterians, and that system implies authority and subordination; the simple church member is under the direction of the session to an extent unknown in independent churches; the session is a part of the presbytery, and is controlled by it; and all the presbyteries are under the legislative domination of the general assembly. The system involves, therefore, higher and lower in church authority; it involves rank in a certain sense, and it would not seem to be favorable to individualism in rights and power. Each intermediate grade, like the centurion in the Gospel, says: "I also am a man under authority, having soldiers under me."

We should expect beforehand, accordingly, that these people would be no great sticklers for individual rights in politics, and no very sharp opponents of that insidious privilege, which is all the while stealing a march on the rights of the masses, and creating by law or usage privileged classes, lower and higher, polite plunderers, and perhaps unconscious plundered. Sir Thomas More wrote of the England of his time, and it is just as true of the United States in each and every decade of the first century of the constitution: "The

rich are ever striving to pare away something further from the daily wages of the poor by private fraud, and even by public law, so that the wrong already existing, for it is a wrong that those from whom the state derives most benefit should receive the least reward, is made yet greater by means of the law of the state. The rich devise every means by which they may in the first place secure to themselves what they have amassed by wrong, and then take to their own use and profit, at the lowest possible price, the work and labor of the poor. And so soon as the rich decide on adopting these devices in the name of the public, then they become law."

On the contrary, rather in contrast with the Puritans, who, speaking generally, seem to have felt no repugnance to distinctions and privileges for themselves and their own, either in church or state, these Scotch-Irish citizens, as a rule, manifested a working instinct, if not a trained principle, favorable to equality of opportunity for all men under the law, and hostile to special privileges to any, and especially privileges to some at the expense of the rest. As the two great simple elements of our domestic national politics were slowly formulating themselves under the administration of Washington — the two simple elements which have dominated our national politics ever since, and served as the one stable foundation of our two political parties — our tribe in New England sided with Jefferson in his pronounced views of state rights in opposition to centralization, and of equality in opposition to privilege. Jefferson's religious views, as they were represented in New England, were enormously unpopular among all classes; but the instinct, if not the intelligence, of the Scotch-Irish, led them to general approval of his political propositions; and as time went on and the results were brought into relief, they ranged themselves generally under the Democratic banners, particularly in New Hampshire and that part of Massachusetts which is now Maine.

Hamilton's opposite construction of equality of rights, and of national powers as over against the states, found greatly more favor among the Puritan merchants of the bay, and among the Congregational clergy generally, than among the farmers and citizens of Presbyterian antecedents. The father of the late "Long Jim" Wilson, of Peterborough, N. H., was a Federalist, and his more distinguished son was a Whig, which means the same thing; and if *his* son, the brave General Wilson of our late civil war be a Republican, as I infer from heredity only, that means the same thing too. The Wilson family in successive generations has been distinguished on many grounds and in many members, but the mere fact, that the

Federalism of the ancestor is noted in Scotch-Irish records, emphasizes the other fact, that the greater part of his compeers took the other view. When I was a boy in New Hampshire, I used to hear "Long Jim" harangue Whig audiences on the efficacy of Whig doctrines with apparently tremendous effect; but when the election day came round, even in the universal fervor of 1840, the rank and file of Democratic yeomen rallied unbroken majorities against privilege and centralization. The "Granite State" is not more granite in its rocks than it has been, and will be, in its opposition to all schemes of whatever color, designed to rob the masses of men for the special benefit of a privileged few, and those designed also to make top-heavy and unwieldy the central structure of our complicated government, at the expense of the older and safer and more responsive, because more local, seats of political power.

Samuel Taggart also, born in Londonderry in 1754, minister in Colerain, Mass., for forty-one years, 1777–1818, a graduate of Dartmouth College in 1774, a man of gigantic stature, a member of Congress from a district of Western Massachusetts for seven successive terms, 1803–17, was nominally a Federalist, yet in reality and at bottom, like most of the rank and file of his people in Massachusetts, no friend of privilege and centralization. Indeed, he was a typical Scotch-Irishman. He was a politician and a preacher at the same time and among the same people. No incongruity suggested itself as between these functions to him or to them. They steadily supported him in both relations, and he faithfully represented them in both. "Where did you leave those few sheep in the wilderness?" inquired sarcastically John Randolph of Roanoke, of Taggart on the floor of the House. He had not left them. He thoroughly studied his colleagues at Washington in both branches; read his Bible through every winter he was there; possessed the confidence of Jefferson and Madison, fellow Scotch-Irish from Virginia, during both the entire presidential terms of both, though he did not go to Washington quite early enough to welcome there, and probably would not have heartily welcomed there, Rev. John Leland, his Baptist brother, when he took on the mammoth cheese as a testimonial to Jefferson of the political confidence of the people of Cheshire, in my own county of Berkshire. Taggart wrote and published, on the "Evidences of Christianity," on "British Impressments from our Marine," on the "Final Perseverance of the Saints," and many sermons and orations and addresses.

Political instinct in distinction from political intelligence in the masses of our countrymen, and particularly in the masses of our

immigrants, as leading them to unite with one or other of the two great parties, each holding with remarkable continuity on the whole the tradition of its origin and the lines of its demarcation, has not yet received the attention and the respect from our public men which are its due. Men are not machines. There is a reason in their movements as well in their aggregate as in their individual capacity. And when the curse of money is removed from its corrupting place at or near our ballot boxes, as it will be, it will then be seen, that men native and naturalized choose their party from impulses and impressions only partly explicable even to themselves; and that there are drifts and currents God-impelled, as well as those distinctly started in the human reason, all which are sweeping on toward

> "That fair future day,
> Which fate shall brightly gild."

In conclusion, let me mention just a few living Scotch-Irish people out of the New England stock, with whom I chance to be acquainted directly or indirectly, whose acquaintance I highly prize, and who are each and all distinguished in their sphere: Hugh McCulloch, born and bred in Maine, known and honored of all men; Charles J. McCurdy, a nonagenarian jurist of Lyme, Conn.; Manton Marble, of New York; George W. Anderson, of Boston; Rev. Dr. George Mooar, of Oakland, Cal.; Miss Philena McKeen, Andover, Mass.; Mrs. Gov. Fairbanks, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Robert C. Mack, Londonderry, N. H.; Senator Blair, and Congressman Moore, and Acting Governor Taggart, all of New Hampshire; Professor L. W. Spring, of Williams College; Major H. B. McClellan, of Kentucky, and Henry H. Anderson, of New York.

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FOES OF THE FARMERS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN —

For the first time in my life I find myself west of the Missouri River. From the banks of the Connecticut, on which I was born, and the banks of the Hoosac, on which I reside, to the west bank of the Missouri, on which we are now congregated, stretches a long line; but it all lies in one country, under one national government, and, so far from circumscribing this, is rather like a single plow-furrow drawn in one direction, only just in the middle of a vast field. Though so far from home, I am still at home; and the cordial welcome extended to me by your citizens, some of whom are old acquaintances, puts me entirely at my ease. The impressions that I have gained here, the astonishment that I have felt here, the promises I have seen here of future knowledge and wealth and power, will be best reported on at another time and before a more Eastern audience.

WHY I CAME.

I have come a long journey at your invitation and at your expense to speak to you as farmers and as citizens. Unless you had thought that, as a political economist, I might have something to say that would prove of importance to you, you would not have taken the action you have taken; and unless I had supposed that I had something to say worth your while to hear and to ponder, I should not have responded to your call. In truth, I have something to say, and have come hither on purpose to say it. I bespeak for it your care and your candor. I bespeak your patience and your confidence. I may say some things that will seem to you strange, some things that may seem to you false, some things that may be contrary to your previous opinions and convictions; but I shall say nothing that I do not profoundly believe to be true, nothing that I am not willing to take complete responsibility for here and everywhere, nothing so

far as you are concerned that does not seem to me to be practical and profitable and pressing. I speak to you as farmers especially, but also as citizens and men. It is a good thing to be a cultivator of the soil in such a noble region as this; it is a better thing to be a citizen of the state and of the nation; and it is the best thing of all to stand as a receiving and responding member of it in the mutual relations and sympathies and obligations of a society of men and women.

MY TOPIC.

My topic at this time, as already announced, is THE FOES OF THE FARMERS. I do not mean the natural and providential foes of the farmers, such as the grasshopper, the weevil, and the drought; I mean those forms of public policy and political organization that are especially prejudicial to the farmers of this country as such, namely, paper money, protective tariffs, and party spirit. These three things are also prejudicial to all classes of the people, but upon none do they lie with so deadly a weight as upon the farmers. I shall give you the reasons for this as I proceed. I do not believe that the real interests of one class are antagonistic to the real interests of other classes. I believe that all legitimate interests are in harmony; that what is best for the farmers of this country is also best for the manufacturers of this country; and that what is best for the whole people as producers and consumers is also best for the state and national governments as the gatherers of taxes. I would not set class over against class, because in a large view the interests of both are identical; but the farmers are by far the largest class of people in the United States, and it is legitimate to inquire what it is that makes against them, what it is that retards their prosperity, and what it is that prevents them from exercising a controlling influence over the public policy of the United States.

WHAT FARMERS ARE ENTITLED TO.

I turn to the national census of 1870, and I find that almost six millions of the people are directly engaged in agricultural labors, that is to say, speaking exactly, of all the persons in the United States reported as having occupations, 47.36 per centum, almost one-half of the whole, are agriculturalists; only 21.65 per centum are manufacturers and miners; just 21.47 per centum render professional and personal services; while only 9.52 per centum are engaged in trade and transportation. It is very nearly accurate to say, that, of all the people of the United States who have anything to do, one-tenth are traders and transporters; two-tenths are manu-

facturers and miners; another two-tenths render professional and personal services; while *five*-tenths are farmers. The farmers are thus considerably more than twice as numerous as any other class, and almost as numerous as all the other classes put together. As the families of farmers are probably more numerous on the average than the families of other classes, it is safe to say that more than one-half of the forty millions of people who to-day inhabit this land derive their sustenance directly out of the cultivated soil. Under these circumstances one would expect that the farmers would certainly influence greatly, if not completely control, the policy of these states and of this nation.

THEIR ACTUAL INFLUENCE.

But, as a matter of fact, we find that their influence has been exceedingly small. Not only have they not bent, as their numbers and importance fully entitle them to do, the policy of the country in the direction of their own interests, they have not even prevented that policy from being bent in a direction exactly contrary to their interests. There were in 1870, 41,106 lawyers in the United States. I can count you one hundred of these lawyers who have exerted more practical influence in the states and in the nation than the whole 6,000,000 farmers have exerted. There is no objection to raise to lawyers; they are a useful class of men; but there *is* decided objection to allowing a mere handful of them, representing another mere handful of powerful clients, to shape and mold the policy of 40,000,000 of people. That only is truly a republican form of government in which they who are intrusted with political franchises exert an influence somewhat proportionate to their numbers. The modern caucus is no friend to republican liberty; and the blind following at the polls of a mere party name is full of danger. I have looked with approbation and with hope on the effort of the farmers of this country to organize themselves into one body with a view to promote their own interests as farmers and as citizens, and with a view to secure independently of the old parties and of all parties, the political influence that is preëminently their due. I do not, however, like the element of secrecy in any organization anywhere, and above all in such an organization as this, whose motives are open, whose justification is obvious, and whose ends are good.

PRESENT AGRICULTURAL WEALTH.

The property of the agricultural population in 1870 was valued at $11,124,558,747. This was strictly the agricultural wealth of

the country at that time. Dividing this by the agricultural population of 5,922,471, we have an average property of $1,878 in the hands of each person, yielding probably a net yearly income of $360. At this rate each million of persons added to the agricultural population adds $1,878,000,000 to the national wealth. As the present yearly increase of this population is 82,432, an additional million of farmers will be gained every thirteen years. The ten interior states north of the Ohio River and on the upper lakes and upper Mississippi and Missouri, produced, in the year 1870, 812,151,925 bushels of grain, weighing more than 21,000,000 of tons. This immense product is annually increasing, so that, by the end of this century, or twenty-five years from now, these same ten states will probably produce 40,000,000 tons of cereals a year. Thus we see that the farmers are the great wealth-producers of this country, and that agriculture is the broad and strong foundation of the national prosperity; and, consequently, that whatever in the way of public policy makes in favor of the farmers ought on that very account to be encouraged, and that whatever makes against them ought to be reprobated and abolished.

NATURE MAKES FOR FARMERS.

There is an economical principle of much importance to which I must call your attention before I speak of those things that now bear so heavily against the interests of the farmers, namely this, that, in a natural state of things, a given quantity of an agricultural product tends, as time goes on, to buy more and more of any manufactured product. A load of hay, a bushel of wheat, a pound of cheese, all farm products whatever, tend constantly to buy more and more of cloth, of clocks, of cutlery, of all manufactured articles whatever. A pound of raw cotton, for example, will now buy three times as much of cotton cloth as the same would buy seventy years ago. The products of the farm are constantly becoming more valuable relatively to the products of the factory. There are three reasons for this: first, *machinery can be applied more completely in manufactures than in agriculture;* second, *division of labor can be carried further in manufactures than in agriculture;* and, third, *nothing can hasten the time during which the fruits of the earth mature, while the processes of manufacture can all be hurried up.* The result is, that the price of the raw materials tends to approach the price of the finished goods made out of them, owing to the relatively less and less cost of manufacture. For the same reasons food products rise in their power to purchase clothing, furniture, and so on; it

takes, for example, almost year by year, fewer and fewer bushels of corn to buy a good watch, a good plow, a good sewing machine; and thus we see that there is inwrought into the very framework of things a provision by which the masses of mankind, who have always been the tillers of the soil, may continually rise in a scale of comforts as the years roll on. This one law of political economy is the physical law of progress for the masses.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE.

Farmers have another natural advantage that also rests back upon an economical law. Unlike the loom or the mowing machine, each of which can do one thing only, the soil is adapted to produce several kinds of crops; and if the principal crop is overabundant and cheap, that very circumstance opens up a better market for some subsidiary crop or product. If people can buy their wheat cheaper than before, then they will have, other things being equal, more money to spend on butter or cheese or vegetables. The subsidiary crops bear a high price, just because the principal crop bears a low price. It seems to me that the farmer should always calculate to have something to sell besides that on which his main strength is put, because he thereby increases his chances, not merely numerically, but also economically. There is a great law that underlies this, although it is ill understood and worse practiced on. Cheaper wheat means dearer eggs, for the demand for eggs is thereby increased. Cheaper corn means dearer butcher's meat, because people can now afford to eat more fresh meat and will buy it. Natural laws, believe it, gentlemen, befriend the tillers of the soil. Natural laws, if left unimpeded, if intelligently made use of, lift, like a great lever, to elevate and enrich the masses.

OBSTACLES.

But the short-sighted selfishness of certain men, forgetting that the welfare of each is always best found in the welfare of all, throws impediments and obstructions across the path of natural laws. Men undertake by legislation to redistribute the rewards of industry. They undertake to promote artificially their own special interests, and become blind to the potent fact that they cannot do this without infringing on the interests of others. *They try to reverse natural tendencies, to make water run up hill, to create artificial markets, to make a promise to pay the same thing as the pay itself, and to do various other things by law — all which results in a dead loss. As the farmers are always the most numerous class in the community and the*

least acquainted with tricks, so also are they always the heaviest sufferers from these freaks of legislation. They are like the ass that carries most of the burden and eats least of the hay. The more natural and free the general state of things the better it is for the farmers and for everybody else; while the more of law, and the more of restraint, and the more of regulation, and the more of things artificial and not real, the worse in the long run for everybody, and particularly for farmers.

PAPER MONEY.

The greatest foe the farmers of this country have had for the past dozen years has been the paper money. Some of you have suffered fearfully this year from the devastations of the grasshoppers; I would not belittle your losses, for they have been great, and they moved me to pity; but the swath of your grasshoppers has been comparatively a narrow swath, and the losses, though great, have been local and not national; but the swath of the *greenback-grasshoppers* has been a wide swath, and the losses have been national and not local. I hold in my hand a silver dollar. It is a long time since you have all seen one. You all seem to be as glad to see it as if it were an old friend. In truth, it is an old friend, whom you have unwisely discarded, but who is just as ready to serve you faithfully as he ever was. This dollar is a *reality*. There is no sham about it. There is nothing mysterious about it. There is nothing magical about it. It is just so much silver metal stamped, but the stamp adds only a slight fraction to the value. It took honest labor to get this silver out of the earth, refine, alloy, and coin it, and therefore it is just the thing to help exchange other things that have cost honest labor. This dollar is just like a bushel of wheat — it has cost something, it is adapted to a human want, and therefore it is good for something. Labor for labor is the law of exchange, and therefore the dollar that has cost labor is the only honest dollar. It is the only dollar about which there is no trick. It is the only dollar that defrauds nobody. It is a real equivalent. It is indeed only a tool to help exchange other things, but it is an honest tool. We take it only to part with it again, but when we take it we get an equivalent for what we give, and when we part with it we give an equivalent for what we get. Money is indeed a *medium* to exchange other things with, but it is of vast consequence that the medium be a good medium, a real medium, an intelligible medium, a medium that gives no advantage in the exchange to either party.

Moreover, this silver dollar is the same thing year in and year out. The first silver dollar was coined in this country in 1794, just

eighty years ago, and there was put into it 371¼ grains of pure silver, and that quantity of pure silver has been put into every silver dollar coined since; so that, so far as the word "dollar" has depended on the silver coin of that name (and the same principles of course apply to the gold dollar), the word has had a steady significance. Men knew what they were talking about when they were bargaining in dollars. The thing dollar was a perfectly definite thing, and consequently the denomination dollar was a steady denomination. In values you reckon in dollars just as in grains you reckon in bushels. Gold and silver money give you steady denomination dollars to reckon in, to bargain by, to make calculations with. As things, dollars are a medium to exchange other things with; as denominations, dollars are a measure of all other values whatsoever; and it is impossible to have steady denominations unless you have steady coin dollars behind them.

I now hold in my hand a so-called paper dollar. It is not a dollar at all. It is only a promise to pay a dollar. Read it and you will see that it is so. "The United States will pay to Bearer one dollar." It carries the truth upon its very face. It is only a promise. Unfortunately, also, it is a promise that has not been kept. It is an unfulfilled promise. Worse than that, it is a promise that the promiser refuses to fulfill. It is a broken promise. It is a dishonored promise. *It is failed paper.* Because it is an unfulfilled promise, it is of course worth less than that which it promises to pay. It is depreciated. It always has been depreciated, and it is depreciated now. It has been at times very much depreciated. Now, we have seen that the dollar as a thing is a medium helping exchange all other things, and also that the dollar as a denomination is a measure measuring all other values. But a measure of other things should itself be uniform. A bushel measure should be the same thing year in and year out — to buy and sell by. A yard-stick should be thirty-six inches long, no more and no less, made of solid material that just holds its own, and not of india rubber, expansible and contractible, of one length to-day and another to-morrow, and nobody knows what length the next time.

FLUCTUATIONS OF THE PAPER DOLLAR.

Why, this very dollar bill has fluctuated in value, as compared with a gold dollar, all the way from thirty-five cents up to ninety-three cents and a fraction; and yet, we have been calling it a dollar all the while; we have been estimating our property in these dancing dollars; we have been buying when the dollar was at one value

and selling when it has been at another; a bushel measure holding three pecks at one time, four pecks at another time, and five pecks at another is much more sensible than such a variable dollar, inasmuch as the bushel only measures grain, while the dollar, in the way of estimate, bargain, or sale, attempts to measure all values whatsoever. Even during the last year, 1873, there has been a variation of thirteen per cent. in the value of this paper dollar as compared with gold — from 106½ to 119½, and now almost back again. These constant fluctuations in paper money — and they are inherent in it unless the paper is instantly convertible into gold — make it abominable as a measure of value for everybody, and particularly for farmers.

WHY WORSE FOR FARMERS.

An inconvertible paper money always depreciated and always variable is worse for farmers than for almost anybody else; first, on the ground of its depreciation, and second, on the ground of its variability. As the value of money goes down, of course general prices tend to rise; but, unfortunately, they do not rise equally, nor in equal times; and some prices do not rise at all. For example, manufactured goods are quickest to experience a rise of price owing to a depreciation of the currency, because as a rule manufacturers are intelligent men and know the tendency of depreciated money to depreciate more, and thus hasten to insure themselves by putting a higher price on their goods. Wages rise much more slowly than goods, and never proportionably, because laborers do not well understand the situation, and never act quickly enough to insure themselves; and so they are always great sufferers from a depreciated money. Real estate rises slowly and irregularly, though at times tumultuously, under such money, and never on the average so high as manufactured goods rise; while agricultural products, some parts of which are exported to foreign countries, scarcely rise in price at all. The reason for this is, that the foreign gold price of that part which is exported largely determines the home price of the whole crop. There is only one wholesale price of wheat of the same grade in New York City, whether it is for export or whether it is for home consumption. The gold price in Liverpool determines the currency price in New York just so long as any wheat is exported; and the price in New York determines the price in Chicago and Omaha. If the premium on gold, in consequence of the use of a depreciated currency, were as high as the average rise of prices arising from that depreciation, it would not be so unjust; but it never is; gold is generally the cheapest thing a-going, so soon as an inferior

currency has demonetized it and thrown it out of demand; and the whole consequence to farmers of the use of such a poor money is, that they have to pay a great deal more for all that they need to buy, and only get a very little more or nothing at all for all that they have to sell. Wheat was no higher in currency in 1873 than it was in gold in 1860; hams were not; lard was not; and salt pork was not. These are all exportable agricultural products whose current price is determined by the gold money of the world's great market. These things are what farmers *sell*. But harnesses, boots and shoes, hats and caps, blankets, all manner of clothing, were much higher in 1873 than they were in 1860. These manufactures are what farmers have to *buy*.

THE INJUSTICE OF IT.

The mischief of paper money is, that it affects different classes differently, and the largest class the most injuriously of all. It raises some prices much, other prices little, and still other prices not at all. Some prices are raised quickly and pretty regularly; and other prices are raised slowly and irregularly, so that shrewd men may always take advantage of more ignorant men, and the dishonest ones of the honest ones. The whole trick of the thing is a trick of distribution. Some men may get rich out of it, but this is always at the expense of other men. All classes of the people are ultimately great losers in wealth and reputation from the destruction of the stable measure of value — from disturbing the meaning of the word "dollar." A huge crop of defaulters and of failures and of bursted speculations and of ruined reputations are always the harvest of that sowing. But farmers always have been and always will be the greatest losers from rag-money, partly for the reason that I have just given, namely, that what they have to buy is enhanced in price by it, while what they have to sell is not enhanced in price by it; and partly also, because it takes the farmer almost a year to realize on his crops, and he cannot meanwhile insure himself against the inevitable changes in the currency. The dollar in which he calculates the *expenses* of his crop is almost sure not to be the dollar in which he realizes the *results* of his crops. He cannot calculate. He cannot insure himself. He is helpless. The manufacturer who turns off his product weekly or monthly can vary his prices weekly or monthly, and save himself at least in part; but the farmer, poor man, can do no such thing. He is at the mercy of currency-tinkers. Because all our paper money is only a promise to pay, and an unfulfilled promise at that; because it is depreciated

far below the solid money of the world's market; because it is variable in value from day to day and from year to year, unsettling the measure of all other values; because such money always stimulates speculation and hampers productive industry; because it corrupts public morals, undermines honesty, and makes defaulters, by destroying the stable standard of value; because it unjustly distributes the rewards of industry, and cheats by wholesale the whole farming interests; and because such money has always been followed by these results wheresoever the experiment has been tried; I do hereby invite all farmers, east and west, all grangers, north and south, and all other true men, to unite with me in raising a cry that shall pierce the dulled ears of our rulers — AN HONEST CRY FOR AN HONEST DOLLAR.

THE SECOND FOE TO FARMERS.

Next to the irredeemable paper money, the greatest obstacle to the prosperity of the farmers of the United States at the present moment is the so-called Protective tariff. This is not so bad as it was two or three years ago. It has been twice reduced and simplified in the fear that the honest indignation of the people would otherwise overthrow it altogether. But it is still bad enough. It is still too bad. It is an old trick of the devil to take a good word and cover up with it an evil thing. Precisely this is done whenever the word "protective" is applied to any tariff. The word "protective" is a good word when used in its legitimate sense. As signifying the security of person and property under a good government, it is an admirable word, and describes an indispensable thing; but as applied to a tariff the word is full of deceit, inasmuch as a tariff from its very nature cannot "protect" anybody or anything. It can redistribute property by raising the prices of some things and depressing the prices of other things, but it cannot possibly raise the average prices of things in general. The trick of a protective tariff is just the same as the trick of paper money, the juggler's trick of putting existing things in strange places. A tariff creates nothing, produces nothing, adds nothing to existing wealth, but it distributes a great deal; and we must now examine this matter, especially in its bearing on the farmers.

THE NAME TARIFF.

There is a town in Spain, situated in the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, on the southernmost point of the kingdom, which is named Tarifa, in honor of Tarif ibn Malik, a Berber chief who first landed here from Africa to reconnoiter the country, before the

conquest of Spain by the Mohammedan Moors in the eighth century of our Lord. These Moors occupied parts of Spain until the year of the discovery of America, 1492; and it was in the joy of her heart at the fortunate conquest of Grenada, their last stronghold, that Queen Isabella pledged her jewels to the enterprise of Columbus. The Moors built a castle at Tarifa which commanded the strait, and, during their domination in Spain, compelled all vessels passing through the strait to stop and pay "duties" to them, at such rates as they dictated; and from this custom thus originating at Tarifa, the word "tariff," derived from the name of that town, passed into the English and other European languages. The name "tariff" accordingly has not a very respectable origin, for those "duties" were nothing in the world but blackmail; they were the equivalent for no service rendered; they conferred no benefits on anybody except the robber-like receivers of the money; they were commanded and paid under compulsion; and they took just so much out without return from the profits of the voyages of the ships which passed inward and outward through the strait.

THE THING TARIFF.

This origin of the name throws considerable light on the nature of the thing. The modern tariff is a more complicated piece of machinery than the ancient Moorish one, but that ancient one gave the pitch to the tune that has been sung by all tariffs ever since. In one respect that tariff was more respectable than almost any other one ever laid, — it was perfectly simple and above board. There was no hypocrisy about it. The Moors wanted money, they were in a position to extort it, and they took it without compunction, apology, or pretenses of any kind. They did not pretend that they were "protecting" their victims while compelling them to pay tribute. It was indeed downright robbery, but it was done on the square. It was an open, straightforward, daylight performance; and in this point of view contrasts strongly, as we shall see shortly, with some modern tariffs, which pretend to benefit the people, while they really impoverish them. They are enacted in the name of patriotism and righteousness, but when one looks narrowly into them he sees that they have remained true at bottom to the spirit of their origin. The thing "tariff" corresponds pretty well to the name "tariff."

"THE NATUR' ON'T."

My old grandfather, whose boyhood fell in the time of the Revolutionary War, and who, consequently, never went to school but six

weeks in his life, was a long-headed man nevertheless; and, sending three of his sons to college, of whom my father was one, the old farmer used sometimes to puzzle them in their vacations with problems which he had thought out at his leisure; and when he had brought them to a dead standstill, used to draw up his chair, chalk in hand, to the immense hearthstone of the Worcester farmhouse, and say, "*Boys, let's look into the natur' on't.*" That is an excellent rule in all training of the young, and in all discussions of any topic whatever; but it is particularly in order in all discussions on the tariff, because it is a subject easily confused, and the only way to walk through it safely is to be sure of the ground at every step, to look into the *nature* of the tariff, to see what the *motives* are that lead men to get tariff duties put on, and to know what the *consequences* of such duties are, first to the goods on which they are laid, and second to the domestic products of the country in which they are laid. It is only because it has been my business for many years to do these very things in connection with successive classes of young men, that I venture to offer myself as a guide to others, and especially to the farmers of the United States, in freely raising and fully answering the questions that belong to a tariff. What I myself may personally believe is a matter of very little consequence to anybody; but the grounds on which I believe it are of the utmost consequence to everybody; and accordingly I now propose carefully and candidly to exhibit these grounds.

TARIFFS TAKE BUT NEVER GIVE.

At first sight a tariff seems to be nothing but a series of taxes on certain foreign goods. One may read a Tariff-Act from beginning to end, or begin in the middle and read both ways, and he will find nothing but demands repeated over and over again. "*Thou shalt pay!*" is the only word that a tariff utters or can utter. I will quote from the tariff now in force in this country, from a copy just received from the Secretary of the Treasury, as codified and re-enacted in June last, premising that the demands quoted are taken at random under the different schedules, and premising also that there are by actual count just 756 different rates of duty specified to be assessed upon different things and classes of things. For example:

Spool-thread — six cents per dozen, and 35 per centum.

Slates and slate-pencils — 35 per centum.

Aniline dyes — 50 cents per pound, and 35 per centum.

Woolen shawls — 50 cents per pound, and 35 per centum.

Bunting — 20 cents per square yard, and 35 per centum.

Ready-made clothing — 50 cents per pound, and 40 per centum.

Webbing for shoes — 50 cents per pound, and 50 per centum.

Hand-saws — $1 per dozen, and 30 per centum.

Hairpins (iron) — 56 per centum.

Druggets and bockings — 25 cents per square yard, and 35 per centum.

These, and all the rest, are *demands.* A tariff gives nothing. It takes. At its best estate, when most simple and honest, when there are no "protective" features in it, and no combination of specific and *ad valorem* duties on the same article, which is a device of "protection," as in some of the samples above given, a tariff is a body of *taxes,* which the people have to *pay.* It is needful to note this distinctly at the outset; because there are some people who seem to think a tariff has a sort of creative power, that it is a positive, productive agent, that it can do good, that it has something to confer. Not so. From the very nature of it, it pours nothing *in,* but only takes something *out.* Its sign is *minus* and not *plus.* It comes to take something *from* the people, and not to give anything *to* the people.

TARIFF-TAXES.

The United States has been accustomed, from the beginning of the government under the present constitution, to raise the principal part of its revenue from tariff-taxes on imported goods. These taxes, of course, raise the price of the goods on which they are laid considerably more to the consumers than the amount of the tax itself, because the tax having to be advanced by the importer and the jobber, becomes larger from the profits on the money advanced, and frequently, also, the tax is made a cover or excuse, under which the consumer is charged a sum additional to the original tax and the profits on it. In the ultimate price of the taxed goods the consumer pays for the goods, pays the tax and all profits on the tax, and frequently also something additional under cover of the tax. There are decided objections, as we shall see, to raising a revenue in this way, even when the sole purpose in laying the duties is to get revenue, and when the duties are so adjusted as that the government really gets the most that the people have to pay in consequence of the duties. It is very plain, that whenever tariff-taxes are levied solely for the sake of the *revenue* to be derived from them, they ought to be laid in accordance with these fundamental principles: first, on goods like tea and coffee, for example, which are wholly imported from abroad, and not also grown or made at home,

otherwise the tax on the portion imported will also incidentally raise the price of the portion produced at home, and the people will have to pay more in consequence of the tax than the government gets in revenue, because the government only gets the tax on the part imported; second, if such taxes are to be productive, they must be levied at comparatively low rates, so as not to interfere essentially with the bringing in of the goods, or encourage smuggling at all, for in either of those cases the revenue from the importations would fall off; third, the taxes should be simple, so that everybody can calculate their amount, and know how much of the price paid is owing to the tax; and it is just as much for the interest of the revenue as for that of the people that these taxes should be simple and honest, so that both importers and consumers calculating them beforehand and knowing just how much the government is to take, will not be deterred from importing and buying by indefinite taxes; and fourth, it is agreeable to reason and has been found true in experience that it is not needful to levy even low rates on *all* articles imported, in order to realize as large revenue, but only on certain classes of them, so as to burden at as few points as possible the ongoing of international and profitable exchanges. Laid strictly on these four principles, which are very important, (1) on goods wholly imported, (2) at low rates, (3) at simple rates easily calculable, (4) on few classes of goods used by almost everybody, tariff-taxes, though objectionable because falling unequally on rich and poor, are yet endurable, and are infinitely preferable to the tariff-taxes laid at present in this country.

TARIFF-TAXES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The English, after having violated for a long time every one of these four fundamental principles, now at length levy their tariff-taxes in strict accordance with them. I quote from the Monthly Report of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States for December, 1872, the following facts: All tariff duties in Great Britain are levied under nine heads, as follows: 1, Tobaccos; 2, Sugars; 3, Tea, Coffee, Chickory, and Cocoa; 4, Spirits; 5, Wines; 6, Dried Fruits; 7, Malt Products; 8, Table Ware; 9, Playing Cards. The taxes on these are all specific, that is, by the pound, gallon, dozen, and so on, so that anybody can calculate them; they are laid on things exclusively imported, or, whenever they are not, as in the case of spirits and malt, a corresponding excise tax is put on the domestic product, so that the government gets all that the people are compelled to pay as the result of the tariff-taxes; and while the

duties in some cases may be said to be high, they are not so high in any case as to discourage the importation of the things on which they are laid. There is no tariff-tax on any portion of the food of the people, except sugars; no tariff-tax on any article of clothing; and no tariff-tax on any raw materials or implements of production. This tariff of Great Britain, which can almost be written on the palm of one's hand, yielded in the fiscal year 1872, $101,630,000 of revenue, which was $3.20 for each man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. If there are to be tariffs at all, this is the only form of a tariff that even approaches towards justice and equality. Taxes on stimulants and sugar, which yield almost the whole of British customs revenue, are as unexceptionable as any taxes on commodities can be, because everybody uses them in some form, and because it is optional with everybody how much of them they shall use. But we shall see that there is a more excellent way of taxation than this.

THE ONLY JUST TAXATION.

The only just taxation is the taxation of incomes, because the net annual income is the exact gains of one's exchanges for the year; and as one can only pay his taxes out of the gains of his exchanges, the taxes ought to be proportioned to those gains. In a country organized as this is, in which there are municipal, state, and national taxes, the local authorities ought to ascertain (and they would surely be able to ascertain) the net income of every person within their limits; and, taxing this income a certain fraction for local purposes, then report it to the state for another fraction of state taxation; and then the state, reporting incomes to the nation, would be the medium, through its local officers, of collecting the third fraction for national purposes. Under this plan one set of local officers could gather all three kinds of taxes at one time in the cheapest possible way; custom houses and national internal revenue offices, with all their political abuses and pecuniary corruptions, could be abolished; it would make no difference where the property was located, whether in one's own state or elsewhere, or whence the income was drawn, whether from commodities or services or credits, — a man's domicile would mark the place of his taxation, and he would be taxed throughout exactly in proportion to his income. The more you think about this scheme the better you will like it, and the fewer objections and more excellencies you will see in it; but I have no expectation of seeing it adopted in my day, because habits and prejudices are against it, political parties could make nothing out of it, and personal aggrandizements would have no chance in connection with it.

The towns, counties, and states will probably continue to raise their taxes on real estate and corporations; and the nation will long continue to raise its revenue by excise and by tariff.

PROTECTIVE TARIFFS DOOMED.

But protective tariffs, so-called, will doubtless pass off from our statute-books, as they have already passed out of the laws of Great Britain, Belgium, and largely also of France, because they are monstrously unjust; because by raising the price of the corresponding domestic article as well as of the foreign article taxed, they make the people pay in ostensible taxes a great deal more than the government gets; because, since all foreign trade is an exchange of commodities, just so far as a protective tariff keeps foreign goods out, it keeps in of necessity domestic goods that would gladly go out, and thus domestic producers lose their best and freely chosen market; because there is no general gain in taking money out of one set of pockets in the mostly vain hope of transferring it to another set of pockets; because, so soon as the system becomes general, even manufacturers, who have to buy "protected" materials, soon have to *pay* more protection than they *get;* and because, just so far as the importables are raised in value by protective tariff-taxes, the exportables are depressed in value, thus throwing the vast losses of the system upon those who grow the exportables.

PROTECTION IS PURE LOSS TO FARMERS.

No man in his senses can pretend that protective tariff-taxes are a direct benefit to farmers, since these taxes cannot increase the number of mouths that eat the farmer's produce, and since we do not import agricultural produce to any great extent to be raised in price by these taxes so that our farmers can sell their produce for more. On the other hand, it is perfectly plain that these taxes cause an enormous loss to farmers, because they grow the exportables that are necessarily depressed in value by just so much as the importables are enhanced in value by these taxes. According to the Bureau of Statistics, this country exported in 1873, $649,132,563. Of this immense sum, $449,328,590, or more than two-thirds of the whole, was in strictly agricultural products. What we export buys all that we import; most that we export is farmer's produce; but so far as the imports are burdened with protective taxes, the farmer's exports are lessened in value, that is to say, they will not go so far, they will not buy so much. The farmer has to give *more* of his grain, his hams, his pork, his lard, in order to get what he wants in

return. It makes no difference that others come in to help him make this exchange. He is the real exchanger. These middlemen pay him less for his produce than they would otherwise gladly pay him. His exports suffer a loss in price equal to the gain in price of the imports caused by the protective taxes.

THE SMITTEN CHEEKS.

Under protection the farmer suffers a double loss. He must submit to pay a great deal more for his supplies, whether these be foreign goods protectively taxed, or domestic goods raised in price by such taxes; and on the other hand, he cannot get nearly so much for what he has to sell. He is smitten on the one cheek, and then told by his masters in Pennsylvania and New England to turn the other also. He sends out more than two-thirds of all the exportables of the country, to have them shaved and whittled down in price and value by the artificial obstacles set up in our ports to prevent the return of the things which these exportables went forth to buy. If everything else that I say to-night be forgotten, I beg the farmers of the West to remember, that Protection cuts right into the heart of the value of their exportable commodities. Nay more; it sometimes prevents the export of these commodities altogether. The harvest in Europe this season has been unusually good; the European demand for the breadstuffs and other food products of our country is likely in consequence to be rather slack; already the price of wheat in New York and Chicago has felt the influence of this in a decline; still, if we were allowed by the tariff to take into this country freely the things which we want, of which foreigners have a surplus to sell, they would take now freely of us our surplus breadstuffs, and we could afford to let them have them. In one word, we could export more food products at all times, with a greater profit on each transaction provided we could get our return cargoes free of protective taxes. We could sell more when the price was high, and longer after it became lower, than we can possibly do now. A protective tariff tends to stop the exports by making the imports dearer; and as the farmers furnish the bulk of the exports, the principal losses of the tariff fall upon them. As things now are it is true indeed that the gold price of produce in Liverpool determines the point of profitable export from New York; but a lower gold price in Liverpool would still allow a profitable export from New York, provided the gold price received here would buy more of all the commodities wanted by the farmers. Thus we see that Protection is a double foe to the farmers; it causes them to get less for what they raise

and to give more for what they buy. Protection in its best estate is a short-sighted, narrow-minded prejudice; whenever it passes beyond that, it becomes a consciously deceitful scheme of plunder, by which a few seek to enrich themselves at the expense of the many. Those many are mainly the farmers. They are abundantly able, numerically and otherwise, if they will only unite to do it, to put down forever this monstrous injustice of legislation. I hope, that their rising intelligence, and the courage that is born of union, will seize this lying fraud by the throat, and shake the life out of it, as a dog shakes the breath out of a woodchuck!

THE THIRD FOE.

Poor money and protective tariffs are natural allies; carry on their work of destruction in similar ways; each intensifies the mischief of the other; and both combine their results in hostility to the agricultural interests, since each compels the farmer to give more for his supplies and take less for his produce. On the other hand, hard money and free trade are natural allies also, working in the same harness, defrauding nobody, just to all because natural and free, and enabling the masses of mankind to maintain the advantageous places which the Heavenly Father designed them to hold. To be consistent with himself a hard money man should be a free trader also; and a man who believes that legislators are wiser than natural laws should consistently believe both in commercial restriction and in rag-money, since both are artificial creatures of the legislature. Accordingly, there has been considerable tendency during the last fifty years for men to range themselves in parties on the one side or the other of these two combined questions; but unfortunately they have come to think more of the party name and organization than of the principles on which parties profess to be originally founded; and when the perversion has thoroughly taken place, as it has in this country at this moment, scarcely anything is a greater foe to real progress than this hollow party spirit. What is it to be a Republican to-day? What is it to be a Democrat to-day? No man can possibly answer these questions, because there are no vital and general differences now involved in these names.

PARTY SPIRIT IN RELATION TO FARMERS.

Party spirit has been particularly injurious to the farmers of this country, because they have ranged themselves pretty evenly in both of the two political parties, and the two parts have thus completely neutralized each other. The interests of the farmers have had no

weight in either of the political parties, simply because the farmers themselves stood over against each other in two opposing camps. Thus the farmers, as such, lost all weight and influence in political affairs. They are to be congratulated and applauded that the mass of them have made up their minds to act no longer with the old political parties, or with any other parties in fact, for the present. *Let them adhere to this determination; the country will be all the better for it. Let them avoid entangling alliances, and snap their fingers at the caucus. Let them act as a unit in accordance with their own deliberate conviction of their own interests; for their true interests are also the true interests of the whole country. Let them hold this attitude steadily for five years, and there is not a single point of public policy favorable to themselves that they cannot triumphantly carry. If they come to see eye to eye, as pray God they may, that a labor-wrought dollar, and not a printing-press dollar, is the only dollar fit to be exchanged against their own labor-wrought produce, then they can confer upon themselves and the whole country the inestimable boon of labor-wrought dollars! If they come to see, as please God they will, that what is called "protection" is only another name for spoliation; that what is called "fostering" industry only makes industry to flounder; that tariffs take but never give; that trade is good and gainful; that the world's market, whether to sell in or buy in, is always better than the market of a single country; that natural competition is the life of business and of progress; that restrictive tariffs keep home things in that want to go out, as well as foreign things out that want to come in; that exportables are depressed in value in proportion as importables are artificially enhanced in value; and that God Almighty knows better how to adjust all the obstacles to international traffic than any Congress that ever sat or ever will sit — then can they easily abolish this antiquated scheme of greed and grab, and open up for themselves and for all their fellow-citizens, both to sell in and to buy in, the unrestricted markets of the world!*

"WATCH AND PRAY."

But in order that they may be able to do this, in order that they may be able to act in a body for the complete recognition of themselves and their own interests, as well as for the welfare of the whole country — for the two things are identical — they will have to practice that eternal vigilance that is the price of success in difficulties as well as the price of liberty. They will have to watch and pray. Gentlemen, although I know some stories, I have been too much in earnest to stop to tell any even to illustrate my points as I passed along. I am now, however, so near to the end that I will

tell just one, the authenticity of which I can vouch for, and the moral of which in this connection will apply itself. In my native town in New Hampshire, when I was a boy, there lived a big, burly fellow, not over bright, but excessively good-natured, whose name was John Latham. If any of you happen to know that my middle name is Latham, I hope you will not jump to the conclusion that John and I were relatives. I hasten to assure you that we were not, though John was son to the man after whom I was named. I am sorry to say that John, though a gigantic fellow and well able to work, was a vagabond. His two middle fingers of both hands were grown together — a never ceasing wonder to the boys; and besides, his pockets, like some ships, usually carried an assorted cargo. "Let's see what's in your pockets, John," was generally the signal for hauling out successively the most promiscuous and most numerous collection of things that ever found themselves inside a man's trousers. John was generally willing to amuse the boys, and I am sorry to be obliged to add that they were sometimes willing to abuse him. Getting him near the edge of Post Pond one day, the little rascals plunged him in. John puffed and blowed like a whale, but came out safely and said nothing. Long afterwards some other boys, who had heard of this, finding John on the bank of the Connecticut, and knowing that they could not souse him without a stratagem, said, "John, do you know how to pray?" "Ah! yes," said John, "I know how to pray." "Suppose you kneel down right here, and let's hear you pray." John knelt as he was bid and began to pray, but the boys observed that he kept his eyes open all the while. "Oh! John, that's not the way to pray — you must always shut your eyes up when you pray." "Ah!" said John, "*we are commanded to* WATCH *as well as* PRAY."

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION.

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I thank you for your kind and patient attention. Will you now allow me in conclusion to enumerate and emphasize the points which we have made together: —

1. Farmers are really most everybody, but have been heretofore politically nobody, and have now wisely made up their minds to become somebody.

2. Nature is a friend to the tillers of the soil.

3. Farmers generally will do well to have one, two, three, or more products to sell subsidiary to their main crop.

4. The best legislation for farmers is "let alone"; but actual legislation is almost always against them.

5. When dollars begin to dance up and down in value, farmers begin to dance to a doleful tune.

6. Greenback-grasshoppers are worse than any other kind of grasshoppers for the farmers.

7. Protection is to industry what a choking collar is to a man. It stops healthful circulation both ways.

8. Permanent parties, and especially parties with the principles slipped out, are of doubtful utility. Farmers are the men to abolish them.

9. Vote only for good men, who believe substantially as you do, without the slightest reference to worn-out names and shibboleths.

10. Keep the eyes open; look into the nature of things; "watch and pray;" and hate a debt next to the devil.

BERKSHIRE AT BENNINGTON.

THE topic of my paper is Berkshire at Bennington. There seem to be two points in this topic, — Berkshire County and Bennington Battle, and I take it I shall be expected to say something about each of these, and thus to bring both of them into relations with each other. And first, Berkshire County. This became a separate county, by act of the General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, on the 1st of July, 1761, in the first year of the reign of his Majesty George the Third. It had previously been reckoned a part of the old county of Hampshire, which, twice dismembered, still remains an honored metropolis, flanked on the south by Hampden, and on the north by Franklin, both her own till 1812, and all three forever protected on the west by the rugged hills and defensive valleys of Berkshire. When Hampden parted with Berkshire, it parted indeed with but little of civilization within the limits of the new county, but it parted with a fine strip of physical country of 950 square miles, almost one eighth of the area of Massachusetts. With the exception of the meadows in the Connecticut valley, the best land in Massachusetts is in Berkshire County. I do not fear any contradiction when I say that Berkshire is the best agricultural county in the state. I have recently been over some of the best farming lands in Worcester County, lands owned by my ancestors for several generations, and still in the hands of their descendants, and I do not hesitate to say that, equal culture being given, the slate and limestone uplands of this county, to say nothing of the alluvial lands on the Hoosac and Housatonic and their tributaries, are at least as productive as those. There is indeed much hilly and some swampy land in the county, but there is very little, if any, land that will not grow trees, and forest trees, in their due proportion, are as profitable a crop as can be grown. This is not the place to enlarge on the natural beauty of our mountains, hills, and valleys; for why should Berkshire people continue to insist on what even

strangers are prompt enough to acknowledge, and never grow weary of praising?

I said Hampshire parted with but little of civilization when Berkshire became a county. In fact, there were then but four incorporated towns within it, viz., Sheffield, Stockbridge, New Marlborough, and Egremont; and only six other settlements, namely, Pittsfield, Lanesborough, Williamstown, Tyringham, Sandisfield, and Becket. It was a day of small things in this county; and yet, nearly two years before, there had happened an event, on the banks of the St. Lawrence River in Canada, that was full of hope and assurance for the feeble settlements in Berkshire. That was Wolfe's battle with Montcalm, on the Plains of Abraham above Quebec, on the 13th of September, 1759. That was one of the most decisive and important battles of the world. That battle settled the question of French dominion on this continent. That battle, fought far off in the wilds of the north, closed up, as by a stroke, the old French and Indian warpaths, that led to the valleys of the Hoosac, the Deerfield, and the Connecticut. The French and the Indian, in the French alliance, had been a constant menace for a century to the expansion of the English settlements. They had burned Schenectady in 1690, desolated Deerfield in 1704, destroyed Fort Massachusetts in 1746 and carried its brave defenders into captivity to Quebec, and in 1755 killed Colonel Ephraim Williams and some three hundred Americans more in a bloody skirmish and a still bloodier battle at the southern extremity of Lake George.

When peace was made between England and France, four years after the battle of Quebec, England was enormously strengthened by it; so much so, that George the Third declared, "England never signed such a peace before, nor I believe any other power in Europe." I have been struck with the evidences, which multiply on every hand, that the settlements in Berkshire County were immediately strengthened by the issue of Wolfe's battle on the Heights of Abraham. The settlers understood the significance of that fight, and discounted, three years before it was signed, a peace whose conditions were yet to be wrangled over in every court in Europe. Berkshire not only began to fill up with fresh immigrants from Hampshire and from Connecticut, but the new county itself was carved out and established in July, 1761, while the Duke of Bedford and the French minister did not sign the peace till February, 1763. Between Wolfe's battle and the peace of Paris, Great Barrington, Pittsfield, Egremont, Sandisfield, Tyringham, and the county itself, were incorporated. They called their new county "Berkshire,"

undoubtedly from the English county of the same name, just at the boundary of which lies the famous meadow of Runnymede, on which gathered the nobility of England to extort Magna Charta from King John in 1215. Some years ago I made a pilgrimage to Runnymede on foot, not knowing then that it lay on the limits of Berkshire; falling into company and conversation with a native on the road from Windsor Castle, which is in Berkshire, and discovering in him some antipathy to Buckinghamshire, just across the Thames at that point, I asked, "In what county are we now?" "This is Berkshire." "Indeed," said I, "why I am from Berkshire County, Massachusetts, United States, North America." He eyed me a moment, as if to be sure of my sincerity, and pointing to a large manor house, in plain sight, said he, "You go there, and tell them you are from Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and they will give you some of the best ale ever brewed in England!" I refer to this incident simply to show that the compliment conferred in the naming of our county is well appreciated in England, at least along the Thames, near Runnymede.

But while the French wars delayed the settlement and menaced the prosperity of the Berkshire towns, they yet contributed in a wonderful way to the training of the people, who were here prepared for their after experiences in the Revolution; and also to a wider knowledge on the part of soldiers, and others, of fine lands and possible homes within the county. The county itself exerted a fascination, as it still does over strangers, over the soldiers who passed through it on their way to Crown Point or Fort Edward; and when the French wars were over, many of these men came back to settle, and to stay. This was particularly true of the men stationed for a longer or shorter time at Fort Massachusetts on the Harrison meadow in North Adams; and at the West Hoosuck Fort on our square in Williamstown. Almost every one of our earliest settlers was a soldier in the French wars; as almost every one of our later settlers became a soldier in the Revolutionary War. I have recently found, in the state archives in Boston, the petition of one John Perry, who was a soldier in Fort Massachusetts when it was captured, August 20, 1746, and who, with his wife, was carried a prisoner to Canada, where they remained, with other prisoners taken at the Fort, for twelve months, — a petition to the General Court for a grant of land near the Fort, where it seems he had already fenced in a farm and built a house before the Fort was taken. He evidently appreciated the Hoosac valley, and as I believe was the first white settler in that valley within the limits of Massachusetts. Let

me quote the essential parts of his petition, which is in his own handwriting, and is evidently his own composition: "Whereas your Honour's humble petitioner, enlisted in the service of the country, under the command of Capt. Ephraim Williams, in the year 1745, and was posted at Fort Massachusetts, in Hoosuck, and upon ye encouragement we had from ye late Col. John Stoddard, which was, that if we went with our families, he did not doubt but that ye court would grant us land to settle on, whereupon, I your Honour's humble petitioner, carried up my family there with my household stuff and other effects, and continued there till we was taken, when we was obliged to surrender to the French and Indian enemy, Aug. the 20, 1746, I would humbly lay before your Honours the losses I sustained then, which are as followeth: A house, which I built there for my family, 80 pounds; Two feather beds with their furniture, 100 pounds; Two suits of apparel apiece for me and my wife, 150 pounds; Two brass kettles, a pot and pewter with trammel tongs and fire slice, and knives and forks to ye balance of 20 pounds; One cross cut saw, 20 pounds; and One new broad ax, 6 pounds; Three new narrow axes, 8 pounds; Two steel traps, 14 pounds; Two guns, 32 pounds; One pistol, 5 pounds; One 100 weight of suggar, 20 pounds; Total, 457 pounds, with a great many other things not named; the losses your humble petitioner hath met with, together with my captivity, hath reduced me to low circumstances, and now humbly prayeth your Honours of your goodness to grant him a grant of land to settle upon near ye fort, where I fenced, which was about a mile west of the fort, or elsewhere, where your Honours pleaseth, and that your Honours may have a full reward hereafter for all your pious and charitable deeds, your Honours humble petitioner shall always pray. JOHN PERRY."

This petition is dated November 5, 1747, less than three months after the return of the captives. The General Court took no action on this petition, perhaps because they thought best to wait and settle with all that were taken captive, at once; which they did a little more than a year afterwards; paying each man his full wages for the time he was in captivity, and granting each a gun out of the "Province store." Perhaps, too, they thought that, as Perry was a "squatter," without legal title to the land he had fenced in, they were under no obligation to reimburse him for the loss of his household stuff. If any of Perry's estimates on the items of his property seem to us to be excessive in amount, we must remember that prices were then reckoned in lawful money, that is, in colonial bills made legal tender; and that in the very year in which these soldiers were

paid off in paper money, Massachusetts redeemed at eleven for one her outstanding colony bills in the silver she received from England, as her share of the ransom money for the capture of Louisburg, in 1745. The fact remains that John Perry, as early as 1746, built a house and stocked it, in the Hoosac valley, just on the boundary of North Adams and Williamstown; that the French and Indians sacked his house and carried off his tools in August of that year; that he liked the locality; and that after a year's captivity in Quebec, he was drawn in heart towards the scene of his losses, and wanted this time a better title for his land than "ye encouragement we had from ye late Col. John Stoddard."

There is no evidence that John Perry ever returned to the Hoosac valley; the General Court at any rate granted him no land there, and gave but a cool reception to his warm petition. There was a John Perry among the earliest settlers of Egremont, whom I strongly suspect to be the same man; and it is almost certain that he wrought as a carpenter with Michael Gilson, and other old soldiers of Fort Massachusetts, on the fort on the Putney meadows above Brattleboro, which was nearly a copy of the second fort Massachusetts built in 1747. John Perry's wife, Rebecca, died in her captivity at Quebec; but there is reason for believing that he took a new spouse after his return; and we will hope, at any rate, that he came to the enjoyment in his new home, wherever it was, of "two suits of apparel apiece for me and my wife," "two feather beds with their furniture," "one 100 pounds of sugar," and the "two brass kettles," and the "pewter," with the "trammel tongs and fire-slice," and "knives and forks," with the "cross-cut saw," and all the edged tools of which he was so ruthlessly robbed by Monsieur Vaudreuil and his Indians.

In further illustration of the way in which the soldiers in the French wars became interested in Berkshire, and learned by actual service against the French to defend it afterwards against the British themselves, as well as for an ulterior purpose in connection with the battle of Bennington, I wish to speak of another young soldier of Fort Massachusetts, who was taken captive at the same time John Perry was, but who lived to play a more conspicuous part in the after times than any other of the captives; than even John Norton, the chaplain, or John Hawks, the sergeant commanding. This was Benjamin Simonds. Simonds' father, Joseph Simonds, cordwainer, was one of the first settlers at Ware River, now Ware. He was a member of the first "Precinct" committee there in 1733, long before the town was incorporated, was often moderator of the Precinct

meetings, and was evidently a man of some ability and public spirit. How long his son Benjamin had been in Fort Massachusetts, when it was captured, I do not know; I know that he was then just turned of twenty; I know that he entered the service from Ware River; I know from Sergeant Hawks' return of his men, that Simonds was "left in ye hospital sick," when the survivors of the captivity returned to their homes, but the same document says of him, "since returned, but can't say the time"; I know that his father, "for and in consideration of love, good will, and affection, which I have and do bear toward my son, Benjamin Simonds of said Ware River," granted him "a tract of land in Ware River of 71 acres and 30 rods," in the spring after his return from Quebec. But I also know that the heart of the boy, notwithstanding that he had now a farm of his own on Muddy Brook in Ware, was yet strongly drawn towards the valley in which he had seen some eight hundred French and Indians beleaguer a weak fort, whose defenders were only twenty-two men, near half of whom were sick, in which thirty or forty of that beleaguering host were killed, or received mortal wounds, by men short of ammunition and hopeless of ultimate relief, — a valley in which he afterwards became an early settler, a large landholder, a prominent citizen, a Revolutionary patriot, a military officer of approved skill and courage, holding his commission as colonel during almost the entire war, by the vote of the officers of his own regiment, — a valley in which his bones still molder beside those of his children and descendants to the fifth generation.

What was thus true of him in connection with the French wars, was true of scores of others in the whole length of the county. I speak now of the north, partly because I am better acquainted with it, but mainly because far less has been known and written concerning it. The south was settled earliest, the center and the north just about the same time. Sheffield is just twenty-five years older than Williamstown, Barrington and Egremont are twenty years older, Stockbridge is fifteen years older, Tyringham, New Marlborough, and Alford are each just about ten years older, while Lenox, Pittsfield, and Williamstown may be regarded as coeval, assuming 1750 as a fair date for each, which was the time when the Williamstown house lots were laid out and drawn by individual owners. All the rest of the towns in the county are later, Lanesborough following next after these three. I do not find, in Smith's History of Pittsfield, the birth date of the first child born in that town. Rachel Simonds was born in Williamstown, April 8, 1753. Her father was one of the original drawers of the house lots three years before, drawing

No. 22, now a part of the farm of Keyes Danforth, Esq., and a large number of other lots were drawn by the officers and soldiers of Fort Massachusetts. Enlisted men from Connecticut traversed the county its entire length during the French wars, and afterwards settled in every part of it; and I am inclined to think that more Connecticut people than Massachusetts people found homes in the county in the last half of the century. There were some very able and experienced men in all parts of the county, particularly in the south and center, when the peace of Paris was signed, in 1763. Theodore Sedgwick did not commence the practice of law in Sheffield till three years later; but John Fellows, afterwards brigadier general of the militia of Massachusetts in the Revolutionary War, and John Ashley, afterwards major general of militia, were then active citizens of that town. In Stockbridge, among others, were Samuel Brown, father and son, both original proprietors of house lots in Williamstown, and the son distinguished for enterprise both military and civic. In Barrington at that date, were Mark Hopkins, lawyer, and afterwards colonel, who gave his life to his country at White Plains in 1776, a battle in which fought also Colonel Simonds and North Berkshire militia; and General Joseph Dwight, previously of Brookfield, very influential in the settlement of the county, on whose dignified manners and splendid personal appearance tradition even yet loves to linger, though he died in 1765.

In Sandisfield there was David Brown, father of Colonel John Brown, who afterwards greatly distinguished himself as a citizen of Pittsfield. In Pittsfield itself, the Rev. Thomas Allen, the most picturesque figure in the history of that town, and also in the battle of Bennington, did not settle in Pittsfield till about a year after the signature of the peace of Paris; but Colonel William Williams was there, who had already distinguished himself in the capture of Louisburg, and in subsequent campaigns against the French on the northern frontier; and Oliver Root, who had been a ranger round Lake Champlain with John Stark and Israel Putnam, and who afterwards was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, had just then become a citizen of Pittsfield. Prominent among the few settlers of Williamstown in 1763 were Benjamin Simonds and Nehemiah Smedley, both soldiers in the French wars then closed, both officers afterwards in the battle of Bennington, and both, — though this hardly added to their credit while they lived, — great-great-grandfathers of my children!

And now let us notice that the marvelous success of the English in conquering the American colonial possessions of the French,

became in turn the ground of the loss by the English of their own American colonial possessions. The French, robbed, as they conceived, of their own, were prompt to encourage, and did actually encourage in the next decade, the discontented English colonists to assert their independence; and this very discontent itself, which was the cause of the American Revolution, was brought on by the measures taken in the British ministry in consequence of the conquest of the New France. They had now a vast continent to govern; their ambition was inflamed by the prospect of a trans-Atlantic empire; troops must be kept here; civil government must be carved out on a large scale; new taxes must be imposed to meet the new expenses; the abominable navigation act, equally a curse in Europe and America, equally false in principle and pernicious in action everywhere, must be rigidly enforced. "American independence," says Bancroft, "like the great rivers of the country, had many sources; but the head spring, which colored all the stream, was the Navigation Act." Parliament had repealed the stamp taxes in February, 1766, on the united remonstrances of the colonies, as a matter of expediency to Great Britain; but the Declaratory Act, that accompanied the repeal, established it as the law of the empire, that the legislative power of Parliament reached to the colonies in all cases whatsoever. The next year Charles Townshend, England's evil genius, carried a parliamentary tax to be collected in America on tea, glass, paper, and painter's colors, introduced by a preamble, "that it is expedient that a revenue should be raised in his majesty's dominions in America." The Declaratory Act asserted the power of Parliament in all cases whatsoever; Townshend's preamble, which was never repealed, asserted the expediency of using that power to raise a colonial revenue. It was not therefore a definite and particular grievance, a threepenny tax on a pound of tea; the grievance was indefinite and unlimited, one striking at the vitals of free government, at the fundamental principles of a representative constitution, one taking the power of the purse and control of public officers completely out of the hands of the people, that caused the American Revolution.

From this moment an attitude of resistance was taken by a small, but influential, part of the American people towards the British king and Parliament; and this became an actual and armed resistance, shared in by larger numbers, and gradually by a majority of the whole people, after the affairs of Lexington and Concord, and the taking of Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and his men, in the spring of 1775. There were at least thirty-nine men from Hancock and

Williamstown with Ethan Allen, in the first overt act of hostility to Great Britain.

Now we turn to Burgoyne's campaign of 1777. The only strategic and meritorious plan adopted by England during the whole war to subdue the colonies was that developed in this campaign of 1777. That, indeed, was soldier-like, and it almost won the promised success. It was to cut off the New England colonies, the head and front of the rebellion, from the Middle and Southern colonies, by bringing an army down from Canada, where all the people, though mainly French, were strangely loyal to Great Britain; and at the same time to bring a fleet and army up the North River from New York, which was in British hands, and unite the two at Albany, thus cutting the colonies completely asunder by an easily defended water line, stretching from Lake Champlain to New York City. Sir William Howe, who seems to have sketched this really brilliant plan himself, not being on good terms with the minister at home, and not getting therefore all the troops he wanted for the purpose, afterwards partially abandoned it, leaving Burgoyne to come down from the north without support from New York, and himself and his army going off to capture Philadelphia. Howe himself had been with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, without ever catching the magnetic spirit of that great commander; and his brother, Lord Howe, a great favorite in America, had been killed the year before that (1758) at Ticonderoga; but Sir William was an indolent man, somewhat fickle-minded, and rather resented the rising popularity at home of his rival, General Burgoyne; and so Burgoyne was left to cut his way leisurely, but hopefully, from the head of Lake Champlain to the Hudson, on whose banks he had his headquarters, on the last day of July.

Burgoyne's right wing, under St. Leger, had come down from Montreal by water to Oswego, on Lake Ontario, and passed over the carrying place to the upper waters of the Mohawk River. His route to Albany was down that river, as Burgoyne's was down the Hudson; but there was a little fort, Fort Stanwix, that stood in his path, and a bloody struggle near that fort, on the 6th of August, between St. Leger's Indians and the Dutch settlers in the Mohawk valley under Herkimer, settled the question of his getting to Albany at all; and a few days later, Benedict Arnold, with a detachment from the main American army, then encamped at the mouth of the Mohawk, drove him out of the valley back to the lake. Burgoyne, however, did not know of the check St. Leger received on the 6th, and so, on the 11th of August, thinking to aid St. Leger indirectly

by a diversion on his own left, and wishing also to mount afresh his dragoons, whose horses had failed upon the march from Whitehall to the Battenkill, expecting also to bring in draught cattle and provisions to his own camp, to arouse the Tories, of whom there were many in that direction, and lastly to destroy some continental stores at Bennington, sent out a party to the left of about 900 men all told, about one third of them German mercenaries, about one half of them Canadians and Tories, and of the rest about 100 British regulars and 100 Indians.

Burgoyne gave Colonel Baum, their commander, verbal orders to march directly upon Bennington, and discretionary orders, then to cross the Green Mountains to Brattleboro, and return through the Hoosac valley, so as to enter Albany with St. Leger and Burgoyne himself. Rumors of this movement early reached the Vermont council of safety, a committee of twelve sitting at Bennington, in the Catamount Tavern; and John Stark, who had come at their call, with a briagde from New Hampshire, and two Vermont regiments, partially recruited, were already on the ground. Seth Warner, too, was there in council, but his 150 continental troops were at Manchester, some miles to the northward. During the night of the 13th of August, Wednesday night, Stark heard that a large body of troops, with artillery, preceded by Indians, were near Cambridge, and that they were advancing towards Bennington. He sent immediately for Warner's men, and to Berkshire to summon its militia. History is silent as to who the men were (for a message of such importance would hardly be given to one only), who in the early dawn of Thursday, from Stark's camp, galloped to the Berkshire towns. We may be sure that they were well mounted, and that they knew the road. We know that they did their errand, that they did it quickly. There is no doubt about their route till they reached Pownal Centre; whether they then turned half a mile to the eastward and struck the original road from Williamstown to Bennington, through the White Oaks, or came straight down Pownal Hill and through the Dug Way, we probably never shall know; it makes no matter.

They reined up at any rate at the farmhouse of Benjamin Simonds, who himself was then in council at Bennington, as is shown by their records, and who lived just at the junction of the two roads, half a mile north of the village of Williamstown, on what has since been called the River-Bend Farm. He had been colonel of the North Berkshire regiment more than a year. He was fifty-one years old. What passed I know not; who the orderlies were I know not, except

one, Tyler of South Williamstown; whether, as is probable, fresh messages were sent down the county from Williamstown, while Stark's couriers returned to his camp, I know not; but I do know that nearly all the Berkshire men who were in the battle of Bennington were mustered in that day, the 14th of August; so the pay rolls at Boston bear record to this day. They did it quickly and they did it well. I have recently searched the archives in the Secretary's office for these rolls, and have been reasonably successful, but I have not yet found them all. The roll of the company and volunteers from North Williamstown I have not yet been able to find, — it may possibly have been lost, but I shall search again until I find it, or know that it is not there.

That company was commanded that summer by Captain Nehemiah Smedley. I hold in my hand the original pay roll of thirty-two non-commissioned officers and privates, who marched with him to Fort Edward, by order of General Schuyler, and returned July 24, 1777, only twenty-one days before came the call to Bennington. This roll is sworn to by him before Isaac Stratton, town clerk of Williamstown, of whom we shall have more pretty soon. I know that Captain Smedley was in the battle of Bennington, I know that bread was baked for two days in the old oven in the cellar of the Smedley house, for the soldiers gone thither; for the late Deacon Levi Smedley, who was in his fifteenth year at the time, carried some of the bread on horseback to Bennington, and often related in the ears of men still living the household experiences of that time. I know that Captain Jonathan Danforth of Williamstown, father of the late Colonel Joshua Danforth of Pittsfield, both of whom were in the battle of Bunker Hill, was also in the battle of Bennington in some capacity; and the tradition in that family, and in other families, is still lively and clear, that all the able-bodied men, with scarcely an exception, went from North Williamstown to Bennington; and I have a copy of a vote of the General Court of Massachusetts, reimbursing to the town of Williamstown, as such, powder, balls, and flints, expended from the town's stock in the battle of Bennington.

The town went and took the town's stock of ammunition along with them; and although I have not yet the roll of the names, as South Williamstown, according to the original pay roll, of which I have a copy, sent 65 men, no one of whom, as near as I can tell, lived north of the old military line dividing the town, I shall assume that at least 80 men went from the more populous and propertied part of the town, which was under the immediate influ-

ence and inspiration of the colonel himself. That would make 145 men and boys, — for boys of fifteen and sixteen years shouldered their muskets in those days, — from Williamstown alone. The heading of the South Williamstown roll is as follows: "A pay-roll of Capt. Samuel Clark's company, in Col. B. Simonds' regiment of militia, County Berkshire, who were in the battle of Walloomsack, near Bennington, on 16th of August, who marched by order of Col. Simonds, including time to return home, after they were dismissed from guarding provisions to Pittsfield, being 20 miles from home, Aug. 14–21, 8 days." In this roll, besides the regular company officers and privates, are the names of volunteers from that part of the town serving as privates — Captain Samuel Sloan, afterwards General Sloan, who built the president's house in our village, Lieutenant David Johnson, who went up the Kennebec River with Benedict Arnold the winter before, but returned in command of eight men, for want of provisions, and Lieutenant Daniel Burbank, a farmer of South Willamstown, who said after the battle, when questioned how he felt while it was going on, "After we had fired once, and they had fired once, I had just as lief be on the battlefield as on the potato field."

The New Ashford roll bears the names of Captain Amariah Babbitt and 19 men, sworn to before Jedidiah Hubbell, chairman of the committee of Lanesboro'. Lanesboro' itself sent a fine company of 46 men, under Captain Daniel Brown. Like the rest, they were mustered in on the 14th and were six days in service. Two of the lieutenants in this company were killed in the battle, Isaac Nash and Able Prindle, and these names are very properly inscribed in the town records of Lanesboro' as those of patriots and martyrs. The General Court afterwards reimbursed Lanesboro' in 160 pounds of powder, 580 pounds of lead, and 240 flints, for expending from their own stock in the Bennington battle. Nineteen from New Ashford, and 46 from Lanesboro', added to 145 from Williamstown, make so far 210 men.

Hancock, though there were many Tories there, and some in Lanesboro', sent Captain William Douglas with 26 men, whose names are on the pay roll at Boston. If any deserted to the enemy their names would scarcely be recorded there. The same captain took the same company, in less than a month after the battle, to Pawlet, Vt., 76 miles, just as a Lanesboro' company, 42 men, under Captain Asa Barnes, had been to Manchester, Vt., 50 miles, less than a month before the battle. The truth is, General Schuyler called up to the northern frontier pretty much the whole Berkshire

militia, in July, and then sent most of them back home again; which makes their readiness to turn out again in August all the more admirable, and which makes entirely credible and natural the traditional story of Parson Allen's talk with Stark, at headquarters, on the (evening of the 15th?) morning of the 16th. Hancock did well in the Revolutionary War, Richard Jackson and Solomon Barnett and old Martin Townsend to the contrary, notwithstanding. Captain Samuel Low took 44 men from Cheshire to Bennington battle. The same captain and company had been doing duty from the last day of June to the 14th of August, when they were summoned to Bennington, at a place called Sancoik, on the Walloomsack, 18 miles from home.

An independent company of volunteers from New Providence (*i.e.* Stafford's Hill in Cheshire), Lanesboro', East Hoosuck, and Gageborough (*i.e.* now Windsor), under Colonel Joab Stafford of New Providence, rallied to the number of 41, on the 14th of August, and did their share in the battle of the 16th. Colonel Stafford was severely wounded in the foot at the Tory breastwork. Indeed, it was this same Joab Stafford of New Providence, and Stephen Davis of Williamstown, who petitioned the General Court for reimbursement of powder, balls, and flint expended from the town's stock; and there was voted to New Providence, in response, 40 pounds of powder, 120 pounds of lead, and 60 flints, and to East Hoosuck 50 pounds of powder, 150 pounds of lead, and 72 flints, in addition to the respective amounts voted to Lanesboro' and Williamstown. Besides these militia men from New Providence, Sipp Ives of that precinct was killed in the battle, from Colonel Warner's continental regiment. Isaac Cummings of Williamstown was in that regiment also at the time of the battle. There were, at different times, in Warner's continental regiment 18 men from Berkshire County. Stafford picked up some volunteers in the part of Adams nearest Cheshire, but Captain Enos Parker's company of Colonel Simonds' regiment, 51 men, marched to Bennington August 14–19, as that roll says, 20 miles from home. The same captain and company, 37 men, went to Bennington again in September, the second roll calling it 30 miles from home. This was the regular company from East Hoosuck, or Adams, as it used to be.

Captain Stephen Smith's company, Colonel Simonds' regiment, August 14-20, 7 days, 31 men. I am in a little doubt about these. I think they are Hancock men; the rolls do not always state the name of the town. Hancock is 16 miles long, and if there were, as is likely, two military companies there, as in Williamstown,

Captain Douglas, with his 26 men, and Captain Smith, with his 31 men, would not be an unreasonable contribution from Jericho, only a year before baptized into the patriotic name of Hancock. In any case both companies belonged to Simonds' regiment, both were mustered in on the 14th, and both were in the battle. Before we pass out of this regiment, let us count up. We had 210 men before we came to Hancock, add 57, 267; add the Cheshire men, 44, 311; add Stafford's, 41, 352; add Parker's company, 51, 403, in Simonds' own regiment! Why, Dr. Babbitt, in his centennial address, last summer, was only willing to allow a beggarly 150 to Berkshire all together! And even good Governor Hall thinks there could hardly have been more than 200 Berkshire men in the first battle! Brethren and friends, we are going now by the records! We are going by an actual count of the original pay rolls! So far we have estimated one company only, and in my judgment have underestimated it, all the rest is contemporaneously written testimony, unmistakable figures, and irrefragable fact!

Passing now down the county, we come to the men who mustered from Colonel Brown's regiment, and Colonel Ashley's, at the Bennington call. From Pittsfield marched Lieutenant William Ford, with 22 men, but there were individuals in that number who counted for ten in the fight that followed! I shall say nothing in this presence of Parson Allen, of his brother, the lieutenant (second in command of the party), of Colonel Easton, or Captain Goodrich, or Captain William Francis, except that it is remarkably characteristic of the Revolutionary time that one colonel and three captains served under a lieutenant in that little detachment, and Parson Allen was their chaplain! I have already said that the latter is the most picturesque figure in the whole movement on either side; I do not mean the most influential spirit was among the Berkshire men. I hold that next to John Stark and Seth Warner the first place is due, and will be forever accorded, when the facts become known, to the Berkshire colonel, whose messengers rallied all these companies in twenty-four hours, who was their own chosen leader from 1776 to 1780, who marched at their head and fought at their head, to whom, in the index of the muster rolls at Boston, there are twenty-five distinct references, and who had already been in the valley drained by the Walloomsack and the Hoosac more than thirty years, and who lived there an honored citizen for thirty years afterwards.

From Richmond marched Captain Aaron Rowley, with 26 men, and with them Lieutenant Colonel David Rossiter of Colonel Brown's regiment. David Rossiter was no common man. He was

among the early settlers of Richmond; as captain, he had taken a company of minutemen to Cambridge, directly after the battle of Lexington; he rose by regular gradation to be brigadier general of militia; and he and Major Isaac Stratton of South Williamstown are immortalized in connection with the battle of Bennington, by two lines of Parson Allen's hasty and imperfect, but most interesting sketch of that fight. He says: "And being collected and directed by Colonel Rossiter, and reinforced by Major Stratton, renewed the fight with redoubled fury." This passage shows that the Berkshire men fought together, and as one regiment. They fought together at the Tory breastworks in the first fight, and along the road to the westward in the second engagement, of which Parson Allen speaks in these words: "Even Stark was confused at the news of Breimann's approach with 650 fresh troops after he supposed the battle was all over;" neither he nor Simonds appear to have been engaged in the second fight; they left it to their juniors in years and rank, — Warner was sixteen years younger than Stark, and Rossiter was eleven years younger than Simonds, and so the lieutenant colonel and the major bore off the last honors for Berkshire!

I have lately had an interesting letter from Mr. William Bacon of Richmond, who remembers General Rossiter, and gives me particulars concerning him. The buildings are still standing which he erected for his home, the orchards still bearing which he planted; but the farm has passed into the hands of the Shakers, and he has left no descendants of his own name. Enough for him! His name will never be forgotten! Richmond has declined from its earlier prosperity, but David Perry, the minister, and David Rossiter, the patriot soldier, will make that town reputable forever. With Rossiter's name will go down to posterity Major Stratton's! Allen mentions just the names, and in the right order! After more than a hundred years Fame accepts the parson's estimate! Stark, Warner, Simonds, Rossiter, Stratton!

As one crosses the bridge in the little village of South Williamstown, going south on the Ashford road, in the chimney of the first house on the right, he may see a little marble tablet, and on it is inscribed this: "I. S., 1785." Isaac Stratton located in that spot in 1760; he built that house in 1769; he lived on that farm without neighbors for three or four years; he put in a new chimney, inclosing this tablet, in 1785; and there was a sort of record of the man and his work; and there is his epitaph on well-preserved marble, in the neighboring inclosure for the dead; but when this house,

with its own wood poles for studding, — still sound and hard when I examined them the other day, — and this chimney, that has lifted its head to the sunshine and storm for nearly a century, and the tall gravestone just over the other side of the road, shall all have crumbled away, this record of the country parson will stand to his honor, — "Reinforced by Major Stratton."

Captain Enoch Noble, in Colonel Ashley's regiment, was in service 20 days, from August 1–20, 38 men, at Bennington, "at request of Gen. Stark, and order of Gen. Fellows, and ye committee of safety, 40 miles from home." These were Stockbridge men. There is another roll from Ashley's regiment, — Lieutenant Samuel Warner, 29 men, August 15–24, 10 days. I am not sufficiently familiar with the old names of South Berkshire to definitely locate these men, and sometimes the distances are misleading. There may be other rolls of Berkshire men who were in the battle of Bennington; these are those which I found in a single search, which rarely, in such matters, proves to be exhaustive. I make no reference to Captain Solomon, and his Stockbridge Indians, who are known to have been there, nor to volunteers from Lenox, who are thought to have been there; but count up the recorded and enrolled: Simonds' regiment, 403; Captain Rowley's men, 29, 432; Captain Noble's men, 38, 471; Lieutenant Warner's men, 29, 500, to say nothing of the Indians and chance volunteers! My good Brother Bartlett shook his head doubtfully to me at Bennington four years ago, when I suggested that he made the Berkshire men too few. Why, bless his precious New Hampshire heart, he did not allow us for one third of our men actually on the ground for the first fight. "One hundred and fifty." Thank you, New Hampshire! As a New Hampshire man, born and bred, and proud of Stark as Dr. Bartlett himself, I will maintain the proposition against the world, that Berkshire was at Bennington more than 500 strong.

It was no part of my purpose to-day to describe the battle of Bennington. That work has been well done many times of late, and, on the whole, best done by Governor Hall of Bennington. I have recently taken a party of students over the ground, and explored every part of the field of both fights. The field is not like that of Waterloo or Gettysburg. Its narrow front, a high hill, west of the Walloomsack, which here runs south, a low hill east of it, a country road running over a bridge, at right angles with the stream, and a few log houses along the road at both ends of the bridge, — the bridge just midway between the two hills, — and that's the whole

of it! On the low hill was the Tory breastwork, and behind it some Hessians, many Canadians, and more Tories. Here fought, under Stark's own eye, in the fore-front of the battle, attacking the the key of whole position, the Berkshire militia. They constituted the bulk of the whole force in front. Nearly 700 of the New Hampshire and Vermont men went 'round on either side, to the rear of the high hill, which was crowned with a redoubt, and their attack in the rear was the signal for the attack in front. Wherever posted, the men did their duty. Stark, who had seen fighting before, said, "Had our people been Alexanders or Charleses of Sweden, they could not have behaved better." In his report to General Gates, Stark said also, and he was in the battle of Bunker Hill two years before, "that the battle lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever saw. It represented one continuous clap of thunder." Both hills were carried at just about the same time, and the bulk of the British forces were made prisoners. This was the first fight.

I have already made sufficient reference to the second fight, with the reinforcement of Breimann along the road a mile or more west of the field proper, and this is more particularly described by Parson Allen. The result of all was the complete clipping of Burgoyne's left wing, as his right had already been clipped at Fort Stanwix, in the Mohawk valley. Four days after Bennington's battle, the very day most of the Berkshire militia got home, he wrote in gloom to the British minister, — "Had I succeeded I should have formed a junction with St. Leger, and been now before Albany." He had not a high opinion of the Tories; he says, "The great bulk of the country is undoubtedly with congress," and of the Vermonters he adds, bitterly, "The New Hampshire grants in particular, a country unpeopled, and almost unknown in the last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race of the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left." From that moment it was all over with Burgoyne. In less than two months he and his whole army were prisoners of war; and Saratoga, like Gettysburg, became the pivot on which the great Gate of Peace swung slowly open to the nation. Of Bennington battle, Bancroft says, "This victory, one of the most brilliant and eventful of the war, was achieved spontaneously by the husbandmen of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Western Massachusetts;" and the prediction of the imperturbable Washington was completely fulfilled by it. This, namely, "If the invaders continue to act in detachments, one vigorous fall upon some one of these detachments may prove fatal to the whole expedition."

My topic was "Berkshire at Bennington," and I have not said a

word about Linus Parker, a volunteer from Lenox, a sharpshooter in war time and a hunter in time of peace, who tells the horrible story of the fleeing Tories, killed or wounded, slipping down the steep face of the main hill, up which, even now, one scrambles with difficulty. Nor have I said a word about Dr. Oliver Partridge of Stockbridge, the surgeon of Berkshire, and who, arriving late, professionally examined the mortal wound of Colonel Baum; but I have gathered, as well as I could in the brief time, by no means perfectly, from hitherto unused material, the large part, the noble part, the too long belittled part of Berkshire at Bennington.

[Appended a copy of the commission of Absalom Blair, of Williamstown, as second lieutenant in Captain Israel Harris' company, given at Boston a couple of years after the battle of Bennington, under the commendation of Berkshire men who figured there as officers, as he doubtless figured there as a private. With names of council and endorsement.]

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

SEAL

JOE POWELL.
ARTEMUS WARD.
SAM^{L} ADAMS.
JABEZ FISHER.
B. WHITE.
MOSES GILL.
DAN^{L} DAVIS.
F. M. DANA.
N. CUSHING.
A. FULLER.
SAM^{L} BAKER.
JOSIAH STONE.
SAM. NILES.
AARON WOOD.
NOAH GOODMAN.
JNO PITTS.

THE MAJOR PART OF THE COUNCIL OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

To Absalom Blair, Gen^{t}. — Greeting —

You being appointed Second Lieutenant of the Second Company (Commanded by Israel Harris) in the Second Regiment of Militia, in the County of Berkshire, *Whereof Benjamin Simonds, Esquire, is Colonel.*

By virtue of the power invested in us we do by these presents, reposing special trust and confidence in your loyalty, courage, and good conduct, commission you accordingly. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a Second Lieutenant, in leading, ordering, and exercising said company in arms, both inferior officers and soldiers; and to keep them in good order and discipline; and they are hereby commanded to obey you as their 2^{d} Lieutenant, and you are yourself, to observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall from time to time receive from the Major Part of the Council, or your superior officers.

Given under our hands and the seal of the said State, at Boston, the Eighth Day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1779.

By the Command of the Major Part of the Council,

SAM^{L} ADAMS, Secy.

WILLIAMSTOWN, 18th October, 1779.

Then appeared the within named Absalom Blair, and was duly sworn by us.

BENJ^{N} SIMONDS, Col.
MILES POWELL, Lt. Col.

Two distinct sets of circumstances interested me early and constantly in the battle of Bennington, and also in the movements made about a century later to erect a suitable monument in memory of the brave and patriotic men who fought there in 1777. The first were connected with my native state of New Hamsphire, which sent John Stark and his regiment to that distant field, the colonel himself, and the largest part of his men being of the Scotch-Irish stock cognate with my own. The second are connected with the fact that two of the great-great-grandfathers of my children were patriot officers in that battle, and under them fought there nearly the entire able-bodied male population of Williamstown. The place of Massachusetts in that battle was only second to that of New Hampshire, and much more conspicuous and influential than had formerly been supposed. Accordingly, as well on local as on personal and historical grounds, I came to take a prominent part in all the counsels and movements that led to the erection of the noble monument commemorating that battle. Governor Hiland Hall of Vermont and of Bennington, by much the best historian of the battle and of the town, and perhaps also of the state, was the foremost representative of Vermont in all the earlier and most efficient efforts on the part of the three states to erect a battle monument. Governor Hall honored me with his confidence and friendship. In the most important meeting but one of the officials and representatives of the three states, of a long series that continued through a decade of years or more, I sat by his side and presided, at his request, over the deliberations of governors and other high officials of my native and adopted states, and of that newer state whose hill-tops are never out of the sight of my home. I do not know as I ever spent a couple of prouder and happier hours than those. Governor Hall was then getting deep into years, as this incident implies; and before the delicate issues were all settled he withdrew from active participation in them, and W. M. Evarts of New York, who had a summer home in Windsor, E. J. Phelps of Burlington, and the current governors and lieutenant governors of the state, gradually came forward to fill his place. I believe that I have already mentioned in these pages the exquisite pun of Mr. Evarts, whispered to me as we entered the courthouse, hung on three sides with monumental designs competing for adoption, "*Si monumentum queris circumspice!*"

By much the most important of the long series of meetings holden in Bennington in relation to the monument, was that of January 14, 1885, because that meeting, after an exciting discus-

sion, settled the question forever of a lofty monument of stone as against a strongly advocated monument "of a classical design," about sixty feet high. The authorities at that time controlling all monument questions, and charged by law with its erection, were a "Board of Directors," consisting of eight or ten men, and an "Association," technically so called, consisting, all told, of about thirty men. Neither of these two bodies could take final action without the consent of the other; and the relation between them for the limited purposes for which they were legally created was much like that of the Senate and House of Representatives in national legislation. The larger body justly felt that they represented the people of the three states in a sense in which the directors did not, about one third of whom were members *ex officio*, namely, the current governors of these states. At that time, Governor Ormsby (Vermont), Governor Ames (Massachusetts), and Governor Currier (New Hampshire) were Directors. The others were all, or nearly all, Bennington men; certainly, Isaac Jennings, H. G. Root, J. T. Shurtleff, J. V. Hall, A. B. Valentine. There is no need of giving in this place the names of the more numerous associators. These were appointed directly by the respective governors. If my memory serve me aright, I was practically the only one from Massachusetts in constant attendance, being much nearer to Bennington than any of the rest. Not far from New Year's, 1885, the rumor was spread abroad that the directors had unanimously approved at their meeting in New York, December 2, 1884, of a squat, or as they called it a "structural" design, proposed by Professor John F. Weir of Yale College, and specially favored and fathered by Hon. E. J. Phelps of Vermont, shortly afterwards appointed United States minister to England by President Cleveland. Phelps was unquestionably at that time the foremost man in Vermont, as his father had also been before him, although the son did not belong to the political party long dominant there. The "Weir design," so-called, was to be about sixty feet high, with figures in the corners and other "classical" ornamentation. He had not furnished, however, to the directors any complete design, nor did he later to the associators, but only the outline of one; nor did he furnish to either body any very approximate estimate of what the cost would be, but expected to be authorized to construct the monument, both as to form and cost (within certain undefined limits), at his own sweet will. As the time approached for the annual meeting of the Association, in Bennington, this rumor in relation to the action of the directors grew firmer, and particularly the point that Mr. Phelps had decided

for the Weir design, and was to be its champion at the approaching meeting. Phelps and Weir had been for some years associate professors at Yale College, the former in the Law School and the latter in the School of Fine Arts; and it was understood that they were in close personal affiliations. I did not know at that time what were the sentiments, as to the form of the monument, of Governor Hiland Hall (by much the most important man in the entire premises), for he was then too old and too ill to attend public meetings of any kind; but it appeared in the sequel that his views were coincident with mine in favor of a tall and simple and unadorned monument. Under all these circumstances, and feeling myself, in a certain sense, responsible to the state of Massachusetts, which had, by demonstration of original and existing muster rolls, more than five hundred soldiers on the battlefield, and which appropriated from its treasury $10,000 for the monument, of my own motion and at my own expense, I went to Burlington to confer with Mr. Phelps, who was at that time chairman of a Committee of Design, appointed by the directors out of their own number. I was courteously received at his house in the simple capacity in which I went, namely, as a private member of the Association, an original contributor to its funds, and as representing, in some sense, the Massachusetts regiment that fought in the battle, the colonel and major and two captains of which were citizens of Williamstown. I mentioned also to Mr. Phelps, whom I had never seen before, that this colonel and one of these captains were great-grandfathers of my wife.

As soon as we were alone he asked me to state informally the grounds on which I preferred a lofty monument, and I did so, taking perhaps half an hour, and then asked him, in turn, for his reasons in preferring another style; and he occupied at least as long a time in giving freely his own views, which were general rather than local, artistic rather than popular. The interview was every way pleasant, though we evidently made no progress towards convincing each other. We did not argue at all, nor did we agree at all. I went to my hotel, and returned home the next day. The forenoon of the annual meeting at Bennington, which came around shortly after, was occupied by a full report from the directors to the Association, read by Rev. Isaac Jennings, secretary to the directors, and described by him as follows: "At the meeting in New York City, December 2, 1884, the report of the Committee of Design was accepted, and a resolution was unanimously passed adopting said design," and also, in accordance with the resolution, every member

of the Board, including the governors of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, *ex officio* members, gave their individual vote, in writing, and within the time that the meeting was kept open for the purpose, for the Weir design. At the ensuing regular annual meeting of the Association, January 14, 1885, the records of the above meeting of the directors in New York City, and its proceedings, complete, were read by Rev. Isaac Jennings, secretary of the directors. And this reading of the said records was understood to be equivalent to the submission on the part of the Directors of their action in the premises to the Association for its approval and adoption, or otherwise, as the members of the Association should decide. So far, so good. But Mr. Jennings was not present at the session of the Association in the afternoon, at the same place, and was never correctly informed of the all-important and final action that took place then and there. Indeed, he was grossly misinformed, apparently by interested and disappointed parties, for his statement, following the above is just as untrue as language could make it. "Owing to the lateness of the hour no vote and no decision on the subject was had at this meeting." On the contrary, *the hour was not late;* after the formal and deliberate adjournment of that meeting, which I participated in as one of the associators, and after a wait of half an hour for connection at Hoosac Junction, I reached my home in Williamstown before dark of the short winter day at the middle of January. "No vote or decision on the subject was had at this meeting." On the contrary, a *viva voce* vote of all the associators present, twenty-five in all, "*was had at this meeting,*" on the roll call by the secretary of all the members of the Association; and so final was the "decision" then had, *that no other or further vote "on the subject" was ever called for in the Association or attempted!*

The simple truth is, — owing probably in part to the natural tenderness towards Mr. Phelps on the part of the Vermonters; owing perhaps, also, in part to the fact that a large majority of the directors discomfited on that occasion were prominent Bennington citizens; and owing possibly in part also to the fact that Charles M. Bliss, secretary of the Association, the only paid official connected in any way with the enterprise, who was, and continued extremely deserving and efficient in its furtherance, had just then fallen into great unpopularity, and even odium, with all the directors, — that all the published official accounts and so-called histories of the enterprise, so far as I have seen them, are strangely reticent of the one crucial debate and conclusion of the Association itself. It is on this account, and to vindicate the exact truth of an important

piece of history, as well as my own good name and memory, that I am now going to give a plain, unvarnished tale of the critical proceedings of that afternoon, all of which I saw, part of which I was, and most of which I am likely to remember so long as I remember anything. The present writing is near the middle of December, 1893; and there are living in southern Vermont to-day at least one hundred competent eye and ear witnesses, who could vouch for the accuracy of the statements now about to be made. All of the published accounts, even the most elaborate one of Rev. Isaac Jennings, clearly imply, though they fail to describe, some such transaction as actually took place. I shall quote Mr. Jennings verbally a little farther on.

When the directors adjourned their meeting at the close of the forenoon for dinner, there was probably not a man passed out of the courthouse who supposed for a moment the associators would or could do anything more than accept as their own the unanimity of the directors in favor of the "Weir design." Their meeting had been impressive. Though not so crowded as the afternoon meeting became, it had a more distinguished appearance. Mr. Jennings himself was a white-haired veteran of admirable character and intelligence. He read the complicated and extended proceedings and resolutions of his representative body with dignity and emphasis. He read at length the letters of the three representative governors concerned, and the votes in writing of all the rest of the directors, — all strongly approving of the Weir design. Not a single shadow of dissent rested upon the sunny surface of their recorded proceedings. Not a shadow of doubt of their finality and success seemed to rest on the countenances of any of the directors present. Mr. Phelps and Professor Weir sat together with a serene satisfaction visible upon their faces. There was an air of highmightiness, of suppressed jubilation and triumph, involving a sense of the needlessness of any further discussion or inquiry, manifest throughout the meeting till its close.

Nevertheless, there was one man present, who passed from the courthouse to the hotel with his mind made up that the associators should hear, after their dinner, a plain statement of facts about the men — as well those from New Hampshire as those from Berkshire County — who fought the battle of Bennington on a hot August afternoon in their shirt-sleeves. He felt that he could represent both of these contingents better than any other man that day in Bennington, because he was a Scotch-Irishman on his mother's side, born in New Hampshire, familiar from his earliest childhood with the men and women of that strain of blood; and because he had

spent all his mature life, from eighteen years old, in Williamstown among the descendants of the officers and men — his own children among them by double descent — who had fought and won that afternoon at the Tory breastwork. He ate but little dinner, spoke not a syllable of his purpose to any living person, went out unobserved upon a country road, where he paced back and forth for a full hour, trying to bring his thoughts into order and force under these queries: What is it that is to be commemorated by a proposed monument? What sort of men were they that turned out that day to head off the Hessians and Tories? If some of them could come to life after three quarters of a century in their graves, what sort of a monument would they be likely to recognize as most appropriate to their sturdy deed of valor? And what sort of a monument is most fit to stand alongside, and underneath Mt. Anthony, that rises sheer two thousand feet above the site already unanimously agreed upon? He was determined that the associators should not consent, *if he could fairly help it*, to the gilt-edged and classicized trifle under the mountain side so impressively recommended by the directors; and he believed, way down at the bottom, that he could fairly help it by simple statement of facts with which he was very familiar, by an earnest argument on the proper fitness of things to their symbols and of the symbols to their surroundings, and by a clear appeal to the common feelings of common men.

The afternoon session convened at two o'clock, Governor Pingree of Vermont in the chair. The seats were full. There was curiosity and interest as to the turn things would take, although no man present foresaw the exact turn that things would take. Mr. Phelps and Professor Weir were both present as before, but they did not sit together, Phelps taking a seat pretty near to the chairman, and Weir one in the outside row of the courtroom. Both looked confident; and, as it turned out, over-confident. The forlorn-hope volunteer for the tall monument knew well that his tussle would be with Mr. Phelps, and that Mr. Phelps was a distinguished lawyer and an admirable orator. He knew, also, that Mr. Phelps was on his native heath, — a great favorite, — and that there was no Vermonter present, even if there were one absent, who dared to tackle him on such a subject as that, in which his personal feelings had much at stake. But the volunteer champion on the other side thought, nevertheless, he had himself certain moral advantages in the popular character of the audience, in his own familiarity with all the incidents and events of the battle, and in his own thorough preparation, just completed, for this particular trial of strength.

The directors' action of the morning was formally reported to the Association, and the question was put for debate and decision, — Will the associators adopt for their own the Weir design?

As one of the associators from the beginning, and as the only representative of Massachusetts then known to him as present, the Berkshire man rose in his place to give the reasons, in order, that weighed in his mind, as against the Weir design and as in favor of a simpler, rougher, far taller, and indefinitely more intelligible, memorial of the common farmers and artisans of the three states who had won the vastly important Battle of Bennington. He followed, in general, the order of the four queries indicated above. He had the attention of his audience from the start, and pretty soon their profound attention; he did not address himself specifically to the associators, twenty-five of whom were present, but also as including them the mass of the people assembled, who stood behind and had virtually chosen both directors and associators; he made not the least allusion to Phelps or Weir, or to any other individual in the way of criticism, although he ridiculed, in the proper place, "a squat design of sixty feet in height competing with Mt. Anthony," and brought up in fancy some of those old revolutionaries who never heard of Greece or Rome to puzzle their brains over the "classical figures in the corners"; and as he finished point after point in a lucid order and in perfect self-possession, and finally concluded, the applause which had been occasional and pronounced throughout the plea, broke out in dead earnest all over the courtroom. He had evidently, for the time being at least, carried his jury with him.

Mr. Phelps rose to reply. He looked vexed and perturbed, as if the other had done him a personal injury. Perhaps he recalled a current maxim at the bar, — If you have a bad case, abuse the attorney of the other side. His first sentence, however, which was long, was spoken with an apparent pride, as if he recollected his position at the head of the lawyers of Vermont, and perhaps also his immediately prospective appointment to the highest diplomatic post in the gift of President Cleveland. I cannot re-render the sentence *verbatim*, nor even the contemptuous reference to me at its close. The latter was, in substance, this: Professor Perry does not seem to be here as an associator speaking to his fellow associators, nor as an independent representative of Massachusetts, *but as playing a second and subordinate part to Mr. Bliss* (whom he knew to be at that time in general odium). The words were hardly out of his mouth, when I was on my feet, and in a voice that rang from one end of the courthouse to the other, appealed to the chair, — "I CALL

THE GENTLEMAN TO ORDER: HIS WORDS ARE UNPARLIAMENTARY." Governor Pingree was wide-eyed and astounded; the crowded room was as silent as the hush of prayer; Phelps stood, and I stood (we were about a dozen feet apart), perhaps for a full minute, when he resumed, in a low tone of voice, and I slowly took my seat. But the "*tuck*" was all out of the speaker. The spell of the directors was broken. It was evident to everybody in the room (1) That Phelps had forgotten to be courteous, when he had not the least occasion to be otherwise; (2) That he had wholly mistaken his opponent, who was well known in Bennington for as constant and self-denying a friend of the monument as the enterprise had had from the beginning; and (3) That he had practically lost his case before he had begun his argument. He went on, however, for nearly half an hour; his points, drawn from the general realm of Art, seemed to be farfetched, he himself did not seem to be much interested in them, they drew out little or no applause from the audience, although the *man* was justly applauded when he finished.

There was little more of debate. Mr. Childs, then of Brattleboro', made a short speech, in which he warmly supported the negative of the directors' proposition. The voting then began, which was *viva voce*, and a number of the associators accompanied their vote by some explanation, comment, or argument. The result of the voting was as follows: twelve unequivocally for the Weir design; twelve unequivocally against it; and the only other associator present voted, as a matter of form, with the directors, while he stated emphatically that he was personally in favor of a tall monument. However construed, the vote showed a defeat for the Weir design. Nobody saw this quicker or better than its author and Mr. Phelps, who, on the adjournment immediately following, left the courtroom in company, with countenances in striking contrast with those they wore in the forenoon and at the beginning of the afternoon session.

Waiting half an hour at the Hoosac Junction for a connection homewards, I felt myself to be very tired, and then first had leisure to reflect that it was the hardest afternoon's work of my life and the most influential on important events. There never was a shadow of doubt on any man's mind conversant with the facts of that day, that if one man had simply held his peace, and allowed a prevailing current to hold on its way unchecked, in a couple of years or so there would have been inaugurated on Bennington Hill a so-called monument, which by this time would have been practically forgotten forever, as inappropriate and insignificant. On the contrary, the stand

of one man, supposing himself to be alone, and the tones of one voice, earnestly sent forth at just the right moment, raised up at once a host of friends for a wiser plan, which has now been wisely consummated. In August, 1891, there was dedicated, in a splendid oration by Mr. Phelps himself, and in other appropriate exercises, including a speech by the President of the United States, Benjamin Harrison, a magnificent monument of neighboring dolomite, 301 feet high besides the iron finial surmounting the shaft, which everybody is satisfied with, and everybody is proud of, which bears its own burden of significance to every beholder, and which in all probability will be an object of admiration for a thousand years to come. So far as it appeared on that eventful day, even Hiland Hall, in his old age and weakening powers, had been overborne by the unanimity and push of the directors, one of whom was his own son, into silence and consent. I had no word from him. When the roll of the associators began to be called that afternoon, I did not know how a single one of them would vote — except myself. But when the stand was taken, and the spell of the directors broken, Governor Hall wrote a strong monograph, which was printed and circulated in June, in favor of a grand and simple and lofty monument; in the April before, the Bennington Historical Society had resolved in favor of " a massive structure of commanding height"; and shortly after an Advisory Committee was appointed, consisting of Hiland Hall, A. L. Perry, J. B. Walker, H. A. P. Torrey, Horace Fairbanks, and John W. Stewart, to recommend one or more designs of that character. July 9, 1885, this special committee made their report, "strongly and unanimously approving the design presented by J. Phillip Rinn, an artist and architect of Boston." On August 12 following, the Bennington Battle Monument Association unanimously and finally passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved, That the design for a structure three hundred feet high, recommended by the Advisory Committee of the Bennington Historical Society, to this Association, be adopted.*" This was the very meeting before which the Minutes of the annual meeting, January 14, 1885, were read and approved by formal vote. This was the meeting, also, before which the Weir design was formally "withdrawn" by one of the directors, in the name of the rest! In the light of these facts and dates, all of which are given in the official report of Mr. Jennings, it seems strange that there is in that report no hint of, or reference to, the crucial debate of January 14, which was the fountain head of all that came after — the real source and origin of the magnificent structure that now crowns the hill; which is the

finest obelisk in the country, built of stone fetched from a few miles to the west. To his unintentional misstatement, however, about "the lateness of the hour," and "no vote and no decision on the subject at this meeting," Mr. Jennings adds in the next sentence what is inconsistent with that and a curious *non sequatur*, — "Public opinion, however, and the controlling feeling of the Association, appeared to be — and proved to be — in favor of an architectural monument of lofty and massive, yet simple proportions."

SKETCHES OF JOSEPH WHITE.

THE watershed between the upper Deerfield and the upper Hoosac rivers, what we commonly call the Hoosac Mountain, has exerted a prodigious influence on human events, certainly for 250 years and perhaps for half a millennium. Over it passed, from immemorial time, the Indian warpath between the Mohawks of New York and the Mohegans of New England. As early as 1662 there was a desperate battle on the middle Deerfield between these two inveterately hostile tribes of men, resulting in the overthrow, and almost the extinction, of the New England Indians as capable of facing any more the indomitable Six Nations.

Later on, when men of English blood undertook in earnest the colonization of western Massachusetts and Vermont, this Hoosac barrier of rock and forest affected the whole course and development of it. Over this barrier, during the French and Indian wars of the eighteenth century, many regiments of soldiers from central and eastern Massachusetts found their way by the old Mohawk trail to the Hoosac, and thence on to Lake Champlain, — to Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The fertile intervals of the western river and of its tributaries, and the broad and level borders of the lake, in what is now Vermont, struck the eyes and impressed the minds of the sturdy farmers in the ranks, who had enlisted from the rocky and reluctant hillsides east of the mountain; and just as soon as Wolfe's great victory on the Heights of Abraham, in 1759, — in my judgment the most important battle ever fought on this continent, — put an end to the domination of the French forever, and made relatively harmless thenceforth their savage allies, these farmer soldiers remembered what their eyes had seen and their ears had heard.

How could they reach these fair and fertile fields, to settle on them, now that permanent peace had come and the flag of England waved everywhere within their ken? Not over the Hoosac Mountain by the Mohawk trail! That path was only about four or five

feet wide, as I remember it, mostly as straight as an arrow, up steep pitches and down shelving rocks, only avoiding (when possible) streams and pools of water, for your savage and fighting Indian never enjoyed wetting his feet! It was a path along which Indian or white man could march well enough in single file and with weapons in his hands; undoubtedly single horses, as of military officers, could be, and doubtless were, ridden over it, or led; but when it came to conveying household stuff or women and children from the Deerfield to the Hoosac by means of it, another and a more circuitous route would naturally be sought.

In September, 1848, on my way to Williams College, as a freshman, although a so-called turnpike had then been in operation over the mountain just fifty years, it was so steep on both sides, in many places, that the story ran that there *used* to be a guideboard at each foot, warning passengers, "*Walk up if you please,*" and another on the top, "*Ride down if you dare.*" I chose for my descent on the west side the old Indian warpath, and found it perfectly well-defined and traversible from top to bottom; and, though much crossed and obliterated by the successive highways constructed over the mountain, there is no doubt that it still exists, in broken sections here and there, on both the sides of the great barrier.

East and West Hoosac indeed, that is to say, Adams and Williamstown, were originally settled by soldiers garrisoned in Fort Massachusetts, to whom the General Court sold lots in these townships, laid out in 1750, in part lieu of their pay as soldiers; and of course these soldier-settlers went and came over the mountain, doubtless in some cases bringing their wives with them; but there could be no large or organized migrations and settlements west of the mountain, except by some route traversible by farm wagons in some sort, bringing beds and bedsteads and other articles of needed furniture from the old home to the new. The first rude road, meeting these ends, was laid out and built by Colonel Asaph White, grandfather of Joseph White; and over this Captain Robinson took his first colony of settlers from Hardwick to Bennington in 1762.

Fortunately, there is another watershed much lower, making the valleys of Williamstown and the adjacent valleys of Vermont and New York accessible to family immigration from the south and the east. In the little town of New Ashford, about ten miles south of the post office in Williamstown, rises the northernmost branch of the Housatonic River, flowing south; and within a stone's throw of the place where this stream crosses the present road, there is a headspring close to the road, from which flows, to the north, what

we call the Green River, which drops into the main Hoosac at our railway station. There it is. New Ashford wears the crown. She holds out one hand and arm of invitation through southern Berkshire and all Connecticut to Bridgeport on the Sound; and stretches out the other northwards through Williamstown and Bennington towards the valleys of Vermont.

Such an invitation as this could not be disregarded. At any rate, it began to be sturdily accepted, even before the treaty of peace between England and France was signed, in 1763. One of the very first votes passed by the proprietors of Williamstown, relating to matters outside of their own little hamlet, was "*to open a road towards Fraimingham* [*Lanesboro'*] *for comfortable carting.*" That is, a road through New Ashford over this relatively easy watershed, by means of which western Connecticut passed up through western Massachusetts and Williamstown to new farms in Vermont. Much more than half of the early settlers in Williamstown itself were Connecticut families slowly plodding over this very road; and many more than those who tarried pressed their way on over Hazen's Line to the northwards, being advised by a volunteer committee in Bennington (so runs tradition) that if they were Episcopalians, to pass on up to Arlington, if Congregationalists, stay here in Bennington, and if of no religion at all, by all means stop in Pownal! A large section of southeastern Vermont was long popularly called "New Connecticut"; but these immigrants, for the most part, passed up by the Connecticut River, and not by the Housatonic. When the Revolutionary War broke out, however, and especially when Cornwallis was urging his way from Canada down the North River towards Albany, shortly to fall into the grip of General Schuyler at Saratoga, many of the Connecticut regiments either passed up over the New Ashford watershed or (more likely) turned to the left at Pittsfield to reach Albany by the route now traversed by the Boston and Albany railroad. Thus, in war and in peace, for purposes of business and of family and neighborhood migrations, was the Hoosac Mountain outflanked, rather than directly encountered, by two or three generations of men.

But the time came, and it came first quite early, when the ingenuity of men began to canvass the possibility of *perforating* this vast barrier for purposes of passage and traffic, since the enormous difficulties of passing over it could not be essentially reduced. Old Parson Leavitt of Charlemont, a shrewd and excellent man, though he was a Tory, and, in consequence, refused the use of the meeting-house and his own salary by his patriotic parishioners, is one of the

two said to have been the first to suggest the opening of a canal under the mountain, to be fed by the waters of the Deerfield and of the Hoosac. The other was a neighbor named Hawks. Very few at the present day remember the frenzied era of canals in New England and New York. Many were built, like the one, for instance, from Northampton to New Haven, the echo of which futile exploit remained for many years in the subsequent designation of the "Canal Railroad" between the two places; many more were projected, but never built, of which perhaps the most preposterous *might* have been called the "Deerfield and Hoosac Canal." The only present interest in the Charlemont proposal (for it certainly came from that side of the mountain, even if not from the fertile brain of Hawks or Leavitt) is, that the removal in some way of such obstructions to travel and traffic is a natural impulse to civilized men; and helps to demonstrate that it is the purpose of God that men everywhere should live together socially, in personal intercourse and commercial exchanges so far as it is possible. Indeed, to remove barriers, of all sorts and everywhere, to profitable trade — and all trade is profitable to both parties or else it would never take place — has been the prime work of civilization till this hour; and the good work of removing natural obstacles to trade by land and by sea is going forward now all over the earth with increasing sagacity and power.

If this is so, what consummate ignorance alike of the purposes of God and of the welfare of mankind, what illimitable folly it must be, and is, for small sets of selfish men anywhere to strive, by combination and conspiracy, through what is miscalled "legislation," to pile up artificial and unnatural barriers to profitable trade, by superinducing upon natural obstacles already reduced to an approximate minimum, their factitious and impoverishing and abominably unjust regulations.

The turnpike with its tollgates, the actual or projected canal with its tow-path and locks, the railroad with its grades and grade-crossings, — this was the historical order in New England and New York of the gradual reductions in the natural obstacles to trade and travel. The turnpike and its tolls are past and gone. The Erie Canal from Buffalo to the North River has proved to be the only permanent and productive canal, because it was built and kept in repair by the state as such, in the general interest of all its citizens; because it was the principal means of making New York City the commercial metropolis of the country; and because Nature herself had made a relatively smooth and level path from Lake Erie to

the mouth of the Mohawk. For these general reasons the Legislature of New York has just appropriated $9,000,000 to deepen and otherwise to improve the Erie Canal. But the railroad, which came last of the three, came to stay, and will never be, practically and essentially, superseded. Travel and traffic imply locomotion from place to place. This locomotion must either be on *terra firma* or over water or through the air. The futile experiments of centuries, as well as unescapable natural laws, throw the last out of the category. Therefore, on relatively level lines of native earth, that is to say, the railroad in some form, must be the vast bulk of the locomotion of the future, as it is already of the present.

When it came to the practical question of building a railroad under the Hoosac Mountain between the two streams, no party appeared potent enough to accomplish it except the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There was not by any means the same grounds of propriety in this state taxing all her citizens to this end, as there were in New York for building and maintaining the Erie Canal; because the latter was obviously of great public benefit to all the inhabitants in country and city alike, while the Hoosac Tunnel route was not central at all, but hung, for the most part, on the northern edge of the state. Nevertheless, the tunnel was built out of the proceeds of the taxes, and the propriety of the expenditure is not now in question. It is needful, however, to the present purpose, to call attention to the fact that the expenditure of these vast sums, mostly in and through the village of North Adams, wrought a demoralization in men and in opinions, both there and more or less throughout the county of Berkshire, that was and remains lamentable. The cry in North Adams was, and is, *Enterprise and an Appropriation!* which means, Enterprise in getting an appropriation of other people's money. No enterprise without an appropriation; and constant pleas for an appropriation on the ground of poverty and inability to do anything without it. This applies particularly to ceaseless enterprises in getting tariff taxes piled without limit on the masses of the people of the United States in order to *hire* a particular few to carry on branches of industry, which, it is alleged, are in themselves unprofitable and impossible to be carried on without a bonus extorted by law from the pockets of all the people.

Mainly, in consequence of the millions expended on the tunnel by the state of Massachusetts, the village of North Adams has become a city; and the motto on the city's seals, "*We hold the gateway of the West.*" Well, a gateway to the West is certainly there,

and an important gateway for trade and travel; but who are the "We" in this motto, and how came the "We" to be there?

In the early days of this society, our honored fellow-member, Governor Weston, read an excellent paper here on "Paper-making in Berkshire," which we have recently printed for our permanent collections. In the course of it, and near the end, he uses the following significant sentences: "During the ten years between 1830 and 1840, still other great inventions were perfected, the American paper makers leading all foreign competition. The decade from 1840 to 1850 brought the manufacture of writing paper up to its present perfection. I claim that no improvement in the quality that *could* be and was made in 1850 has been reached, and there has been little, if any, improvement in the machinery used in producing writing paper since 1830, thirty years ago. I do think improvement has been made in the quality of book papers, engine-sized writing papers, ledger, record, bond and banknote papers, and such specialities, but none, as I believe, in the regular line of writing paper, such as letter, note, caps, and folios." When the dates of this unsurpassed excellence in paper-making are compared with the dates of the "enterprise" of getting "appropriations" from Congress at the cost of the whole people, through protective tariff-taxes, under the plea of boosting an *infant industry*, one may be surprised to learn that the times of such excellence and perfection *antedated by some years* the times of the enterprise in the public robbery of the people, under the plea that, without such an appropriation good paper could not be made in this country.

Already a trained economist, by years of study and teaching, and knowing well the hollowness of these false pretenses of protectionism, I was present here at the reading of Governor Weston's paper; and, at the close of it, quietly called attention to the flat contradiction of the undoubted statements of Weston's paper to the then current and popular pleas and pretenses. Many of my fellow-members bulged out their eyes upon me for raising such a point, as if I had been a heathen man and a publican. But no answer to the point was even attempted by anybody. A venerable minister, after looking daggers at me, expressed the view that it was time to adjourn the meeting! Another highly respected member, a special friend of Governor Weston, uttered a few commonplaces in a conciliatory tone, having not the least reference to the point raised, — and the meeting adjourned. Our society is entitled "The Berkshire Historical and Scientific Society," and lives and moves and has its being in knowledge and impartial research and science that knows no

persons nor cliques; and it could not have survived even until now on the principle of that meeting, namely, of covering up the vital facts and ignoring alike truth and righteousness, and saying Peace! Peace! when there is no peace.

Just so far as the building of the Hoosac Tunnel by Massachusetts money has encouraged in any men of Berkshire a reliance on other people's money, filched out of them by the injustices of law, just so far it has developed skill in manipulating the lobby, whether in Boston or in Washington; and just so far as it has helped to bring in, directly or indirectly, great inequality of fortunes through a denial of the equality of rights, it has been to the last degree pernicious and belittling. It has helped to corrupt politics as well as morals. It has helped to bring in, even if it has not been the main factor in bringing in, the current talk about the "big two" in Berkshire. Big two? It used to be the big thousands of Berkshire! Why, Berkshire has not to-day one tithe of the influence in the councils of the nation that it had seventy-five years ago! Ezekiel Bacon of Pittsfield, a Democrat of Democrats, was elected a member of Congress from this district in 1807 by every vote in the town of Pittsfield, and by nearly all the votes in the entire county. He served four terms, and on the Committee of Ways and Means. In the trying times of the last war with England, he was chairman of that committee, and shaped and defended on the floor of the House all the taxes needful for that gigantic contest. That man despised in his soul, and so did his constituents with him, the very mention of taxes designed for any other purpose than to get money with which "to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." Protective tariff taxes, so called, and as such, are designed for no other purpose than *to prevent* such moneys being gotten into the Treasury. Revenue is only gained on the foreign goods that come in. Protectionism is only reached through keeping these foreign goods out.

Altogether innocent of these direct and indirect baneful influences of its own perforation, the Hoosac Mountain is a grand old pile whether looked at from the east or from the west; always a barrier indeed, but after the French and Indian wars were over always a point of peaceful and profitable connection between the scattered people of its eastern and western valleys.

Joseph White, second president of this society, sprang from a reputable and influential family, earliest settled in the middle valley of the Deerfield River. Captain Moses Rice, born in Sudbury, October 27, 1694, himself a great-grandson of Edmund Rice, who

emigrated from Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, England, and settled in Sudbury in 1638, was a great-great-grandfather of Joseph White. Captain Rice, then a resident of Rutland, in the county of Worcester, purchased 2250 acres of land in April, 1741, lying along the Deerfield River in the present town of Charlemont. These lands lay on the north bank of the river, partly meadow and partly upland, and the present road from Deerfield to the Hoosac Tunnel runs through their entire length.

In the spring of 1743 Moses Rice came to his purchase in the primeval forest, preparatory to settling upon it with his family; and the huge buttonwood growing by the roadside is still pointed out, under which, according to the statement of his son, Sylvanus Rice, and handed down to us by the latter's daughter, the late Mrs. Fuller, "*he had slept under the buttonwood tree when there was no other white person in town.*" His first low cabin, when builded near the buttonwood, of logs felled by his own strong arm, was the very first erected between Deerfield and the Hoosac Mountain; and his wife and five minor children when gathered beneath the rooftree, such as it was, were the first family to lift the voice of industry and the notes of prayer and praise in the whole stretch of that winding valley, now so beautiful in its green meadows and so strong in its guardian hills.

The next year after Captain Rice had set up his household gods on the river bank, Colonel Timothy Dwight of Northampton, under the military direction of Governor Shirley, and in prospect of the war with France, which was proclaimed at Boston in June, ran as a surveyor an east and west line from the Connecticut River at Northfield through Colerain to the Hoosac Mountain for a cordon of forts to protect the Deerfield valley and the Connecticut against the French and Indians. During that summer of 1744, and on Dwight's line, were built Fort Shirley in the present town of Heath, and Fort Pelham in the present town of Rowe, both of them about four miles north of the Deerfield, and each of them built on brooks running parallel, about four miles apart, down to the Deerfield. The construction of these forts, under the immediate orders of Colonel John Stoddard of Northampton, made Captain Rice an important person in their neighborhood, and his house an important stopping-place for officers and soldiers on their way to and from the forts, because it was then the only house west of Deerfield along that river. Indeed, Stoddard had made a contract with Rice to draw the timbers for one of the forts to the place of construction; but as the latter failed in some points to come to time, and as the

former was a remarkably prompt man, both forts were actually constructed under the immediate direction of William Williams, afterwards the patriarch of Pittsfield.

Still, Rice was constantly trusted by Governor Shirley and his military subordinates throughout that war, and his house was the rendezvous for everybody concerned in the public events of that region. Rice himself and his sons were at times soldiers for considerable intervals in one or other of the two forts above him on the uplands; and Captain Ephraim Williams, long time the commandant of the line of forts, and afterwards the founder of Williams College, was often sheltered under that roof as he passed from Shirley and Pelham forts to Fort Massachusetts and back again. Chaplain John Norton has the following entry in his diary: "Thursday, August 14, 1746, I left Fort Shirley in company with Dr. Thomas Williams, and about fourteen of the soldiers; we went to Pelham Fort, and from thence to Captain Rice's, where we lodged that night."

The good chaplain reached Fort Massachusetts the next day, where he "designed to have tarried about a month"; but the fort was almost immediately invested by a large force of French and Indians, who compelled its surrender on the 20th, burned it to the ground, and carried its garrison (chaplain and all) captives to Canada. A part of this hostile force, however, pressed on from the charred site of Fort Massachusetts to Deerfield, burning Rice's house on their way, the only one intervening between the two points. In a petition to the General Court, made six years afterwards, Rice himself described the desolation of his home: "And returning, in order to take care of his things, found his house was burnt, with a good stock of provisions therein (or carried away) by the enemy, as was all his household goods, with a considerable parcel of clothing, his stock of cattle, being seven oxen and cows, together with six very good fat hogs, were all killed by the enemy, — his crop of grain, at least three hundred bushel, with all his hay, husbandry tools, and many other things, all destroyed, — his loss being at least £1500, old tenor."

In the same petition Captain Rice described his general position during that war, as follows: "That his living was of great service, as he humbly apprehends, to the public, as being the only house where people could be supplied; and, as soldiers were often traveling that way, as well as small parties of scouts, it was very expensive to your petitioner, who often supplied them at his own costs."

After the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Captain Rice, who in the meantime had gone back to Rutland with his family, returned to his desolated homestead on the Deerfield, rebuilt his house upon the same site, and continued the chief man in the now increasing settlement, until in the next and last French and Indian War, on the 11th of June, 1755, Captain Rice, with his son, Artemas Rice, and grandson, Asa Rice, with several others, was hoeing corn in his meadow just south of the present village road, when a party of six Indians, concealed by the brushwood of a brook, suddenly fired upon, and then rushed upon, the working party, whose firearms had been placed against a pile of logs near by. Phineas Arms fell instantly dead in the cornfield, while Captain Rice received a severe wound in the thigh, and was taken prisoner with his grandson and one other. The three captives were taken to the high plain in the rear of the present public house in Charlemont Village where the old man, after a fearful struggle with the single savage to whom he was given over, fell beneath the tomahawk, was scalped, and left bleeding to die after some hours. The other two prisoners were led to Crown Point, and thence to Canada, whence the grandson was ransomed after a captivity of six years; and Titus King, the other, a relative of Captain Rice, being carried to France and then to England, at length returned to Northampton, his native place.

Joseph White's mother was Rebecca Rice in the direct line, and his childhood and youth in Charlemont was nurtured in all the traditions of this large family, and familiarized with all the geographical localities in which they had lived and wrought for generation after generation. His mind received a color and his character a tone from all these peculiarities of birth and training; the spirit of his educational development and the whole course of his life were altered in consequence of them; and no one could understand Mr. White thoroughly, or comprehend his apparent aberrations from a straightforward career in life, who did not perceive the direction in which his chief intellectual interest lay and the sort of facts which easiest and most permanently roused his emotions. As the centennial of the Charlemont massacre approached, it was determined by him and by Mr. O. B. Potter of New York, his own cousin on the Rice side, that there should be an historical commemoration of Captain Moses Rice on the anniversary of the fateful day, June 11, 1855, and of his compeers also, in the original plantation of Charlemont; and that an elaborate monument should be erected and publicly dedicated over his grave and that of Phineas Arms, killed by the same Indian volley, while at the same time it was wisely decided

to allow the rude, but enduring contemporary headstones to remain in their place by the side of the monument.

It naturally fell to Mr. White to prepare and deliver the historical discourse upon that interesting occasion. It was a labor of love. It fell in with the deepest currents of his being, both intellectual and religious. He took time for its preparation, which was thoroughly done. He searched the archives in the secretary's office at Boston, and was rewarded by the discovery of precious documents, which he knew how to interpret, whose significance he inwrought with the results of other careful investigations, and, with the siftings of tenacious memories, his own and hosts of others, into a permanent and eloquent chronicle, which remains as his most vital and valuable contribution to the literature of his time.

Of scarcely less consequence to his life and labors than this Rice genealogy in which he stood, was the bit of heredity connecting him in the direct line with John White, who emigrated early from the west of England with his two sons, Josiah and Thomas, and settled in Lancaster, Mass. A great-grandson of this first immigrant was Jonathan (Colonel), born at Lancaster, March 31, 1709. Here he became a prominent actor in all enterprises for the public good — in establishing schools; in building a house for public worship, and settling a minister; and in organizing a church, of which he was chosen the first deacon, in 1743. Wilder's "History of Lancaster" says of him: "Colonel Jonathan White was the greatest landholder, the most wealthy man, the best educated person then in town, and a perfect gentleman of those days."

This Colonel Jonathan White held the commission of major, and afterwards that of lieutenant colonel, in Colonel Timothy Ruggles' regiment of "New Levies," which marched against Crown Point, under Sir William Johnson, in the summer of 1755; and was present with his regiment at the so-called "Battle of Lake George," September 8 of that year, in which the French general commanding, Baron de Dieskau, was defeated and taken prisoner. In this battle Ruggles' officers and men fought alongside the officers and men of the regiment of Colonel Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College, although the brave colonel himself had been killed that morning in the so-called "bloody morning scout" about two miles south of Lake George. The fact that his great-grandfather fought in that battle, and that the sword he wore at that time finally descended to him, of course early interested Joseph White in that campaign, and in all the combatants in it. He became interested as a boy in Williams College in consequence;

still more interested as a student, a tutor, an alumnus, a trustee; and when the centennial of the death of Colonel Williams came round, also in the year 1855, there was no other one of their number so intelligent and every way competent as he, whom the Alumni could appoint to deliver their commemorative oration upon the founder of the college. Next to his discourse at Charlemont, his effort here the same summer proved to be his most eloquent and permanent contribution to the literature of his time. Mr. White was always a natural orator; partly because his emotional nature was quick and strong in its action, partly because he was painstaking in his preparation, and partly, too, because he had a penetrating instinct as to the popular tastes and interests.

Colonel Jonathan White's Lake George sword passed to his son, Colonel Asaph White, and then to *his* son, Captain Joseph White, and finally to *his* son, Mr. Joseph White; who, having no children, thoughtfully presented it to Williams College, in whose historical museum in Clark Hall it is exhibited alongside the sword of Colonel Williams himself, found on his person the next morning after the fight, and the sword also of Colonel Thomas Williams, uterine brother of Ephraim, who succeeded to the command of his regiment at Lake George.

In Mr. White's childhood and youth in Charlemont, not only were the traditions of the old French wars lively, and located both personally and geographically, but still more so in both respects the traditions of the Revolutionary War. Colonel Hugh Maxwell of Charlemont was eight years in the service without a break, much of the time as the right-hand man of General Heath, after whom the new township set off from the old by Maxwell's efforts in 1785 was named, and is still called "Heath." Maxwell's descendants were still the leading people of the town at its centennial celebration in 1885. Captain Oliver Avery also, with thirty-four men from Charlemont and eighteen from Rowe, marched to Cambridge immediately after the engagements at Concord and Lexington, and the company served throughout the war. Of this number was Josiah Pierce, who fired at the enemy in the Bunker Hill battle forty-seven bullets, with an unerring aim which was proverbial in his time, and who lived to tell and retell his own and others' exploits till the middle of the present century. Ebenezer Fales was killed in that battle, and Hugh Maxwell dangerously wounded.

Mr. White's own grandfather, Samuel Rice, was a scarred veteran of the Revolution, and lived to pour into the eager ears of his grandson tales of his own sufferings in, and escape from, captivity

in Canada, — tales also of what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. He witnessed the quarrel between Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold on the east brink of Lake Champlain in the gray of the morning of May 10, 1775, when Arnold claimed precedence at the head of the column about to enter the fortress of Ticonderoga; Allen had the best right, and the men who had followed him so far, forty-one of them men of Williamstown and Hancock under Israel Harris, insisted that they would follow no other in the approaching attack on the fort; Arnold yielded to the inevitable, but with a very bad grace; for Samuel Rice used to say, that Arnold at this point struck Allen a heavy blow on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, so that the scabbard slipped off into the water; and when the Charlemont boy expressed dilated surprise that Allen did not resent such an insult, the rejoinder was: *"Allen hadn't got no grit, Joe!"*

This Samuel Rice, like his neighbor, Hugh Maxwell, suffered fearfully from the inconvertible continental money. The war was over, the money was worthless, and the returned veterans were heavily in debt. The courts were opened again, civil process against debtors began to be enforced by the sheriff and his deputies, and the movement in western Massachusetts, that later came to a head under Daniel Shays, was stirring the hearts of all the old soldiers. Debts contracted to support the mother and the children, while the father was away in the war, hung over his little property when he returned, unpaid. Legal process was resorted to to collect them. The deputy sheriff, who was an old friend of the veteran, came to the cabin with the warrant in his hands to attach it and its contents. Rice was a carpenter by trade, and he took his stand in the open door, with his broad-ax in his powerful right hand, and thus accosted the deputy as he approached to enter, *"I've known ye long, and I love ye like a brother, but if ye try to cross this threshold, I'll split ye from your crown to your heels!"*

"And he would have done it, too," was the usual comment of the grandson as he related the incident. Such associations as these with persons, and especially with family and local traditions, gave a permanent bent to the boy's mind, and to the favorite studies of a lifetime. He gradually became fond of biography and history; he burrowed in his leisure in the records of the old French wars; he became very familiar with the Revolutionary campaigns, especially at the northward, and with the pre-Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary heroes generally; and he slowly acquired what came to be by far the most valuable private library in Williamstown, being particularly rich in the special lines but just now indicated.

When he was sixteen years old he made his first visit to Williamstown. His father, Captain Joseph White, was a cloth-dresser, who drew his customers from a very wide circuit. He had done work, for example, for the Smedleys, at that time an important family there; and the boy crossed the mountain on horseback by the present road, which had been laid out and built by his grandfather, Colonel Asaph White, with a message to the Smedleys that assured him of hospitality over the commencement of 1827. That was a somewhat famous commencement, on two grounds. The graduating class consisted of twenty-six men, sixteen of them being among the founders and members of the "Williams College Temperance Society," whose constitution and membership have been fortunately preserved to us. Eleven out of the eighteen members of the class of 1828 belonged to it, thirteen out of twenty-one of the class of 1829 also, and ten out of twenty-eight of the class of 1830. Temperance, then a newly organized thing in New England, prominently appeared on the commencement stage in 1827, especially in the "Colloquy," in which Asahel Foote displayed remarkable powers of irony and sarcasm, which not only took mightily with the audience, including the boy White, but also is said to have visibly shaken the sides of the gigantic President Griffin, extra dignified in his cap and gown. Young White had secured an early seat in the gallery, which he only quitted at the noon intermission long enough to secure a cake of gingerbread for his dinner of one of the peddlers, who at that time thronged the space in the rear of the church.

The afternoon furnished him a greater treat still. The valedictory oration and the conferring of the degrees, and particularly the Master's oration, delivered that year by Mark Hopkins, on "Mystery," impressed the boy beyond measure, and made him resolve then and there, if it were a possible thing, he would go to college himself. That Master's oration, by the way, published a short time afterwards in *Silliman's Journal*, in New Haven (Professor Silliman having been present here at that commencement), was the very beginning of the public reputation of Mark Hopkins. Three years later he was appointed Professor of Rhetoric; and in 1836, on the very day when White, in accordance with his purpose formed nine years before, appeared on the commencement stage to speak and to be graduated, was elected by the trustees president of the college. It is very doubtful, however, whether he would have been chosen at that time, had it not been for the class of which White was an influential member. The trustees thought Hopkins too young (he was thirty-four), and elected Absalom Peters president, who declined.

This class, who had enjoyed the services of the professor throughout the senior year in the studies usually taught by Dr. Griffin, as well as in his own, sent in to the trustees a paper in token of their warm approbation of his work in both directions. "*If the boys want him, let 'em have him!*" was the exclamatory word of Dr. Shepard of the trustees, and the body followed suit immediately.

After teaching for a while, one year in the college as a tutor, Mr. White studied law in Troy with M. I. Townsend, W. C. '33, and practiced for some years with his brother-in-law there, A. B. Olin, W. C. '35. But he never took much root as a lawyer. He disliked the manners, the quibbles, and the quarrels of the bar. In looking up a case, it was its historical aspect and relations that interested him rather than its purely legal bearings; and he would sometimes spend days and nights in arduous research into these remoter matters, which, however profitable to himself in the development of his own mind, was the opposite of profitable to his clients and to his partner. Unfortunately, also, he became a popular young Whig orator in the political campaigns of the period. The career of Daniel Webster and of Rufus Choate dazzled him, as it did many other young men of the time to their detriment. The principal stock in trade of the political orators of that decade was the tariff question, a question of which most of the speakers on both sides were profoundly ignorant, and of which Mr. White in his old age used freely and playfully to acknowledge that he knew absolutely nothing. Still, in this way he became practiced in public speaking, an art of which he was fond, and in which he became skilled.

Dr. Beaman was the pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Troy while Mr. White was a resident of that city, and the relations between the two men gradually came to be intimate and very helpful to both. The religious character of the younger man rounded out under the stimulating preaching and uplifting impulses generally of the elder one; and Mr. White fairly entered upon what was the most distinguishing characteristic of his whole life, namely, intelligent fidelity as a layman in all departments of church work, particularly in an earnest and comprehensive study of the Scriptures in relation to, and preparation for, Bible-class instruction. An excellent portrait of Dr. Beaman has hung for many years in Mr. White's private library, and is hanging there still. No lapse of time ever seemed to obliterate his sense of obligation to this pastor, or to cool his expression of admiration for him.

When Mr. White abandoned the law, and went to Lowell to live as an agent for one of the cotton corporations there, there was no

great change in the general tenor of his life. He continued to make upon occasion political speeches for the then and always moribund Whig party, which added little to his reputation, though it offered scope to some exceptionally fine oratorical powers; and as he was elected to the State Senate from Lowell for one winter, in which he was colleagued with the gentle and genial Dr. Sabin of Williamstown, with whom he had been a colleague in the corporation of the college since 1848, in which capacity they served together till Dr. Sabin's death, in 1884. His church and Sunday-school work in Lowell was largely profitable to himself and others. It was apparent already, that his deepest impress upon his generation would be made, as was most fit, at the point of Christian influence and example.

In 1860 Mr. White, who had become secretary and treasurer of the college the year before, on the death of Judge Daniel N. Dewey, was made secretary of the Board of Education of the state of Massachusetts, a place he held for seventeen years. This was a greatly important post, and one difficult to fill after the extraordinary labors of Horace Mann for eleven years, and the striking activity in it of George S. Boutwell. But his lectures as secretary, and his teachers' institutes, held all over the state, which were always popular and successful, brought into play his early training in extempore speaking, his store of knowledge as to the history of Massachusetts, his remarkable familiarity with the biographical details of its great men, and his taste and skill in handling picturesque and illustrative incidents. By much the most successful work of his life was accomplished during these seventeen years. They had their trials and limitations of course, like all other successful human work everywhere. His own quick temper was an infirmity. An indolent habit of mind and body, a native tendency to postpone impending duty, and a consequent facility of throwing off, perhaps at a late hour, upon other shoulders responsibilities which were properly his own, marred more or less during all his later years his services both to the public and the college. His religious life and service, however, knew no intermissions. His faith grew simpler and steadier and stronger as his years increased. His interest in the Bible and his Bible class diminished not as his years increased. As a deacon in the church, he grew more tender and exemplary, as a constant attendant at the weekly prayer-meeting, his contributions to its spiritual and uplifting power were noticeable and apparently indispensable; his native imagination, to which he had always given a chastened scope, enabled him to mount up as on eagles' wings,

and help to bear others along with him; and his naturally fervid emotions responded promptly to every spiritual call.

For the last dozen years of his life he frequented with great regularity the quarterly meetings of the Berkshire Historical and Scientific Society at Pittsfield. For three years he was its president. He did his share of its work. His presence here was always a stimulus and a benediction to others; he could correct their mistakes, upon occasion; and he appreciated, as few men are able to do, the care and the insight and the vigilance needful to conduct to a successful issue any genuine historical investigation.

In person, Mr. White was tall, symmetrically built, and, in his prime, strikingly handsome. He took much more than an ordinary gentleman's pains with his personal appearance. He dressed expensively, but never extravagantly. By economy in its best sense he came to possess and enjoy a competent estate. He had no children, and the wife of his youth survives him. He was born at Charlemont, November 18, 1811, and died two or three days after entering his eightieth year.

JOHN LELAND MILLER.

On a rough stretch of ground extending southeast from the foot of Greylock, in Adams, through parts of Cheshire to the top of Stafford's Hill, in the borders of Windsor, were born, about the beginning of this century, a considerable number of men and women who lived to become influential and distinguished in their day. The ultimate settlers upon this strip of land, as we shall see more at length pretty soon, were of a different stock, and a somewhat diverse faith, from the settlers in most of the other parts in Berkshire County, and, consequently, their descendants have manifested certain peculiarities as contrasted with those springing from most original Berkshire settlers.

(1) Governor George N. Briggs, whose father was in the battle of Bennington, was born upon this stretch in 1796; and when our society held its field day on Stafford's Hill a few years ago, some of us remember that we found in a deserted graveyard on the upper slope of that hill, the headstone placed there in memory of his mother. One of our associates, A. B. Whipple, read before us not long ago a detailed and excellent memorial of Governor Briggs, which has since been printed by us; so that our second published volume will contain in perpetuity the final word of his neighbors and friends about this great and good man.

(2) In 1820, on this same strip of territory, was born Susan B. Anthony, whose father was a Quaker and a cotton manufacturer, and whose own influence for the enlightenment and uplifting of woman, and in behalf of the cause of temperance and purity, has been, and remains, exceedingly strong and wholesome. Two years ago our society kept its field-day festivities in and around the house in which she was born, or at least brought up, — festivities which she was prevented from participating in personally only by a grievous illness.

(3) Edwin R. Brown, a man whose name is much more familiar in Illinois than it is now in western Massachusetts, was born in

Cheshire at the very eastern foot of Greylock, in 1825. His father was Hiram Brown, one of the foremost adherents of good Elder Leland in matters both of Church and State. The family, however, removed to Cummington while Edwin was a child, and thus came into contact with the Bryant family, whose name has immortalized those hills of Hampshire. Young Edwin Brown worked for three years, as a boy, with a farmer then carrying on the Bryant homestead; and after learning the cabinet-maker's trade in the village of Cummington, and teaching school in Worthington, he returned to Cheshire and engaged in the glass and iron works there until 1853, when he started for the West, to settle finally in Elmwood, Illinois, where he prospered successively in the vocations of painter, merchant, and banker. Elmwood is not far from Princeton, in the same state, where John H. Bryant, youngest and last surviving brother of William Cullen Bryant, made his home for life. Brown and Bryant became close friends and intimate associates for life, both from early associations in Cummington and from similar views held, with great tenacity by both, on social and political and religious questions of their time. Brown became a popular lecturer throughout the middle West, and drew and held large audiences everywhere; and when the centennial of the birth of William Cullen Bryant drew on, in 1894, and a great festival was to be held on the Cummington homestead, the Cheshire boy, the man of might from the prairies, was invited to be the orator, and was the orator on that magnificent occasion, when five thousand people from all parts of the land assembled on that rocky hillside to pay their last tribute to the poet and publicist (then already sixteen years in his grave) as a lover of liberty and hater of privilege. For the last twenty years of his life Hiram Brown, the father, lived with his sons and grandsons in the Hoosier state; and as each successive year brought round the old man's birthday, they would gather to do him honor; and after the annual dinner, a song, written by Edwin R., was always sung, entitled "Greylock of Greylock," the first stanza and the refrain of which were as follows:

"The man of Cheshire once was fresher,
Ere he grew so gray,
But I'm thinking while we're drinking
To his health to-day, —
Though the fire once burned higher
In his youthful veins,
That his living and his giving,
Bring him precious gains; —

"So we greet him as we meet him,
With a round of cheers,
Telling once again the story
Of the rolling years.
Pass him sweetly years that fleetly
Glide his white head o'er,
And for Greylock of old Greylock,
Bring your richest store."

(4) James F. Almy of Salem, a man proud to have been born in the large parish of Elder John Leland, is to be reckoned by this society among the noteworthy natives of Berkshire, particularly because, at large personal pains and expense, he procured an elegant portrait of Elder Leland, came himself from Salem to our field day at the Anthony homestead in 1895, and presented the picture in a tasteful and appropriate speech to the Berkshire Historical and Scientific Society. Outside of our record book, and the successive numbers of our own printed papers, this is the only piece of visible property we possess as a society. We are poor in this world's goods, but are rich in faith and hope! At our last meeting, our associate, Samuel Harrison, presented the society with the manuscript record, framed, of his ordination to the Christian ministry in this county, with the autographs of John Todd and J. J. Dana. We are glad to get all such county memorials as our friends are pleased to present us with; and the officers of the Atheneum promise us the use of a good room in their newly enlarged building for the safe keeping and proper display of all such gifts.

(5) But one other native of the magic strip needs to be mentioned in this connection at this time, and that is John Leland Miller, the subject of the present paper. Dr. Miller has but recently pushed out from us to reach the other shore. His benignant presence at our quarterly meetings, his deep interest in the papers read and printed by this society, and his remarkably generous bequest to the college of the county made mainly in the interest of history, requires at our hands a careful public memorial, which shall be permanent in its form and cordial in its construction. Such a life as his was, taken in its entirety, has not been heretofore a common product of New England blood and New England traditions. Nor is such a product in its general features likely to recur in the future. If we look at it all by itself, without reference to hereditary tendencies and to local environment, we shall scarcely understand it at all. He was not a common type of man. One can scarcely say that he was a "regular Yankee." There were in him elements of

restlessness, — of moving his home from place to place, — of personal daring, sometimes of apparent non-foresight, of indifference and perhaps even of defiance towards prevailing modes of thought and belief, — which are not strictly characteristic of New England men as a class. When it comes to the point of locality, he savored much more of Rhode Island, where his father and grandfather were born, than of Massachusetts or Connecticut. It is the belief of the writer, that a partial explanation of the peculiarities of the man, if it is to be found at all, must be sought in the ancestor the next earlier than the grandfather, of whom unfortunately but a very little is known. But this little is enough to stimulate curiosity, and perhaps to reward inquiry. We must, accordingly, very briefly look into this point of heredity.

The doctrine of heredity, that is to say, the biological law by which living beings tend to repeat themselves observably in their individual descendants, is a very modern doctrine. So modern is it, that even the word, heredity, is not found in the body of Webster's "Dictionary" as published in 1880, but only in a supplement appended in that year. The year 1850 may perhaps be taken as a fair date at which the word, as defined above, came into common use in the United States. Washington, although he clearly foresaw the vast significance of his own private papers to posterity, and provided for them a fire-proof receptacle some years before his death, had little knowledge of, and little curiosity about, his more remote ancestors. He wrote that the history of his ancestors was, in his opinion, "of very little moment, and a subject to which I confess I have paid very little attention." But late investigators have not agreed with Washington in the matter of the importance of his own ancestors, but have pushed their geneological inquiries back till they find a rich reward in his pedigree, as giving light and color to the strong characteristics and deep impulses of his unparalleled career. Under the first Stuart king of England, two Washington brothers were knighted; a third was a page of Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles the First; and a fourth brother, after having been matriculated at Oxford, became so prominent an Episcopal rector in so rich a living that the Puritan Parliament ejected him from his place and sequestered the living for their own uses. John, the rector's son, took to the sea a bold navigator, and later settled in Virginia, where he became a large landowner, county official, burgess in the colonial legislature, active colonel in the local militia, and transmitted to his great grandson, George Washington, qualities underlying all these private and public functions.

On a much less exalted level, and in a far less conspicuous manner, than Washington, John Leland Miller, of our county and our society, illustrated traits of character that seemed to distinguish an alleged ancestor of his, who stood in the same lineal relation to him as John stood to George Washington, namely, great-grandfather. If it were possible, we would gladly know much more than we are now likely ever to learn about a *Dr. William Miller*, certainly a surgeon in the British army or on a British ship, about the middle of the last century; and almost certainly sent to America in that capacity, even if not in one more important, about the time that Major General Edward Braddock was dispatched with an army as commander in chief of his Majesty's forces in America, near the close of the last French and English war. Braddock landed his army at Alexandria, Va., in February, 1755. His objective was the French Fort Duquesne, at the forks of the Ohio, now Pittsburg; and his route lay northwest along the upper Potomac, which is the boundary line between Virginia and Maryland. Now, there has been a cloudy tradition in the Miller family for a century that this Dr. William Miller was somehow employed to help adjudicate a boundary dispute or claim of jurisdiction as between Maryland and Virginia, and that afterwards he resigned his commission as surgeon in the English army and settled for life in Rhode Island. That he settled for life in Rhode Island is certain; that he resigned his surgeonry in the British army, or forfeited it, seems equally certain; for after 1759, the date of Wolfe's great battle at Quebec, England had little use for surgeons here until the time of the Revolution. But that the English government should have sent over an army or navy surgeon to help adjust a disputed boundary question between two of the oldest colonies in America, is extremely improbable, or rather almost incredible.

But now, if we may suppose (and it is only a supposition at best) that William Miller served as a surgeon with Braddock, and took a part in that memorable campaign ending in Braddock's defeat and death, and in the retreat, death, or dispersion of the British regulars, very few of whom ever entered the ranks again; and if, after gaining such a knowledge of the route and of the two colonies where they border on each other, as such a trained and educated man could not fail to gain under the circumstances, he had settled for a time in that neighborhood, as many of the scattered officers and men are known to have done; then nothing would seem more natural than that the two colonies falling into a dispute about jurisdiction in an unsettled country, should be willing to trust, as one of a number of

umpires, really a citizen of neither, an educated and traveled man, a subject of the king to whom both colonies bore an unquestioned allegiance, to help them both to come to an agreement over a minor point in dispute. In this way only, a curious tradition and recurring belief of the Miller family for three generations, may become not only credible, but also entirely natural and reasonable. And if these suppositions may be fairly admitted, as one may think they can be under historical canons, without putting in any claim that they are *proved*, then another conclusion almost certainly follows, very pleasing to the Miller family and to this society, namely, that if Dr. William Miller performed any such service as this as between Maryland or Pennsylvania and Virginia along the upper Potomac, where only their boundaries fall together or approach, then may he have been associated with, and acted in conjunction with, George Washington. Paul Leicester Ford, in his admirable volume recently published, entitled "The True George Washington," dwells particularly on his remarkable prominence both in war and peace along this whole frontier between Virginia and Maryland and Pennsylvania from 1752 till the end of the Revolutionary War. As an officer in the Virginia militia, he met Braddock at Alexandria, was immediately appointed on the general's staff, gained his complete confidence, led the way for the army up the Potomac and across to the Monongahela, — a route he himself had mainly traversed three times before, — and given counsel, which if it had been followed would certainly have prevented the defeat, and probably have gained the French fort. As it was, he carried Braddock, mortally wounded, from the field, read over him dead the Episcopal burial service, and at the Great Meadows (the scene of Washington's victory over the French the year before) Braddock was buried, and the place of his grave is still shown.

Not only while the French war lasted was Washington the chief man throughout this entire region, but in 1759 he inherited from his half-brother the estate of Mt. Vernon on the Potomac, took up his permanent residence there, and himself compared his home "to a well resorted tavern, as scarcely any strangers who are going from north to south or from south to north, do not spend a day or two at it." It is scarcely conceivable that Dr. William Miller could have performed any such public service in that region as has been supposed without having made the acquaintance of Washington, — possibly in the great retreat, in which Washington commanded all the troops, by Braddock's order before he died. More likely, however, it was later; because many of Braddock's officers, and most of his

surviving men, never returned to England at all, but settled down in various individual capacities, particularly in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Take, as an instance of these, Horatio Gates, who was a major under Braddock, was shot through the body and for a long time disabled. He purchased a fine estate in Berkeley County, Va., and devoted himself successfully to agricultural pursuits. When the Revolution broke out he tendered his services to the Continental Congress, who appointed him a major general under Washington; and it was he who took the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, in 1777. On the other hand, Thomas Gage, lieutenant colonel under Braddock at the Monongahela, also wounded there, resumed his place and rank in the British army; and, curiously enough, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, was the British commander in and around Boston, when Washington, as commander in chief, assumed the command of the American army under the elm at Cambridge. Thus Gage, who, in 1755, was subordinate to Washington in Braddock's defeat, became his equal antagonist at Boston in 1775.

Now these few things being premised, the points of heredity as between great-grandfather William and his descendant Leland Miller, become as striking as those between great-grandfather John and his descendant George Washington.

Let us notice the common points in the case of the two Lelands. (1) Ancestor and descendant were trained and skilled physicians. (2) Each took and held a commission as army surgeon in a great war. (3) Each was a man of unusual enterprise and public spirit. (4) Both traveled much and knew the perils of the great deep. (5) Both were somewhat restless and migratory in respect of home.

Whatever may have been the conditions of his residence and activity to the southward, and this matter is certainly involved in considerable obscurity, Dr. William Miller settled for life in Warren, R. I., some time before the Revolution; because his son William is known to have been born in Warren, to have become a shipbuilder, and to have resided in Woonsocket in the same state. A clear historical light falls on this William Miller second in 1788, in connection with the settlement of Marietta on the Muskingum River in Ohio. This is the oldest town in the state of Ohio. It was settled by a colony from New England shortly after William Miller, as a sort of military engineer in the employ of the national government, had built a wooden fort at the junction of the Muskingum and the Ohio. From wooden ship builder on the seaboard to wooden fort builder in the wilderness is but a step in the way of mechanics,

though it were indeed a long journey in the way of travel. After the completion of this first fort, Miller and his small party were sent forward to build another fort higher up on the Muskingum. The local Indians were sullen and hostile; and although the first settlers named their little town Marietta, in honor of the French queen, Marie Antoinette, and the French were then the allies of the Americans, and it is not likely that the Indians were instigated by the French to their murderous deed, still it remains true that not one word was ever afterwards heard of William Miller or of one of his constructing party. He and they became martyrs to the English settlement of the great state of Ohio. This was in 1788.

But a little boy had been born to him in Woonsocket two years before, 1786, who was named Caleb Miller, and he became the father of John Leland Miller in 1813. Not long after the death of William Miller in Ohio, or rather after the settled assumption of his death by the little colony at Marietta, his widow and her children, together with many of her neighbors in Rhode Island, moved to Adams in this county, originally called East Hoosac, where had previously settled a large colony of Rhode Islanders, many of them Quakers. The original settlers of East Hoosac, most of them from Connecticut, and consequently Congregationalists, — very similar in most respects to those who first settled West Hoosac, now Williamstown, — did not remain long in Adams, but sold their lands to others, mostly Quakers and Baptists, until the Rhode Islanders occupied nearly the whole town, and have, substantially, controlled its development until the present time. They were a sturdy and thrifty stock, and, in course of time, presented some contrasts to their neighbors across the line in Williamstown. The church society of Quakers was formed in Adams in 1781, and worshiped in a log dwelling house until about 1786, when a meeting house was erected for their accommodation. In 1818, when Leland Miller was five years old, this society was at the height of its prosperity, embracing some forty families. In 1830 they divided into Orthodox and Hicksite Quakers, and thereafter pursued a pretty steady course towards their ultimate extinction as such.

In 1792 Rev. John Leland, born and bred in Grafton, Mass., and between 1775–91 a popular Baptist preacher in Virginia, was settled for life in Cheshire. He immediately began to bring under his moral and religious influence the scattered Baptists in Adams, as well as in Cheshire. His parish indeed was the northern half of Berkshire County, although he was often absent from it to preach elsewhere, sometimes for weeks or months together. But his influ-

ence in the county for fifty years, until his death, in North Adams in 1841, was prodigious. It was penetrating and permeating and, for the most part, wholesome and uplifting. He was indeed a strong political partisan of Jefferson, but not more so in any sense than was Parson Thomas Allen of Pittsfield; and both of these men, though taking a prominent part in the political discussions of their time, and exerting a powerful political influence throughout the county, were as far as light is from darkness from the modern political boss of either of our great parties. The scattered farmers of Adams, from the top of Staffords' Hill to the south branch of the Hoosac and beyond, whether they were the special followers of William Penn or of Roger Williams, were in full sympathy with the political principles of their great local preacher, John Leland. His influence was felt for a whole generation in the children born on this soil.

I. The youth of John Leland Miller was rather pathetic than specially promising. From a child his physical health was fragile, so much so that he could not avail himself fully of the common schools in his neighborhood, and consequently he studied and read at home more than is common with New England boys. He attended, for a short time in each, the small academies in Adams and Williamstown, and by this his desires were awakened to go to college; but the state of his health and the poverty of his family apparently rendered this impossible. It is believed by those who know the most of his early days, that it was in 1830, when he was seventeen, that he attended on the old academy in Williamstown. Sickness shortly broke him up there also; but it is proper to call attention here to an interesting coincidence, never before stated, which might under other circumstances have powerfully influenced Miller's life. A lad, slight in person, keen in eye, intellectually gifted far beyond most boys, was a pupil in the academy throughout this year of 1830. His home was in New Lebanon, a few miles to the southwest of Williamstown. His name was Samuel J. Tilden. The writer of these paragraphs in an interview with Governor Tilden, in his old age, and at his own house at Yonkers on the Hudson, asked him, "What year was it that you studied in the Williamstown academy?" "1830." "What kind of a year did you spend there?" "A pleasant year and a good year, as the times then were." This old Williamstown academy, set up in 1827 by a few prominent citizens, of whom Daniel N. Dewey was the chief, as a sort of successor to the much older Williams Free School of 1791, which was merged into Williams College in 1793, had a modest career of about

twenty-five years, and then faded and died out, as so many other New England local academies have done. Governor Tilden became by far its most distinguished pupil. Leland Miller also at the same time *touched* Williamstown, though he hardly then came into contact with it. Years afterwards he became intimate with, and at times medical advisor of, Governor Tilden.

Providentially debarred from college, Miller became, through the ordinary avenues of access, a merchant, owning his own stock of goods, in West Troy; when, providentially also, he was burned out, became foot-loose and returned to his home in Adams. After an illness of nine months he determined to study medicine, and make that his lifework. To this end he went back to West Troy and entered his name with a physician there, and spent an entire year in preliminary studies with him. Then he entered the Berkshire Medical College at Pittsfield, at that time legally a department of Williams College, attending its lectures for two full years, and receiving his medical degree, in 1837, at the hands of the president of Williams College, himself also a Doctor of Medicine, and a graduate of the Pittsfield Institution. Thus Leland Miller, at the age of twenty-four, came into fair contact with Williams College, of which he was destined to become, more than half a century later, a choice benefactor.

II. The manhood of this strangely born and bred boy of Berkshire was industrious and enterprising and venturesome and picturesque, and while apparently very vacillating, was extraordinarily successful. As soon as he had obtained his medical diploma he started for New Orleans, and was appointed surgeon to a surveying party, under Captain Talcott of the United States Topographical Engineers, operating at the mouth of the Mississippi River. Later he passed over to Pensacola in Florida; and in a voyage around the southern point of that state he was shipwrecked on one of the Keys in the Caribbean Sea, losing his surgical instruments and almost everything he had in the world but his undaunted spirit and his knowledge of his profession. In November, 1838, he reached New York penniless. A small loan from an old acquaintance enabled him to set himself up in the practice of medicine in Providence, R. I., where he wrought diligently for five years. Just at that time occurred the "Dorr Rebellion" in that little state of breezy antecedents, and Dr. Miller was appointed a surgeon of militia in a brigade commanded by General Stedman. No more tame practice in a quiet Quaker city for him! The West was then booming, and beckoned with inviting hand the restless spirits in the East. In

1844 Dr. Miller received the appointment of Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the medical department of Illinois College at Jacksonville. He flung himself into this work of instruction with all the ardor of his nature for about three years, when the sound of the bugle of the recruiting sergeant was heard in Illinois, mustering men for the Mexican War. He resigned his professorship, took a commission as a surgeon of volunteers, with the rank of major, joined General Scott's army at Vera Cruz, and was shortly assigned to the charge of the general army hospital at Jalappa. Here he had astonishing experiences and hair-breadth escapes. He saw death and destruction in every form in which savage warfare in a tropical climate can exhibit them. He saw the war through to its bitter end, and found himself worn to the bone by his labors and exposures. But he lived, nevertheless, to be the last surviving surgeon of record in service during the Mexican War; and as such received a monthly pension from the United States for the later years of his life, under the law of 1887.

Returning to Pittsfield to recruit his health, — for he had as yet no home of his own, — he spent here two years in making a readiness for a final plunge into the active duties of civil professional life. Going back to Illinois and locating a land warrant for a quarter section, 160 acres, which he had received from the government for his services in Mexico, in the neighborhood of Springfield, and being at that time the only largely experienced physician and surgeon in that region, he engaged for three years in most arduous medical and surgical practice, often riding fifty miles on horseback to visit a patient, over almost roadless prairies and bridgeless streams. Here he acquired a wide reputation as a skillful and tireless physician and surgeon; so much so, that after he retired from practice, on account of recurring ill health and fatigues, he used still to serve his fellow-professionals in the county (always gratuitously) as a consulting physician and surgeon to whom they looked up.

He gradually added to his original quarter section other valuable lands by purchase, until he had 1100 acres in fee simple. On 320 acres of these lands he established a stock farm for himself and two brothers, for he was always interested in the improvement of agriculture. As his lands became more and more valuable, on account of a wise foresight in their location, he sold them off in smaller portions, and thus laid the foundations of the moderately large fortune he ever afterwards enjoyed. The present town of Fairbury, Ill., a town of about 7000 people, is located upon these original

Miller acres — acres upon which Dr. Miller himself never found a permanent home, but in whose neighborhood he found permanent friends and, what is more, his life companion, whom he married there only to bring her at once to Berkshire, where they lived together happily, mutually sustaining each other, for more than twenty years, until his death. Illinois did a great deal for our late associate and friend: it gave him a medical reputation, it gave him enlargement of views, it gave him the elements of a stable fortune, and it gave him an educated wife, competent to be a wise and generous counsellor in all things. But the prairies could not give him the only other one desideratum of his life — good health. Through a varied experience he had found them less favorable to his physical strength than the unchanging breezes from Greylock, that had nurtured his feeble childhood. Accordingly he returned to Berkshire in 1856, no more to leave it as a residence and a home.

III. In the year just mentioned he purchased the fine landed estate in the west part of Pittsfield, now known as the Learned Place, and carried it on for six years, either by a tenant or by a hired agent, generally himself dwelling in the house even when not boarding in it; until, in 1862, he brought his bride from Fairbury to Pittsfield. Then first he had *a home* of his own. Then first he really *found himself* in the opportunity to indulge freely in what came to be his favorite recreations, namely, open-hand hospitality, good fellowship generally, riding to hounds and other gun sports on occasion. In reference to the latter and to his own skill in eye and hand, it is said that if at first any one of the company were inclined to bet on the life of the bird on the wing, he afterwards usually felt more inclined to bet on the gun! The child is father of the man. The end crowns the work. Dr. Miller continued in his retirement his early study of medicine, particularly of the medical journals, and kept up his relations with the medical societies, both local and national. So long as he lived he also continued to pay a good deal of attention to the actual and possible improvements in agriculture, as well through the public agricultural societies as through successive experiments upon his own large and valuable farms, at first in Pittsfield and then still longer in Sheffield.

For it is incumbent upon us to note that Dr. Miller spent the last and perhaps the best, years of his life upon the old Barnard homestead, now called "Mt. Barnard," in Sheffield, the oldest town in our county. This connection of the two families is merely local, and not at all sentimental. The Barnard brothers, a pair becoming perhaps more prominent and distinguished in after life than any

other two brothers native of Berkshire, have reflected remarkable credit upon the town of Sheffield and the homestead of their youth, in much the same way, and certainly to an equal degree, as Mark Hopkins and Albert Hopkins, another noble pair of brothers, contemporaries with the former, have reflected credit on the town of Stockbridge and the old mission farm there, their birthplace and early home. Frederic A. P. Barnard, born in 1809, a graduate of Yale in 1828, after a long career of successful college teaching, both North and South, became president of Columbia College in 1864, and carried it on in great celebrity until its centennial anniversary, more than twenty years afterwards. Major General John G. Barnard, born on the same farm in 1815, became in time the ablest and most renowned military engineer ever serving in the United States army. When General Grant became commander in chief of all the armies in the field in the Civil War, he called General Barnard to his staff as chief engineer in the operations of all those armies; and he took a large share in the final reduction of Richmond.

IV. And now what shall we say, in the last place, of the old age of our late associate, Dr. Miller, always a notable man, but never so notable as in the last decade of his life? It is specially incumbent upon us here to-day to make careful record of the interest he took and the sacrifices he made in and through the Berkshire Historical Society. He commenced to attend, with great regularity, our quarterly meetings. He did not put himself forward into notice at all; but he was observed to give close attention to all the proceedings, and particularly to the formal papers that were read from time to time. After all, he seemed to be most at home in one of our annual field days, which are designed and are adapted to facilitate personal acquaintance between the members from the different parts of the county, and between all those and the strangers who frequent our open gates on these occasions. On our annual holiday in 1886 we went to Mt. Washington, largely to honor and enjoy our venerable member, "Father Beebe," the "Beartown weather prophet." We gathered around his home. He read to us an interesting paper on "Air Currents," which he had been observing all his life. We published this paper in our collections in 1891.

The people of the entire region were very hospitable to us in our sojourn. Mr. O. Whitbeck, a resident, was the host of the occasion, spreading an ample feast for the society and its guests in a neighboring barn. Some of our number noticed at the time the very active part taken by Dr. Miller in assisting Mr. Whitbeck at the board, and in seeing to the recurring wants of all the guests. It was sus-

pected at the time, and has since been ascertained, that he assumed a large share of the expense and responsibility of entertaining the visitors in the barn, in which the speaking exercises were afterwards held. It was at this field-day meeting on the mountain side, that Professor Perry, our president, first made the acquaintance of Dr. Miller. It was during a lull in the proceedings, while we were waiting for the time of our return to the valley, that these two men had opportunity for an hour's unpremeditated talk with each other. The topic of the talk was history, — in what connection it could best be taught, the advantages possessed by a college for its partial unfolding, and what further stimulus (if any) could be applied to this study in a small college like Williams. It is probably true to say that both these men were from that hour strongly drawn towards each other; that each was more or less an engima to the other; and that neither was thereafter content to leave unsolved whatever of enigma there was. At any rate, so far as these two men were concerned, the explanation of their talk at Mt. Washington had not very long to wait. Each man soon came to have a perfect confidence in the other as disinterested and philanthropic and trustworthy.

It is known that ever after 1871 Dr. Miller had contemplated some public bestowment of a considerable portion of his fortune to some philanthropic use. His first thought in this direction is believed to be a hospital in Pittsfield. Deflected from this he came, in his own time and in his own way, to the idea of a professorship in some college. If a professorship, where and in what general department of knowledge? It is certain that the recurring and unobtrusive operation of this Berkshire County Society, both in chamber and field, directed his mind to history as a large and fertile field in which he might set his living and growing and lasting plant. It is almost certain that his acquaintance with, and confidence in, Professor Perry as a man and a teacher, gained in direct or else indirect connection with this society, led him to think that Williams College was the best place for his contemplated bounty. And it is absolutely certain that a careful paper read by his wife in his presence before the so-called "Friendly Union" of Sheffield, on the "Composite Character of the English Language," suggested to his mind the name and scope of his established professorship at Williams, namely, "American History, Literature, and Eloquence."

We close with a brief reference to a personal act of John Leland Miller believed to be unprecedented in character in the history of New England colleges, — an act so peculiar, so praiseworthy, so picturesque and touching, that it is likely to be held in everlasting

remembrance. He made the journey from Sheffield to Williamstown alone, unsolicited, undreamed of by anybody there, carrying in his hand a little basket in which were $40,000 of gilt-edged commercial securities; and, going to the house of Professor Perry at midday, passed over into his hands the little basket, telling him that it was for a professorship in Williams College, and charging him to keep the treasure in his own hands, under his own eye, until further notice from the donor, specifying three weeks at least as the limit of the charge. The day was warm, the journey had been wearisome, he was physically sick and feeble, he had had no dinner, nor would he partake of any until he had passed this great trust into the hands of one whom he deemed to be faithful. We take our final leave of our late associate and beloved brother at Williamstown, assured that he will be remembered there longer than on any other spot of this green earth.

PREPARATION FOR CITIZENSHIP AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

In one point of view, all the colleges of New England are alike, and always have been, in their aim to promote good citizenship in and through their students. They have at all times, and equally, aimed to make their students good men, and they have justly felt that only good men could become good citizens themselves in the large sense of those words, and help diffuse good citizenship throughout the community. In this point of view, the evidences of Christianity and general ethics, and all similar studies may be said to be a preparation for citizenship; and all our colleges, whatever may have been their defects at other points, have been beyond all censure in the emphasis they have put upon this class of studies and in the breadth of motive under which they have emphasized them. The admirably expressed motto of Harvard has been in reality and equally the motto of them all.

When it comes, however, to the consideration of those studies which alone can be called directly promotive of good citizenship, namely, history, political economy, and the science of government, great differences appear in the record of the colleges, both as to the time at which these studies were introduced into the curriculum and as to the press and fullness given to them after they were introduced. So far as it now appears, Williams was the first to introduce all these studies into the course, and has been most willing since to give time and vigor to them, of any of the colleges; and without expressing or implying any the least criticism of her sister institutions, freely acknowledging also the superiority of each of them to her in special and important points, it is the simple purpose of this paper, written by request, to state as precisely as may be what has actually been done at Williams in these three civic studies, and also what is now sought to be done.

In 1812 Daniel Dewey, who became the next year a member of Congress, and the following year a judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, was appointed Professor of Law and Civil Polity. His death occurred in 1815; and it is not likely, considering the war that then distracted the attention of the people, and the variety of his own public offices, that his lectures made any considerable impression upon the students, or that any real beginning was then made along the line of civic instruction. At any rate, no successor to him was appointed for twenty years.

In 1835 Joseph Alden, a graduate of Union, educated theologically at Princeton, and two years a tutor in the college there, was elected Professor of Rhetoric, Political Economy, and History. This professorship he kept for seventeen years. During all this time he put, perhaps, more stress upon his rhetorical than upon his political duties; he taught history fairly well, though only in a general way; he taught political economy quite well, using Wayland's "Elements" as textbook; and his lectures on the Constitution of the United States were by much the best work that he did. These lectures were not many in number, nor were they very systematic in their treatment of the three great departments of government; but the lecturer was well acquainted with American political history, he had a genuine interest in the subject, he was a Democrat in his political sympathies, and he always kindled when he came to speak at length of Jefferson and Hamilton and their opposing policies. It may be said in passing, that a Democrat in his fundamental beliefs and active sympathies, whatever party ticket he may be constrained to vote has a vast moral advantage in teaching the civic studies over another man, who, either theoretically or instinctively is drawn to favor classes privileged by law.

There were many students in Dr. Alden's classes, so long as he remained in Williamstown, who both felt and manifested indifference to his instructions; and he was naturally sensitive to this circumstance; but there were always others who caught more or less the sparks from his tinder-box, and who look back (as does the writer of this) over a long interval of years to him for impulses communicated and encouragements given and lights projected in reference to points and distinctions within this wide field of political inquiry. Had he felt less keenly the obvious discouragements in his work, had he had more push and persistency, the college would gladly have given him more time and every other facility in its power to develop a broad and strong department of civics. As it was, he made a good beginning all around the field. He was a

pioneer feeling his way. His work in this regard is by no means to be overlooked or depreciated. Afterwards as professor at Easton, as president of Jefferson, as head of the Normal School at Albany, and as author of a book entitled "Science of Government in Connection with American Institutions," he exerted a considerable and general influence in behalf of studies too long neglected in our higher schools of learning.

In 1853 the present writer, then a mere boy but one year out of college, was chosen Professor of History and Political Economy. The only qualifications he possessed for the place were an incipient interest in the studies themselves and a capacity for slow and patient work in them. Gradually as he became able to fill in more time with at least a partial success, the college willingly allotted to him all the time that could reasonably be asked for, sometimes at the formal request of the students, and sometimes at his own request. On the whole average of the thirty years, 1857–87, he occupied one eighth, or twelve and a half *per centum* of the entire year's college instruction, with the three civic studies designated above, all the studies being prescribed for whole classes.

In 1887 a slight change was made in this department, by which the science of government became elective, and was at the same time extended throughout the junior year three times a week, thus adding more than one third to the previous number of lectures, which have been attended since by more than one half of each class. Three years before that the general department was greatly strengthened by the addition of an elective in history, taught by Professor Rice, covering ground scarcely touched by the prescribed course in history, also extending throughout the junior year three times a week. Seniors are admitted to this course, and thirty students of the two classes are in attendance at the present time. If reference be had both to the hours occupied and to the numbers taught in this department as thus augmented, the relative weight of these studies to the whole pursued in college would not be far from fifteen *per centum*.

Prescribed history is taught two entire terms of the sophomore year six hours a week. The chief textbook since 1877 has been Greene's "Short History of the English People." This is an admirable textbook in all respects. It is a fine piece of literature as well as an excellent work of history. The text is learned so as to be recited in substance by the student in his own words; and opportunity is given for any questions at any time during the hour by any member of the class on any point bearing on the text; and the

instructor takes pains to illustrate by way of comparison or contrast each more important point from the history of other countries, and more particularly from our own. The history of England is the richest history in the world for all the practical purposes of the modern student; and more especially is it the richest in the way of preparation for citizenship under our complicated form of republican government, which has derived most of its fundamental institutions, legislative, and executive, and judicial, from English sources. Special attention is always called to, and special effort of instruction expended upon, those parts of the text which may be made to illustrate the facts and the principles of economics to be studied later in the course, and also those which illustrate the growth of popular liberty under government, which itself is to be studied later, such as the Great Charter, the origin and development of the Jury, and the great Writs like the Habeas Corpus.

There was established in 1882, in close connection with the department of history and politics, the Williams Historical Society. It consists of five men in each of the junior and senior classes, selected at the close of sophomore year from that class, on the ground of some interest and aptitude exhibited during the prescribed work for original historical research. Each member of the society is expected to prepare at least one careful paper on some historical subject open either to local investigation or to minute research among papers and relics never yet used for historical purposes. The papers are read at the regular meetings of the society, and freely criticised as to the proper use to be made of such materials, and as to the nature and degrees of historical proof. The meetings are social as well as literary in their character, are held at the house of the professor four or five times during the college year, who gives such instruction and criticism as he can by example and otherwise in respect to the best and safest ways of handling such *Ur-quellen* as the members have investigated and employed in their respective papers. The theory is, that if four or five men in each college class become interested, and as it were habituated, in the right interpretation of antiquities, whether written or other, they will be likely to continue such work more or less all their lives, and thus to become useful citizens in knitting the ties always needful to be maintained between the past and the present. The results of this organization thus far have not been great, but they have been pleasant, and hopeful, and satisfactory. Among the topics thus originally treated have been "Crown Point," "Old No. 4 and the roads leading to it and from it," "Fort Dearborn and its Massacre,"

"The Home of King Phillip," "Fort Massachusetts," and the "Battle of Plattsburg."

Political economy has always been, and is still, a prescribed study at Williams. It occupies in the first term of junior year fifteen weeks, six hours a week. Perry's "Political Economy" has been the textbook since its first publication, in 1865. The book is read thoroughly, recited and discussed in every paragraph, then reviewed from beginning to end, for an ultimate examination covering the whole of it, which occupied last autumn three half days for one class in three divisions. Political economy is treated throughout as the science of buying and selling; and, as only three kinds of things are ever bought and sold, namely, material commodities, personal services, and commercial credits, these are discussed in their order and in all their inter-relations. As the only motive that ever leads two persons to buy and sell with each other is a clearly perceived and expected gain to each; as the result (fraud aside) is always a satisfaction and advantage to both; as it is impossible in the nature of the case for any man to sell without buying at the same instant, or to buy without at the same instant selling, since the buyer must pay for what he buys and the seller take pay for what he sells; as by much the largest part of the activities of all men everywhere have always been employed in buying and selling, and this more and more as the world gains in age and unity; and since buying and selling is obviously designed by God for the welfare and progress of mankind, and has practically been the prime instrument in the civilization and Christianization of the world; the right of all men to buy and sell freely for the betterment of their condition, subject only to the prevenient rights of morals, and health, and revenue, has always been successfully maintained in this lecture-room, not at all as a part of a current and transient controversy, but as an inherent and immanent part of the nature of man and the purposes of God.

The question is sometimes foolishly asked concerning the colleges, whether they teach protectionism or free trade? Some of the colleges have been superficial enough to make answer for themselves, that they teach neither the one nor the other; thus utterly abandoning a science they profess to teach as no science at all; and surrendering what Jefferson calls the "self-evident" rights of their countrymen as a whole to "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in obedience to the clamor and greed of a few individuals, who have succeeded in stopping by law for their own personal behoof a mutually profitable international trade. Protectionism has never

yet attained in this country to the dignity of an opinion; because the protectionists have never yet been found here who were willing to pay "protective" tariff taxes *themselves*, and who did not avoid and evade all such taxes as fell upon themselves, while at the same time praising the operation of such taxes as could be thrown in their own behalf on the ignorant and helpless masses. One simple truth is, proven out of their own mouths, that the real and practical opinion of protectionists as to the nature and effects of protective tariff taxes is precisely the same as the opinion of the free-traders. Another simple truth is, proven by every congressional tariff debate from 1789 to 1889, that no so-called "protective" tariff tax has ever been levied in this country except at the instance and under the pressure of the particular man or men who intended to raise artificially thereby to their countrymen the price of their own wares.

It would seem as if it were the duty of every economist in the land, a duty that has not been neglected at Williams certainly, to call attention to the gradual, but inexorable impoverishment of the entire agricultural population of the United States, under the operation of tariff taxes which are designed to raise the price artificially of everything the farmer has to buy, and which depress the price enormously, by shutting off his market, of everything the farmer has to sell. Farming has been made unprofitable by stringent and monstrously unjust laws throughout the United States. So far as it now appears, there is not a single prosperous farming community within the broad limits of this land. There cannot be under our domestic-monopoly legislation. The recent report of a state commission of Illinois to the effect that more than three fourths of the valuable lands of that state are under mortgage, and that its agricultural population has already declined, and must inevitably decline much more in the immediate future, shows the results of causes exactly fitted in their own nature to produce them. It is probable, if not certain, that about as large a proportion of the lands of Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska are under mortgage as in Illinois. It is no better at the East. The auctioneer's hammer has been remarkably busy this present winter in knocking off under foreclosure the best farms in Bucks County, Penn. In New England it is still worse. Williamstown itself does not support one half as many people from its lands as it did forty years ago. Whole tiers and stretches of farms in every New England state, which once maintained a lusty and thrifty population, are growing up to forest again. Farming is no more profitable in the neighborhood of the vast factories on the Merrimac River, which carries more

spindles than any other river in the world, than it is on the hillsides of Vermont and New Hampshire.

It only remains in this paper, already too long, to indicate briefly the Williams method of teaching political science. The textbook is the Constitution of the United States. Clause by clause of that instrument is learned *verbatim* by the members of the class, and recited over and over again day by day, before the lecture (or lectures) upon that clause begins. A careful schedule of the lecture is then dictated by the professor, and taken down *verbatim* by the class. The lecture then proceeds upon the schedule, which has rarely more than three main points, and questions back and forth and discussions often intermingle with the unfolding of these points, the lectures not being written out beyond the schedule, thus allowing more or less emphasis to special points year by year according to current interest in politics and to current drift in legislation. Each student takes down in connection with the schedule what he deems most important in the statements of instruction and in the free and easy discussions of them; and the main examination is upon these lecture books at the end of the year's course. There is one reference only at the close of each schedule to some accessible book or judicial opinion or expert discussion on some main point of the lecture.

Between ninety and one hundred of such lectures are given to each class; and they cover every considerable point in the Preamble and the body of the Constitution and the Amendments, both historically in their origin and subsequent discussion, and judicially as they have been passed upon by the highest courts, and practically as they have been carried out by the laws of Congress and the action of the Executive. Considerable room is found at various places for a comparison or contrast of other governments with our own; the intricate interworkings of states with nation in our complex system are explained as fully as may be, under a conviction that the states are just as precious as the nation, and that liberty under governments increases as their complexity increases; the outlines of international law are given in connection with the power granted to Congress to punish "Offences against the Law of Nations"; and great pains are taken at various points to explain the chief differences between the common law of England and the civil law of Rome, and the way in which these are being slowly fused into one law both in England and the United States.

Perhaps there is no part of the civic studies pursued here that is so thoroughly enjoyed by both teacher and pupils as is this

familiar, yet comprehensive exposition of the Constitution of the United States. The Cobden Club of London offers its silver medal annually to that one in this class who, in the judgment of the professor, makes the most proficiency in these purely political studies. Broader than this is the basis of the Perry prizes, one of fifty dollars annually and one of twenty-five dollars, to be awarded to two men in each class for excellence in history and political economy, the two prescribed studies in this department. Essays on political subjects are entered in competition for these prizes by those only who have maintained a high rank in the studies themselves. The subjects of these prize essays for three years past are herewith appended as a rough illustration of the sort of work sought to be done by and for the Williams students in the way of preparation for citizenship and practical life in a free country.

Class of 1887.

The Stuart Kings and Pretenders in relation to an enlarged British Liberty.

The strictly personal factor in all vital questions of economics.

Comparative Advantages and Disadvantages of written and unwritten Constitutions of Government.

Class of 1888.

Recent Revivals of national spirit among the subordinate Races of Europe.

Some of the chief Relations of Economics to Politics proper.

Reactions of the American Constitution upon European Constitutions of the present century.

Class of 1889.

Ancient Routes by sea and land of Travel and Transportation.

Germanic Influences on Roman Law and Government.

Logical Methods and Successes in Political Economy.

A FREE-TRADE LESSON FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

If my readers have not noticed it before, they will be surprised to discover how firmly and constantly the New Testament plants itself on free-trade ground. Indeed, this is true of the entire Bible. If we may judge from the words of inspired writers, buying and selling is not only a very respectable, but also a very praiseworthy action. It is indeed true that the chosen people of God were forbidden to take usury of each other, though they were permitted to take it freely of strangers, and that they were forbidden to buy horses and other products out of Egypt, for fear they would be religiously corrupted by such commercial intercourse with idolators; but there is nothing of this sort in the law of Moses that cannot be easily explained from the grand purpose to found an agricultural commonwealth for religious ends, in which commonwealth no family could permanently alienate its land, and in which it was a great object to preserve the independence and equality of the tribes and families. On the contrary, there is no word or precept that implies that trade in itself is not right and good; there were sharp and effective provisions for the recovery of debts; there were any number of exhortations to diligence in business, such as, "*In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand;*" King David himself made a gigantic trade in preparation for the temple with King Hiram of Tyre, by which the cedars of Lebanon were to be paid for by the grain and oil of the agricultural kingdom; in the Proverbs of Solomon (xxxi. 16, 24) the exemplary wife is emphatically commended for her buying and selling propensities: "*She layeth a plan for a field, and buyeth it,*" "*She maketh linen garments and selleth them, and delivereth girdles to the merchants;*" and the best proof that the Old Testament is not hostile in its spirit to trade is the fact that under its training the Jews have always been, and are still, the greatest traders in the world.

There cannot be the least doubt that the spirit of the New Testament and the whole influence of Christianity are favorable to the freest commercial exchanges at home and abroad, because these depend largely on mutual confidence between man and man, of which confidence Christianity is the greatest promoter. It is true that our Lord "*overthrew the tables of the money changers and the seats of them that sold doves*" within the sacred precincts of the temple; but this, not because it is wrong to change money or sell doves, but because that was not the *place* for such merchandizing; so he himself explains his own action; provincial worshipers coming up to Jerusalem must needs have their coins changed into the money of the capital, and must needs buy somewhere the animal victims for sacrifice; but the whip of small cords had significance only as to the place, and not at all as to the propriety of such trading.

One of the Lord's parables sets forth in a striking light the privilege, duty, and reward of diligent trading. It is the parable of the Talents. It is found in its fullest form in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. "*Then he that had received the five talents, went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.*" There is no possible way to increase values except by buying and selling. If the best market for one's wares be not found at home, then let him go abroad to find that market. This man "*went*" and traded with the same. Probably he went abroad. At any rate the man who had intrusted him with the talents had set him a good example, for it was when he was about to travel "*into a far country*" that he distributed the talents, and having distributed them he "*straightway took his journey.*" A national boundary has nothing to do one way or the other with the profitableness of exchanges; the only question is, on which side of the boundary line can the man be found who will render the most return for the service offered; and when the answer is ascertained, the only sensible thing is to sell to the man who will give the most, no matter on which side the boundary line his home is.

At any rate, this sensible servant went and traded with his five talents, and kept diligently at it until he had made one hundred *per centum* on his capital. We are not told just how long he was in doing this, but we may be perfectly sure that he was a good deal longer at it than the Bessemer steel companies, for example, are in doubling their capital, because he had no exclusive privileges over his fellow-servants — his business was not "protected" a particle at their expense — and because we are expressly told that "*after a long time*" the lord of those servants came and reckoned with them,

whereas in one year the Bessemer companies make two thirds of the value of their annual product as net profit. But when this servant came to the reckoning, and brought as the result of his free and busy trading "*five talents more,*" the hearty approval of his lord — "*well done, thou good and faithful servant*" — becomes the testimony of the New Testament to the merit and the profit and the benefit of a vigorous buying and selling. For this man could not have been authoritatively pronounced good and faithful if the results of his action commended had been in any way prejudicial to others. The truth is, that any man who buys and sells under the free and natural conditions of trade, benefits the man he trades with just as much as he benefits himself. No man ever renders anything under freedom but he thinks more of the pay that he takes than of the thing that he renders; and the man he trades with is in an exactly similar position — he, too, thinks more of what he takes from the other than of what he gives to him; and so there is a mutual gain for both parties, a natural trade is always profitable to both buyer and seller, trade is good in its inmost nature, and the faithful servant who gained the five talents more gave an opportunity equal to his own to those with whom he dealt to gain by means of the traffic an amount equal to his own gain.

But the parable has a still stronger word in favor of free trade. There was a protectionist concerned in those transactions. Luckily for the whole exposure of truths of trade through this pregnant parable, one of the servants intrusted with capital by his lord was a thorough-going protectionist. It is true that this one was only intrusted with a single talent, but then the size of the capital given to him was in just proportion to the size of the man. We are expressly told that distribution was made "*to every man according to his several ability;*" and by this just rule the smallest share fell of course to the smallest man. But he had the same opportunity as the others. The world was open to him. Capital was in demand, if not in those parts then in some other, to which, like his lord, he might straightway take his journey. But, protectionist as he was, he was afraid. He was afraid of competition. He was afraid of "pauper labor." He was afraid of those accursed foreigners. Being of small ability and less penetration he did not perceive the fruitful nature of a trade, that its benefits are mutual and reciprocal, that when a man buys anything he sells something at the same moment to pay for what he buys, and that any valuable thing not put to some service in trade remains barren; and accordingly when his time of reckoning came, and he had nothing to show for the use of his capi-

tal, he upbraided his lord as a hard man for expecting any increase, and brought out his bare talent wrapped in a napkin. "*I was afraid, and I went and hid thy talent in the earth.*"

What his wise lord thought of such stupid fear and ignorance is well brought out in the sequel. He calls the servant "*wicked and slothful,*" he insists that his money ought to have been "*put to the exchanges,*" and finally says in a just anger, "*cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness.*" There is where that protectionist went to, and there is where all protectionists *as such* will go to — unless they repent. The New Testament gives no uncertain sound on that point. The servant was condemned because he was unprofitable and slothful and wicked, because he failed to avail himself of his natural opportunities to trade, and because he was afraid to act in a free state of things which God appointed for the mutual benefit of all exchangers — for buyer and seller, loaner and borrower, capitalist and laborer; and modern protectionists, equally unprofitable and slothful and fearful and wicked, are to be condemned on the same grounds as he was. They not only refuse to trade on God's appointed conditions themselves, but they stop, by venal legislation, their fellow-citizens from trading on natural conditions, which always make trade profitable, for otherwise it would not be carried on, and compel them to contribute to the carrying on of branches of business that they allege are naturally unprofitable and cannot be carried on without artificial encouragement through taxation of the masses and then they offer, as this servant did, to those robbed and wronged, their miserable excuses and subterfuges. When questioned and called to reckoning, they betake themselves, as he did, to refuges of lies. Is there not some natural affinity and inward harmony between such people and *outer darkness?*

PROTECTIONISM

OBVIOUSLY OPPOSED TO THE PLAN AND PURPOSE OF GOD AND THE WELFARE AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND.

THE nature and effects of protective tariffs, so called, can only be clearly and certainly seen in the nature and effects of all trade in general and in particular. The constantly continued inductions of thousands of years in all the civilized countries of the world have sharply discriminated trade from the only things in society liable to be confounded with it; namely, from giving and from stealing. Trade is good in its inmost nature and results. It always was good and it always will be good. It has preceded and accompanied and followed every advance in civilization and religion the world over; and it is as certain as anything in the future can be that every step of genuine and persistent progress anywhere will be initiated and accelerated by the voluntary buying and selling of men for their own advantage. This is alike and obviously the plan and purpose of God and the welfare and happiness of mankind.

To put all these propositions beyond the reach of denial or cavil, I ask the readers of this paper carefully to consider with me in the way of analysis and inductive proof (1) the parties to trade. It takes two to make a bargain; that is, a sale. This maxim is very old and it is perfectly sound. One or both of the parties to an ultimate sale may represent, as an agent or official, the interests of other persons than himself, and these interests may be very great and complicated; but this makes no difference in the radical nature of the transaction. For example, I happen to know well the person called the "buyer" in what is said to be the largest iron foundry in the United States; but, when he buys a thousand tons of coal or pig iron, he stands and acts in the name and interest of the owners and operators of this immense establishment: he is a party to the trade in the same sense as when he buys a suit of clothes for himself of a neighboring tailor. So of the other party, of whom he

buys the coal and iron. It takes two to make a bargain, — only two. The action must be voluntary and reasonably intelligent on both sides. Else it is no bargain. Force and fraud are equally foreign to the nature of trade.

Next let us look carefully to (2) the motives in trade. The human impulses that have led men freely to exchange one thing for another during all the past, in every neighborhood and village and city, and across the seas, must have been extremely strong. These impulses are felt at the present time, on every habitable portion of the globe, more strongly and widely than ever before; and all signs will fail unless in the great time coming they shall move the masses of men more irresistibly everywhere than ever before. What are these moving motives in the minds of men? In the nature of things they can only be the universal desire to better their condition, to supply their wants more easily, to apply pecuniary gains whose only possible source is trade of one form or another, in order to acquire power and influence during their own brief day on the earth, and so to transmit to their children some vantage-grounds over those they themselves originally possessed. Is not all this honorable? Has it not proved effectual generation after generation?

Now we will inquire in the third place (3) what kinds of things are those which are subject to trade? In other words, what classes of things are bought and sold among men, always have been, and always will be, and no other classes? To this question has rarely (almost never) been given the attention which it richly deserves, indeed, which it must necessarily have if one would understand trade from the bottom up. The present writer has applied his best powers (such as they are) to this question and a correct answer to it during the whole of a long professional life. He is satisfied with this answer. He is willing — nay, desirous — that it be tested by the most inquisitive and intelligent and profound minds in this country or any other. *There are only three sorts of thing possible to become the subjects of trade; that is to say, to be bought and sold.* These are:

(*a*) TANGIBLE COMMODITIES, including lands.
(*b*) PERSONAL SERVICES, whether common or professional.
(*c*) COMMERCIAL CREDITS, that is, promises written or oral.

The easiest way for any intelligent doubter to overturn this classification, if it can be done, is to bring forward some well-authenticated instances in his own experience or that of others, in which some other subject-matter than one of these three played an

obvious part in the bargain or exchange. Until such overturn be effected demonstrably, it will be assumed that it is impossible to be effected at all. Then it will logically follow that only six sorts of trade were ever consummated or ever will be, — namely, a commodity for another commodity; a commodity for a service; a commodity for a credit; a service for a service; a service for a credit; one credit for another. It follows, also, that it makes no difference whatever, so far as the two parties are concerned, which of the three possible valuables is in the hand or power of which party for the purposes of that trade. Each is a buyer and seller at the same instant. Each is a buyer, because he must *pay* for what he buys, and that is selling; and each is a seller, because he must *take pay* for what he sells, and that makes it buying. Each must render something and each must receive something at the same moment. If a man will not buy, he cannot sell. If he refuse to sell, he cannot by any possibility buy. It is only individuals that buy and sell: nations, as such, can have no part in it except to interrupt and forbid it. Nations, by wretched laws, may limit and lessen and mangle trade; but it is way beyond their power or function directly to foster or upbuild it. When a nation pretends to do this, and uses words to describe its action to this end, — words implying that it can be done and that the nation is doing it, as, for example, the United States at the present time, — the words are used in a deceitful sense, are designed to deceive, and do actually deceive many of the people. Such a word so used is "protection." It is as full of deceit and deviltry as an egg is full of meat. The only way in which a nation can "protect" an unprofitable industry (so alleged), or tries to do it, is to tax; that is, always to lessen and sometimes to destroy naturally profitable industries, that only ask to be let alone to be enabled to pay not only their full share of taxes for revenue, but also to enrich the country and themselves.

Now we will ask a question, which will be the fourth (4) in order, and which goes to the bottom of this entire subject. We have seen already that trade is good in its inmost nature, that it quickens the intelligence and enhances the powers and satisfies the growing wants and accelerates the progress and simplifies, while apparently complicating, the sources of present enjoyments and the means of future well-doing for every competent person dwelling upon the surface of this globe. So God designed it to be; and so it is constantly and increasingly coming to be, except as certain short-sighted and self-opinionated and greedy, grasping men, thinking that they can outwit Providence and rob their fellow-citizens with

impunity, manage to kill by so-called laws some naturally profitable industries of the people, and to haggle many more of them. The question is, How can such a thing be done, how is it actually done, in such a country as the United States, with common schools and open-eyed citizens? First, while the men who really get the "protective" tariff taxes passed in Congress, meaning thereby to feather their own nests at the costs of their countrymen, are relatively few in number, they are often able by means of combines and log-rollings with other members, who have entirely other ends in view, to toss their accursed burden on the necks of the common people, and partly also to conceal it. You tickle me, and I will tickle you, has been, in the United States, the common principle of protective tariffs from the Tariff of Abominations in 1828 till the Dingley Tariff of our own time, which is also a tariff of abominations. Second, certain men become abnormally rich and powerful through the action of tariff taxes devised by themselves for that purpose, and so are able to pocket tariff-lifted prices for their own wares through cutting off the natural competition in such wares of neighbors who happen to live under a foreign flag. It is not necessary to go out of New England, which is the special field for rational effort of the New England Free Trade League, to find a striking instance of this very process by which a man of moderate talents has become artificially and wickedly rich through unjust law, and so assisted to tread the steps of official life within his state to the highest, and to mock at the apparent helplessness of those whom he is helping to plunder. Within less than a week of the present writing, this man is reported in the public prints as saying officially in Washington, "While it may be necessary to repeal or reduce some of the war taxes at the coming session of Congress, it is not needful to touch in any way the protective tariff taxes." Why not? Why not tackle the worst taxes first, — those which make the people pay more, while the treasury gets less? What makes this official effrontery the more outrageous is that no afflicted man or woman can raise a marble memorial to the memory of their dead in a single God's acre in New England without paying blackmail to one of their public servants in the very presence of death. And this is only one of scores upon scores of instances similar in principle and results all over this country. And, third, the creation in a republic of a privileged class, such as the combined and compacted protectionists of this country are at this moment, is a constant menace to the continuance of its free institutions. Plunderers and plundered do not and cannot coalesce well in the intricate work of govern-

ment, although not all the plunderers know themselves to be such, nor all the plundered have yet learned the nature of the cunning instrument by which their enormous losses are brought about. What is needed is light. What is needed is to watch the motions and actions of members of Congress as they foist in, and perhaps slip out, certain clauses of Tariff Acts. Each party to a trade invariably prefers what he is about to receive to what he is about to render. This is the universal motive to trade. Stopping trade by statute creates losses by necessity. Protectionism, therefore, in every degree of it, and in every instance of it, begets losses instead of gains; that is to say, losses to the many in the hope of factitious gain to the few. I have talked with scores, if not hundreds, of protectionists as such, and found in nearly every case their opinion of it precisely the same as my own when it came to the bottom points. My custom was to ask at length, "Why not abolish, then, the tariff tax if it does not benefit your business?" "Ah! you have got me there!" I have also enjoyed the privilege of hearing in private members of the Ways and Means Committee unfold at length the deadly selfishness and short-sightedness of the schemers coming before them for "tariff favors." The late General Garfield, a pupil and lifelong friend of mine, a fellow-member with me and other Americans of the Cobden Club of Great Britain, was one of those discoursing thus of these enemies of their country and of mankind. It is by the abuses of language, accordingly, and by the concealment of the substance of things both economical and political, that the American people have been, and are now, duped and fooled.

Finally, we will ask and try to answer the fifth (5) question of our present series; namely, what are the present grounds of hope for a better issue in the time to come of free-trade effort and discussion? One is, there are more disinterested citizens than ever before willing to spend and be spent in this service. Said William Cullen Bryant in my hearing, "I have given fifty years to this work, and have never wearied of it." Another is, Providence seems to be pelting the nations with irresistible missiles in preparation for a broader and more Christian method in commercial and international relations. What is this we hear to satiety at present about the "open door"? God knows.

AN ANCESTRAL RESEARCH.

THE first and almost the sole glimpse that I have been able to gain of our earliest known ancestor on the paternal side is from a Latin entry in one of the old manuscript books of the ancient "Clothworkers' Company" in London. Sir Owen Roberts, F. S. A., present nominal clerk of the ancient and honorable company, gave courteous permission to search the records under his custody, and thence to copy whatever might be found of interest relating to a certain John Perry, supposed or conjectured to have been once a member of that company. The following entry in abbreviated Latin of an indenture of apprenticeship soon rewarded the granted quest.

"*Lawson. — Johes Perrie filius Johis de ffarneborough in Com. Southt. Clice Def. Appr. Johi Lawson a die Dat Septem Dat XXVI*^{to} *Die Novembr 1621.*"

A partially conjectural, and yet probably correct filling out of these abbreviations would yield a readable Latin form as follows:

"*Johannes Perrie filius Johannis de Farneborough in Comitatu Southampton Clerici Defuncti Apprenticius Johanni Lawson a die Dato Septem* [*annos*]. *Datum vicesimo sexto Die Novembris 1621.*"

An English translation of these Latin words is herewith appended for the benefit of any of my readers who may have forgotten their Latin! "John Perry, son of John of Farnborough, of the county of Southampton, a clergyman deceased, is put apprenticed to John Lawson for seven years from this date, namely, November 26, 1621." Now shall we try to learn something at this late day of the town and parish of which Rev. John Perry, who died in 1621, was resident and rector? There are three towns in modern England by the name of "Farnborough," one in Berkshire and one in Kent and one in Warwick. No one of these can be meant in this indenture of apprenticeship of the second John Perry, because the Latin is explicit that the place was in the "county of Southampton," which

is the modern county of Hampshire or Hants. Indeed, all three of these words have the same root, and are of the same local significance. If now we search in the modern Hampshire, we find no "Farnborough" indeed, but we find, just halfway between the cities of Southampton and Portsmouth, the important town of FAREHAM. In the present parliamentary divisions, besides the Isle of Wight, Hampshire County has five, one of which is entitled "*South or Fareham.*" According to the Redistribution Bill of 1885, among divisions entitled to one member of the House of Commons, "Fareham" gives its name to one of the six divisions of Hampshire. Here, then, is our town. Here was the parish of Rev. John Perry when he died, in 1621.

The first and most important thing we know of our earliest Perry ancestor is, that he was a clerk in holy orders under the Church of England, as that church was organized and maintained in the reign of the first Stuart king. Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, leaving England primarily Protestant, the old English prayer book restored, and the royal supremacy over the Church as against the Pope solidified. James I. tried to compromise between the Puritans, now growing in number and influence, and the Catholics, whose hopes were quickened by the king's rejection of the "Millenary Petition" and by political events in the other parts of Europe. When Rev. John Perry died in 1621, which was four years preceding the king's own death, it is likely, all things considered, that Perry's opinions and positions represented rather the middle ground of the Church of England, manifested by the emigration and settlement on the James River in the colony of Virginia in 1607 and onward, in preference to the seething and swaying Puritans, who went first to Holland and then to Massachusetts Bay in 1620 and onwards. The ancient city of Winchester, celebrated for its cathedral and its college, is a very few miles north of Southampton. Winchester was the site of a British city before the arrival of the Romans; and the whole region is exceedingly rich in Roman remains, such as coins and urns and pottery. When the Romans in England were conquered by the Saxons, in 495, Winchester, which had been a Roman military station, contained at least one Christian church; and, as the capital of Wessex, the largest and most powerful of the old English kingdoms, became the capital of England; and even after the Norman conquest continued a chief royal residence. After Charles II., the third of the Stuart kings, the town of Winchester steadily declined; while in the time of Rev. John Perry, which was more than forty years before the Restoration of

the Stuarts, the whole region roundabout his parish of Fareham was an extremely important part of England. Whence we may fairly infer that the rector himself was a man of ability and of political as well as ecclesiastical consequence.

There is at least one further reference in the public documents of that time of the highest authenticity and certainty to this original John Perry. It is in the Probate Registry at Winchester, in which it is stated that letters of administration on the "estate of John Perrie of Farnborough, clarke," were granted by the Consistory Court of Winchester, May 3, 1622, to Judith Perry, his widow. The accompanying inventory of the items of his property is dated August 23, 1621, which probably shows that the intestate proprietor must have died previous to that date, though undoubtedly in that year. Enough, accordingly, has been gleaned from authentic sources during the first quarter of the seventeenth century to satisfactorily identify and localize the Rev. John Perry; and also enough to furnish an agreeable sense of congruity to his numerous descendants in the United States, very many of whom have been, and are, ministers and other church officers as between their own position and character and that of their clerical progenitor.

Several points of much interest in relation to the second John Perry, as clothworker and citizen of London, and as immigrant in his old age to Watertown, Mass., have come into the possession of his descendants in this country. The Clothworkers' Company of London at the time when John Perry was put apprentice to that guild, that is, in 1621, was the foremost of all the craft unions of London, — "as men dealing in the principal and noblest staple ware of all these islands," — as King James I. of England said, when he himself was incorporated into that society, on the 12th of June, 1607. James I. died in March, 1625, and so continued an honorary and royal "clothworker" for eighteen years. The other craft guilds were only less prominent and self-respecting than this one; and Green's "History of the English People" (I. 221) says, "The same change which severed at Florence the seven Greater Arts or trades from the fourteen Lesser Arts, and which raised the three occupations of banking, the manufacture, and the dyeing of cloth, to a position of superiority even within the privileged circle of the seven, told, though with less force, on the English boroughs. A seven years' apprenticeship formed the necessary prelude to full membership of these trade gilds. Their regulations were of the minutest character, the quality and value of work were rigidly prescribed, the hours of toil fixed from daybreak to curfew, and strict provision made

against competition in labor. At each meeting of these gilds their members gathered round the Craft-box, which contained the rules of their society, and stood with bared heads as it was opened. The warden and a quorum of gild brothers formed a court, which enforced the ordinances of the gild, inspected all work done by its members, confiscated unlawful tools or unworthy goods; and disobedience to their orders was punished by fines or, in the last resort, by expulsion, which involved the loss of a right to trade. A common fund was raised by contributions among the members, which not only provided for the trade objects of the gild, but sufficed to found chantries and masses and set up painted windows in the church of their patron saint. Even at the present day, the arms of a craft-gild may often be seen blazoned in cathedrals side by side with those of prelates and of kings."

The functions of the clothworker proper were partly mechanical, but mainly mercantile and capitalistic. Charles Knight's "England" (II. 114) explains this clearly in connection with the Parliamentary Statute of Wages of 1495: "The clothiers stood apart as pursuing the most important branch of England's industry; and the dealings of the clothmaker and his workmen were regulated by statute. In that fifteenth century there were no factories. Every manufacture was carried on at the homes of the workmen in the several branches; and thus the operations of the clothiers, whether carders, spinners, weavers, fullers, shearmen, or dyers, were combined, though separate, by the tradesmen whose capital was engaged in cloth-making."

The simple indenture of apprenticeship, when one remembers the customs of the city of London at that time, and the customs also of the Company in relation to them, yields some additional points of information about John Perry the second. London did not then admit to its full franchises as a "freeman," that is, to full civic rights of citizenship, any man until he had accomplished the age of twenty-four years; and the craft-guilds were such prominent factors in the municipal life and action that admission to the full freemanship of any of these guilds was also simultaneously and consequently an admission to the freedom of the city; and, accordingly, an indenture of apprentice in the companies was always so drawn in point of time, that the day of his craft-freedom should fall on the opening day of his twenty-fifth year. The interval was usually seven years, but it was often more, and may sometimes have been less.

Therefore it may be inferred beyond question that the birthday

of John Perry fell in November, 1604, and that he became, in the technical sense, clothworker and citizen of London in November, 1628; and this was the third year of Charles the First. In due time John Perry married Johanna Holland, a daughter of Joseph Holland, who was also a clothworker and citizen of London. This fact, and others allied with it, relating to the Perry family, I learned in the most casual manner by looking over some "Genealogical Gleanings" sent from England by Henry F. Waters, and published by the "Historical and Genealogical Register" of Boston. It was a full abstract of the last will and testament of Joseph Holland, who died in 1658. It was published among a large number of other such abstracts, none of which, as I glanced them over, had any interest to me; and I believe my special attention was called to this owing to some association of the name with that of J. G. Holland, the first editor of *Scribner's Magazine*.

This Joseph Holland was certainly a very prominent person in the old parish church of St. Sepulchre's near Newgate, and there seems to be some grounds for believing that the particular guild of the clothworkers, or at least several influential members of it, had special interests and powers in this ancient church, which dates, as its name imports, from the time of the Crusades, and which has been for eight hundred years (and is still), through many changes and reconstructions, perhaps the most interesting of all the hundred parish churches whose restorations after the Great Fire of London, in 1666, were superintended in a general way by Sir Christopher Wren. Americans at any rate are drawn towards this church and its immediate neighborhood as towards no other of the parish churches in London. Captain John Smith is buried in its crypt; Benjamin Franklin wrought as a journeyman printer in St. Bartholomew's Close, within a stone's throw of its porch; and John Rogers, *the* martyr, was burnt at the stake at Smithfield, the still open space between St. Bartholomew's and St. Sepulchre's.

As possibly indicating some special connection between the great guild and the old church, we find that in 1610, three years after he had become a freeman of the company, King James I. granted "the rectory and its appurtenances, with the advowson of the vicarage," to Francis Phillips and others; that John Dowe, "citizen and merchant taylor of London, gave £50 to the parish church of St. Sepulchre's," under certain conditions; and especially that Joseph Holland in his will of 1659 directed, without question, and as if he had full authority of his own, that he himself "be buried on the south side of the christening pew in the parish church of St. Sepulchre's, Lon-

don, between my two former wives," of whom the first was the mother of Johanna Holland Perry. The will proceeds to make bequests to "my son-in-law, John Perry and Johanna, his wife, my daughter, and their sons John Perry and Josias Perry, and daughter Elisabeth Perry." Later on in the will are left certain "needlework to my said daughter Johanna, wrought by my first wife, her mother." He also left in the same instrument "to my son Nathaniel Holland of Waterton in New England £20 in goods." This means Watertown, on the Charles River, in Massachusetts, where Nathaniel was a "freeman" in 1663, while in the neighboring Charlestown he had by wife Mary a son Joseph, named from the grandfather, born October 24, 1659.

Eight years after this significant will was drawn, and the honored body of Joseph Holland had been deposited "on the right side of the christening pew" in St. Sepulchre's occurred the Great Fire of London. "In the night of the second of September [1666] a fire broke out in the heart of London, which raged for four days and reduced the city to ashes from the Tower to the Temple. Thirteen hundred houses and ninety churches were destroyed. The loss of merchandise and property was beyond count" (Green, III. 382). St. Sepulchre's lay right in the path of this dreadful fire, and was almost totally destroyed by it; but the parishioners set themselves energetically to work, and within four years it was rebuilt and beautified within and without. The general reparation was under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, and nothing but the walls of the old building, and these not entirely, were suffered to remain. There have been many radical changes since, both within and without, particularly in the years 1790, 1836, and 1879; but when my two eldest children, Grace Perry and Bliss Perry, visited the church together, in 1887, with a view (if possible) of standing over the grave of one of their remote but direct ancestors, the old verger in attendance seemed to know in general the location of the christening pew before the Fire, probably from old plans preserved, but he could not definitely and exactly point it out to them.

The natural effect on their emigration to the Colonies of some part of these now homeless and shopless Londoners may easily be imagined. There is every probability in the world that John Perry, then sixty-two years old, lost his property and business in the Fire of London. It is certain that late in that autumn or early in the following year he emigrated from London to Watertown on the Charles River, bringing his family with him. The oldest family Bible says, "In or about 1666 came from London John Perry," and

so on. Bond's "History of Watertown," not overaccurate in details, records the death in Watertown of this John Perry in 1674, "aged sixty-one." The year is much more likely to be correct in this notice than the age. Indeed, the latter is clearly wrong by ten years. We are now in a position to know, by an official and indisputable London record, that he was at least in his seventy-first year in 1674. But he had found a home in the New World. For eight years the Charles had been his Thames. Sixteen years before his death Holland's will had enumerated three of his children (Holland's grandchildren), doubtless in the order of their ages, John and Josias and Elisabeth. Our interest now centers in this eldest son, John, the third John Perry in direct descent.

Why did these Perrys, father and son, look across the water to Watertown in New England, when they found themselves desolated and impoverished in London? Was it the father or the son that took the initiative in this removal from the old home? These questions may perhaps be partly answered to a reasonable satisfaction. If the father were the prime mover, he had an own brother, William, two years younger than himself, born in England in 1606, like the rest of the family a tailor, who had emigrated to the Massachusetts Scituate in 1638, had removed to Watertown in 1640, where he became a technical "proprietor" in 1642, and had certainly six children there named in his will, and who died September 9, 1683, aged seventy-seven. After almost thirty years of separation by means of the ocean sea, the elder brother, under all the circumstances, would naturally be drawn to the younger, and from the decaying Old World to the growing New. On the other hand, if the son took the initiative in the removal, he had an own uncle in Watertown, Nathaniel Holland, well established there who would doubtless help establish him, and who was still living there in 1709. At any rate, whatever may have been the motives to the migration, the two came to Watertown, the father to find his grave there in a few years, the son to spend a long life and rear a large family there.

This third John Perry, who had probably served his apprenticeship to the clothworkers, or was in the progress of serving it out in London, when the Fire occurred, and who at all events wrought at that craft in Watertown, as did all his relatives, married there, when she was just turned of eighteen, Sarah Clary, December 13, 1667. To compare things great and little in the single point of time, that was the year when John Milton published his "Paradise Lost" in London. Sarah Clary Perry was still living in Cambridge,

adjoining Watertown, with her eldest son, John, so late as in February, 1725, when she was in her seventy-seventh year. The date of her husband's death is not recorded; but the names of their nine children on record are, every one of them, family names in their grandfather Holland's or grandfather Perry's families. *Their* eldest son, John, had eight children, and *his* eldest son, John, nine in all. Bond gives their names (p. 402). My own immediate ancestors, however, no longer continued in the line of the eldest son. But John and Johanna and Joseph and Josiah and Elisabeth and Sarah continued for several generations to be the favorite family names, thus manifesting in one way the very conservative tendencies of the Perry family. Also they kept largely to the same trades, generation after generation, usually to some form of clothworking, and were more commonly called in Massachusetts weavers and tailors.

To John Perry and Sarah Clary was born in Watertown, November 28, 1684, Josiah Perry. He was their seventh child. Two others were afterwards added to the family, Joseph and Sarah, the latter April 30, 1694. The above-named Josiah Perry, the fourth in genealogical order of my ancestors direct and known, married, January 12, 1708, Bethiah Cutler, and they had ten children, all born in Watertown. He was a weaver, like those who went before him and those that came after him. Like them, also, he was industrious and parsimonious and (perhaps) avaricious. When he was sixty-six years old, a couple of years or so after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which seemed to promise a cessation of hostilities between the French and English in New England, there came a call to the towns along the Charles River, then already becoming populous, for recruits and additions to what we now call the "heart of the commonwealth," namely, the town of Worcester. Worcester had many times been baptized in blood. Its first and second settlements had been entirely broken up by Indians in the French interest. Its first permanent occupation was made in 1713, and five years later the straggling hamlet was doubled in population and otherwise strengthened by a colony of Scotch-Irish, direct from Ulster, come at the invitation and encouragement of Governor Shute of Massachusetts. In "Lovell's War," that soon followed, and in the "old French War" of 1744–48, the people of Worcester, of both races, had borne a full share. La Chapelle was a lull rather than a peace. A considerable movement to the westward characterized the colony of Massachusetts in the interval, 1748–54.

In general accordance with this tendency, Josiah Perry and his

son, Nathan, who was born in Watertown in the very year in which the Scotch-Irish settled in Worcester, namely, 1718, bought, in April, 1751, the son, then thirty-three years of age, being undoubtedly the prime mover, the large farm overlooking the town on what is now called Vernon Street, much of which has not since gone out of the hands of the Perry family. The entire town of Worcester became a city in 1848; even ordinary farming lands became much more valuable under the municipality; and such a farm as this was, on high land commanding a view of all the main streets of the city, and in the vicinity of the College of the Holy Cross and other public institutions, has become in course of time very valuable, and has been a good deal subdivided among different heirs in the family line; and broad lands contiguous on the south and west to the original farm of eighty acres have been bought and cultivated by Joseph Stone Perry, born in 1828, through parts of which long streets have been thrown, thus adding much to the thrift and population of that region.

The original farm was purchased in April, 1751, of Elijah Hedge, and it was held in the joint names of Josiah and Nathan Perry, father and son, the one sixty-six and the other thirty-three years of age; and it was characteristic of the family in all the generations for father and son to move together whenever there was moving at all, and to dwell together so long as the family was stationed in one place. We have already seen that the second and third John came together from London to America, in 1666, and made a home together in Watertown; at much the same relative ages, and with all the apparent harmony of purpose, Josiah and Nathan came together from Watertown to Worcester, in 1751. This characteristic made the family more influential as such than it otherwise would have been; and the property, never very large, being concentrated in place and usually in ownership, seemed to be larger than it was. So far as is known, the individuals in all the generations, and almost without exception, were uncommonly acquisitive in a small way, frugal to the last degree, and, under outward harmonies, were not free from the petty jealousies and intervigilance usually accompanying such general conditions of life.

The Perry farm was located on the extreme northwestern slope of Sagatabscot Hill, just west of the original lot of Digory Sergeant, who came to Worcester from Malden in 1685 to aid in a second attempt to settle the place, and who had the temerity to maintain his footing there, with his wife and five children, after every fellow-settler had gone away (and he himself had been urged to go by the

authorities at Boston) at the opening of Queen Anne's War. He was killed and scalped there by the Indians in the winter of 1702–3, his wife tomahawked for impeding their flight while ascending Tatnick Hill in the northwest part of Worcester, and the five children were taken captive to Canada, whence a part returned after seven years to occupy again the eighty-acre lot of their father. The first permanent settler of Worcester, Jonas Rice of Marlborough, who had been a planter during the second settlement, returned in October, 1713, to occupy some of the lands of the unfortunate Sergeant, and to build his house a little way north of Sergeant's on other land still nearer to the land afterwards purchased by the Perrys and still owned by them. Jonas Rice lived alone on this spot for two years, without a neighbor for fifteen or twenty miles around, when his brother, Gershom Rice, the second permanent settler, located two miles and a half southwest of him on Pakachoag Hill. The third and fourth planters were Nathaniel Moore and Daniel Heywood, who became the first deacons of the Old South Church from its foundation to their decease — some fifty years. Moore's place, taken up in 1716, was next and near to Jonas Rice's, on what is now Plantation Street.

It will thus be seen that Josiah Perry, who hereby passes out of view, having made perhaps a less definite impression on his time than any other one in his direct line, fixed his own later home, and consequently that of his posterity, in the very thick of the earliest and most stirring facts and traditions of the town. These probably made but little permanent impression upon him at his time of life, but there is evidence a plenty that they stirred the spirit and also molded the life of his son Nathan, to a brief account of whom we now turn.

Sagatabscot Hill has latterly taken the name of "Union Hill," while the position of the oak on its northern point, at the foot of which Captain Howe of Marlborough and twelve armed men buried Digory Sergeant, in 1703, is not now exactly known; the place on Tatnick Hill where Mrs. Sergeant was tomahawked was, for obvious reasons, never afterwards identified; and the homestead of Gershom Rice at the western foot of Pakachoag Hill, dating from 1715, though its general location is known, is in that part of the old town that was set off to the new town of Auburn many years ago; but the present homestead of the Perrys occupies almost precisely the situation of the original home of 1751, although it has been repeatedly rebuilt and enlarged during the three half centuries. Although a large barn stands near it, the successor of one larger that was burned

down in the night, to the illumination of all Worcester, it has lost most of the appearances of a farmhouse; and similar substantial houses on the same side of the street, most of them now owned and occupied by different Perry families, stretch along for half a mile or more.

Nathan Perry, weaver, like all his progenitors, afterward deacon, like his son and grandson in succession, married, in 1745, Hannah Fiske of Watertown, and three children were born to them there and five more after they removed to Worcester, in 1751. He devoted himself assiduously from the first to his loom, his farm, his church duties, and his civic responsibilities. Well-authenticated traditions make his manners somewhat gruff and otherwise eccentric; he showed the narrow spirit of an old guildsman, as is proven by the fact that he was wont to be disturbed considerably if any one else set up the weaving business in Worcester, or if any person there learned any other branch of weaving than the common kind practised as a matter of course by all the good housewives. My mother's mother on one occasion, on purpose to pester her neighbor across the hill, said in his hearing: "*I have learned to weave everything!*" "*Can you weave leather breeches?*"

The land on which he had pitched was fertile to a high degree, and he was fond of his farm. It did not make so much difference with him whence the pennies came, provided only they came. Like others of his race he was overfond of pelf. His neighbors soon learned of this peculiarity of his character, for there was no deceit or concealment about the man whatever. Let a single instance illustrate this. Being chosen tithingman of the town, it became of course his duty to make public complaint of all breaches of the Sabbath, either by walking in the streets or fields, or by any other mode of desecration. One Sabbath afternoon some wide-awake young fellows from the "Street," as the straggling little village around the Old South Church early began to be called, walked leisurely up past the Perry house. He happened to be in his garden and saw them; and when they saw they were observed, they adopted an expedient, that proved to be successful, to screen themselves from being legally complained of, and the upshot of which, besides furnishing infinite sport to the youngsters, threw no small scandal upon good Deacon Perry, the tithingman.

Going straight up to the garden fence, they began to praise some cucumbers which they saw growing within the inclosure. They were surprised to see such fine cucumbers so early in the season; they had not seen a single cucumber before that year; and expressed

a strong desire to obtain three or four, and proffered him quite a little sum for that number! This was too much for the worthy deacon! His official position in the town and his ecclesiastical dignity alike went down before his lust of gain. He handed them the cucumbers and they handed him the money!

Notwithstanding this and other slips of the same general character, he was yet regarded by all as a good man and worthy of his place as an officer in the church; and he remained a deacon as long as he lived, and, as it were, bequeathed the office to his son Moses. He served from 1783 to 1806 — twenty-three years.

In civil affairs Nathan Perry was very prominent in the town and county of Worcester, especially after the bold stand he took in 1775 in favor of armed resistance to the Crown, when many of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the town became Loyalists, and some of them went into voluntary exile. The farmer and weaver of Sabatabscot Hill, then fifty-seven years old, drew the confidence of his patriotic fellow-citizens to a remarkable degree. He was chosen treasurer of the county of Worcester in the opening year of the war, and filled that position consecutively till 1790 — fifteen years. During thirteen years of the same interval of time he was the treasurer of the town also; and for nine years previous to 1789 he was a member of the Board of Selectmen, and six of those years their chairman.

The childhood of his youngest son, Moses Perry, who was born in 1768, fell in those busy years of his father's public life; it fell also in the perturbed years of the American Revolution, which were years of civil strife in Worcester, when such schools as had been established were mostly or wholly broken up; and consequently, young Moses Perry, the sixth in my line of descent, had very little opportunity for schooling. Indeed, he never went to school but six weeks in his life. Notwithstanding this deprivation, which he always lamented, he became an intelligent and even long-headed man. He thought more than he talked. He inherited the farm and the then declining weaving business of his father. Being industrious and frugal "as all his fathers were," he became thrifty and prosperous. He sent three of his sons to college, of whom my father was the eldest; and I have often mentioned in public discourse and otherwise an incident which I heard repeatedly from my mother's lips in childhood, and which I desire to put here in permanent record, in token of the intellectual acumen of my unlettered grandfather.

He was wont to think out, to their issue, at his work and at his

leisure, certain practical problems that occurred to him, perhaps in mensuration or any other such matter, saying nothing about it to any one; and when his boys were at home of a college vacation, he would innocently put out the question to them; sometimes upon trial the college algebra or geometry would come to a dead stand-still when pursued by the sharp inquiry; on one occasion, when he had thus completely baffled them, he drew his chair, chalk in hand, up to the immense hearthstone of the old farmhouse, and bending over it, said quietly, "*Boys, let's look into the natur' on't!*" Perhaps it may be proper for me to say in passing, that of all the educational precepts I have ever listened to in my life, and I have been under some really great teachers, that simple scene with those simple words early impressed upon my imagination, and ever present there, has been by all odds the most penetrating and fertile.

Moses Perry married, a little before he was eighteen, Marcy Clark, a descendant of John Clark, one of the original Scotch-Irish immigrants into Worcester of 1718. She died within the year, leaving an infant daughter, Marcy Perry, who, after being in her girlhood a great help and comfort to her half-brothers, spent a long life in Guilford, Vt., as the wife of John Mellindy. After five years as a widower, Perry, then in his twenty-fourth year, married Hannah Hall, and lived with her fifty years, when he died, in 1842, and she survived him a dozen years or more. She was a thorn in his side from the day he married her till the day of his death. A curious compound of the stingy woman, the unnatural mother, and the sluttish housewife, she tested his patience and forbearance to the utmost; but no one ever heard him give a hint even that things at home were not just as they should be. Like the Jewish lawgiver, whose name he bore, he was a man of great meekness and placidity of temper. He was more than that: he was a moral hero.

His wife was so eccentric in dress and manner, so uncleanly in her person, so neglectful of her children, so bent on petty savings that were ridiculous and wasteful, that the neighbors generally considered, and called her crazy; but her husband was never known to allude to any of these peculiarities, her children growing up scarcely knew that they were peculiarities, while the father indicated his tender recollections of his first wife only by naming two of his sons in succession "Clark."

She was not cross to her children, nor did she punish them; she simply took no proper care of them. She did not seem to care any more for them than for the neighbors' children. She had but one daughter, Matilda, the youngest child, born in 1805. When this

girl was about eleven years old, she came home from school one night with the sick headache, pale as a cloth, and so weak she could scarcely walk. Her mother thought she must have some catnip tea; "*and Tilly, dear duckie darling, can't you run up garret and get the catnip?*" When her sons were in college they never thought of such a thing as asking her even to do up a fine shirt for them, or to render any such service whatever. My father had, fortunately, found at a farmhouse a couple of miles southeast of Sabatabscot a young woman both able and willing to do such things for him upon occasion; and to one of his brothers fretting one day at the lack of such service at home, he said, consolingly, "Carry it to Lydia"; "*I'll have a Lydia of my own!*" was the prompt reply.

As might be inferred from what has been written, my grandmother's personal appearance, though very different at different times, was always unique. She never wore a cap, and her hair was always loose upon her head. Sometimes she would have three or four shawls, or a petticoat, over her shoulders; and the last time I saw her, she had a corncob stuck in her waist for a knitting sheath. In her old age she liked to wander off from home, and to spend days, and even nights, with family acquaintances far and near; and it required strong vigilance on the part of my uncle and his family to prevent her from thus becoming burdensome to others. Once when I happened to be in Worcester, I saw what was perhaps more painful to my feelings than any other scene in my life, although I knew it to be necessary. I was riding with my uncle Samuel, with whom she lived, and who inherited the farm, up the hill towards the house, when we met her coming down in the middle of the road, bound to some house in a distant part of the town. My uncle told her she should not go, — he would not have her strolling off in that way. She persisted for a little while, when he stood up in his wagon, and flourishing his whip in a wide circle, told her in a loud voice to "turn right about," "back," "right back!" She mutteringly obeyed. Of course he did not strike her, and he never did, — she was his own mother.

With such a wife as this did my grandfather bring up his children. That his influence was predominant in forming their minds and characters may be seen in the fact, that of five sons three of them became educated ministers of the gospel, and the other two acceptable deacons of churches. Yet it would be too much to say that any one of them did not carry, to his own detriment, lasting marks of the lack of a gentle and intelligent maternal influence. The father did what he could; but if any individual whatever fails

to perform at the right time any special and personal duty, from the very nature of the case *that* duty never can be performed by anybody, — *there* is a lack that never can be filled.

It is not to be inferred from all this, however, that Moses Perry had not some grave faults of character. The hereditary tendency to get and save was well developed in him; and this was well understood throughout the town. Once on returning from the "Street," he took into his wagon a neighbor, who was in just that degree of intoxication in which men speak out what they think without the least reserve. "You are the most selfish man, Deacon Perry, that I ever knew, without any exception." "Well, well, do you think I am dishonest, too?" "Oh, no! you are always honest about it!"

Notwithstanding his almost total want of schooling, he could write a fair hand and was a good reader, and became a man of more than common understanding. The late Rev. Dr. Gale, of Lee, who was a trustee of Williams College, 1861–76, who had lived in Worcester when a boy, told me that he remembered well my grandfather's exhortations at conference meetings and other occasions. He was a man slow of speech, yet his words carried a weight with them not always borne by the words of readier speakers. His mode of pronunciation was rather old-fashioned, emphasizing, for example, the last syllable of the word "*Philistines*," but his speaking was always pertinent and impressive. So was also his silence. On one occasion a very animated discussion sprung up in a church meeting; the members were fast getting excited and angry, when Deacon Perry arose, and said, "Brethren, we are getting pretty warm and I think we had better go home, and I shall set the example"; whereupon he took his hat and started.

With all his slowness of speech and meekness and unaffected piety, Deacon Moses Perry had a certain degree of mother wit, of capacity for a happy retort, and even somewhat of a rhyming turn, — all which are illustrated in some lines which he penned and sent to my father, then in Harvard College, who had recommended that a younger brother, then in Leicester Academy, should study at home and recite to him during a long vacation. A plenty of objections occurred to him to this proposal — odd ones, too.

Ordinarily obituary notices are not worth quoting, because they are distended with praise and become hollow in consequence; but I am led to think that the following paragraphs, from a necrological notice of my grandfather, are essentially just, from some incidental words respecting him received in a letter from the late George Bancroft when he was United States Minister to Berlin. Mr. Bancroft

and my father were classmates in Harvard College, where both were graduated in 1817, and in the letter referred to, Bancroft wrote that he occasionally visited his classmate's home, and was always deeply interested in good old Deacon Perry — in his talk, in his ways of looking at men and things, in his advanced views of education, and in his love of country. Bancroft's father was the first Unitarian minister at Worcester, and the Perry home was always intensely orthodox; and under these conditions that the boy took strongly to the patriarch, and that the patriarch unlocked himself to the boy, is equally creditable to them both. These are the obituary paragraphs referred to above: —

"You could not well be in his company for an hour without receiving favorable impressions of his mind and heart. You felt at once that he was a man of good understanding, of general intelligence, of amiable disposition, and of urbane manners. A kind heart, an equable spirit, a disposition to please, a willingness to oblige others even at the expense of personal inconvenience, endeared him to a large circle of friends, and won for him the cordial esteem of the community in which he lived. Few men have lived, and rarely has one lived and died, amid such general and heartfelt respect. His deportment was such as gently to constrain all around to speak well of him. To hear one speak ill of Deacon Perry would have been to our minds almost incontrovertible evidence of an acrid temper and obliquity of heart.

"As a citizen, public-spirited; as a neighbor, always obliging; as a friend, sincere and faithful; as a husband, kind and true; as a father, mingling kindness with fidelity, ruling well his own household, and teaching his children, by precept and example, to seek first the kingdom of God.

"His interest in the Sabbath school and his Bible class was deep and uniform; and something of peculiar urgency it must have been to detain him from his place when his class met for their usual exercises. Long will his venerable form and benignant aspect be cherished in the memory of those who received instruction from his lips."

Moses Perry continued as a deacon of the Old South Church till 1836, thirty years, when he and his family formed part of a peaceable secession from the old church to form the so-called "Union" Church; and he served as a deacon in the new church for six years longer till his death in 1842; his son Samuel, the third son, who inherited the farm, succeeded his father as deacon in the Union Church, and served thirty-five years; so that there was a successive

service as deacons by father, son, and grandson, for ninety-four years in what was essentially the same church. Samuel Perry was born on the homestead in 1796, and died there in 1878, in his eighty-second year. He united in himself the family characteristics to a remarkable degree; and of his ten children, the circle was still unbroken sixty years after the birth of the first. David Brainard Perry, one of the ten, was a graduate and tutor at Yale College, and founder and president of Doane College, Nebraska.

The eldest son of Deacon Moses Perry, the seventh in the direct line of descent from Rev. John Perry of Fareham, counting that progenitor as one, was Rev. Baxter Perry. He was born, April 16, 1792, with a wonderfully robust constitution, and with all the elements so mixed in him as to prepare him for his short, but extraordinarily useful career. His mother had a brother, Baxter Hall, a soldier in the Revolution; and she naturally gave her brother's name to her oldest son. When that son was settled in the ministry in Lyme, N. H., he found a parishioner named Wilmarth who had been a messmate in the war with Baxter Hall, and who had named one of his own sons after him; and so a pleasant tie of connection was at once knit between the young pastor and the revolutionary veteran.

THE NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE.

An extremely important subject, and an extremely difficult one, and one which I do not remember ever to have seen handled in a thorough way by any competent and college-experienced writer is, *the distinctive nature of college government and the practical method of its successful administration.* Whether it prove that I can or cannot soundly unfold this topic by the present effort, at least it may probably call attention to it, invite discussion, and ultimately lead to rational statements and more uniform exemplifications.

Obviously enough, the form of college government is not an original scheme in and for itself. It shows in every part the lines of an analogue. The ends of that after which it was modeled, though similar, could not have been the same as the ends of that slowly projected and brought into realization analogically. Political governments, no matter how varied their forms may be, have all a common end, and furnish us no help in such a rigid analysis as this which we are now attempting. But, on the other hand, each independent New England church, every religious organization called "Baptist" or "Congregationalist" is the nearest existing analogue to the New England college. How many and what are the universal factors in one of these churches?

They are three in number. Let us now study them a little as factors. (1) The church membership. This is a body of individuals voluntarily associating themselves under a solemn covenant to seek the religious welfare of each for himself or herself, and each in like manner for all the rest. This represents a church proper and peculiar and individual, in opposition to the monastic or solitary religious life, and in opposition, also, to the more highly organized and variously subordinated forms of the religious life as manifested in the Episcopal and Catholic churches. The active membership constitutes the church. Some members, indeed, are more competent and faithful than others; some work in one way and others in another: by silent suffering, a prayerful spirit, a helpful example,

by bearing one another's burdens, by exhortation some, by faculty of organization others, — so they build themselves up in general accordance with the covenant in the most holy faith. Yet are they all the same in *status*, and equal in opportunity and authority.

Then (2) the board of deacons and special committees. The personal relations of church members as such are invisible and spiritual; but as an organization it must have an outward home, like meeting-houses of some sort ; it must be able to make contracts and have the means to fulfill them, and it requires certain recurring services, also, of an objective character. Hence deacons are chosen, and transient committees for financial and other purposes. These are all secondary to the church itself, and subservient to the one indivisible and persistent body of believers. They rise up on occasion out of this body, and sink back into it. They naturally have certain temptations that come to them as such officials, and need, consequently, to watch themselves, and to be watched over in a fraternal spirit.

Lastly (3) the so-called minister and preacher. He is not the church, but an officer of the church. To employ the Scriptural symbol, he is not the flock, but the pastor of the flock. The flock is primary, essential, and practically unchangeable; the pastor is tertiary, important indeed, but frequently mutable. New members unite with the *church*, while they never think of such a thing as uniting with the minister. An active and loving church, with its few local servitors, can get on as towards the ends of the church temporarily pretty well without a pastor at all. Of course there is then a great lack and longing. The Sabbath instruction and the household visitations are a needful part of the vital agencies of the church, but they are not strictly a *sine qua non*. The paramount end of the church is intelligent Righteousness through mutual Love. The preacher and pastor is a great help towards this indispensable end. Any church is the most flourishing outwardly, and individual members best growing up in all things into him who is the Head, when these three essential factors best keep in their own place with an active and humble and loving spirit. But nothing is perfect in this world. Troubles creep into churches. It will be probably found that the difficulties and the bitterness in the majority of instances appear to come in through the pastor and preacher, namely, the more transient and the least essential of the three chief factors. His position is most conspicuous, most open to ambitious motives, the point at which the world attacks the fiercest and is most likely to meet with surrender.

Now it is historically true that all, or nearly all, of the *colleges* of New England sprang directly out of the prospective needs and a present sense of pressing duty on the part of the *churches* of New England. The ultimate end in view in every church was the begetting, the deepening, and diffusing of personal godliness; the end in view in the founding of the colleges was the suitable training of young men to enter upon and perpetuate this work. Likeness in the ends made natural an analogy in the means. The colleges became analogous of the churches. Both were organized bodies of men. Government of some sort there must be for both. Governments of the same sort were actually instituted for both.

How many and what are the chief constituents of a New England college? Their number, also, is three. Their normal working is not unlike that of the churches. Let us see. (1) The college proper is the body of students and those who have previously been such; in other words, the students and the alumni. It is for them that the buildings and all the other local utilities and paraphernalia exist. It is their bodily and mental and spiritual *wants* that are to be met by boards of teachers, by everything that may be made influential from the past of the institution, and by everything that the students may be able to do for themselves in the way of voluntary associations and personal experiments and mutual and reciprocal helps. Because the term of service of college teachers is, as a rule, very much longer than the time of study of ordinary college classes; because they have also, as a rule, made college instruction their life-long profession; because they have done and suffered in behalf of the college more than any other equal number of men connected with it; and because they have more at stake and, consequently, a deeper interest in the continued welfare of the college than any other body of men whatever; — it is more than fitting that they should have a larger part in the government and guidance of the college than the current body of students or than the body of the alumni. These three constitute, by way of eminence and in the order of precedence, the college proper and peculiar, namely, the faculty, the alumni, the students.

In many, if not most, of the colleges at present, the associated alumni have a distinct and formal agency in the managing of the college. These elect directly a portion of the trustees. In other cases the annual meetings of the alumni at Commencement afford abundant and glad opportunity for discussion and criticism and resolutions relating to college practices and tendencies — all of which are wholesome and vital. Moreover, it is a great mistake to

suppose that current bodies of students, too, have not, or ought not to have, an indirect and cogent influence on the course and development of a college. Students are always talking about this study or that study, this teacher or that teacher; about methods, also, and how they do such things in this or that neighboring institution. College subjects are thus kept in constant agitation in a rough and loose way; although it would be too much to say that any stable body of college opinion is ever formed and maintained in this way, yet the discussion itself and any fragments of opinions thus apparently elaborated may be usefully watched and perhaps wisely guided somewhat by the more permanent and sagacious agents of the institutions. There is another way in which the students of any college may more directly promote or hinder its interests. It is by means of the good will or ill will borne by the present body of students in any college directly or indirectly, to the fitting schools, in which boys are constantly making up their own minds what colleges they shall themselves attend. It is the good opinions of the students already in college towards their own institution, — of its teachers and methods and general spirit, — divulged in the fitting schools in this roundabout way, that constitutes the chief asests of any college in relation to their newcomers in prospect. It is the home market that draws the foreign product. Young men are now allowed to go to college where they choose, each one for himself, much more than they formerly were. They go largely according to the reports that come up to the places where they are fitting. They go more in groups than they formerly did. What a college once was has comparatively little influence relatively to that which it is now estimated and reported to be. It is somewhat like the political elections of the present day as compared with those of former times. The candidates seem to go in rather by the varied drifts of what is now expected of them than by their formerly expressed and steadily maintained principles. College officials must quietly watch for, and wait upon, these predominating judgments of the students on the ground, or they will probably find a lessening number of attendants in their own lecture-rooms in the years a-coming.

If we still follow our main analogies, as we safely can at the present point, we shall (2) come to the trustees. These correspond to the deacons and special financial committees of the churches. The trustees are not the college save in a very subordinated sense. Their name implies their function almost perfectly. In the charter of the colleges granted by the Legislatures of the states, provision is made for a self-perpetuating body of men, who shall hold in trust

all moneys given to endow the college, and who shall set in motion the machinery of the institution by choosing a president, a treasurer, and all other needful functionaries to the purpose in view. The trustees are responsible to the state that creates them as such. Their acts are subject to revision and reversion by a higher authority over them. The entire college is a public institution in the highest sense of those words. Sometimes the Legislature of a state votes money directly from its own treasury to aid one or more of its colleges. This money is the outcome of taxes laid upon the entire people of the state. This feature gives the people of the state a right to know how their money is expended. It is not buried out of sight when it is passed over into the college treasury. Inquiry is often in order. The Legislature is well above the board of trustees, which fact is one apt to be forgotten by the latter until motions to raise a committee of inquiry are lifted in the Legislature itself. The ordinary meetings of boards of trustees are holden but infrequently, they are otherwise convened with difficulty; as a body, their interest is often but slight in the details of what is going on or proposed at the college. Most of them live at some distance from their special seat of learning, and it is impossible for them to learn, with any minute accuracy, what is going on or proposed there. It is true that one or more of their number resides in the college or in the college town at least, but any information really vital gathered from these by the rest is rarely reliable and sometimes strangely distorted. As a source of good government over the college, accordingly, or as a direct means of restoring it when it has been disturbed or thwarted, the trustees are by themselves inadequate. Moreover, the weight of evidence for more than a century — ever since, indeed, the radical and most instructive troubles at Dartmouth — inclines to the conclusion that the individuals constituting a board of college trustees are more likely to quarrel with each other over college matters than any other equal number or body of men connected therewith.

The present writer was born and bred within less than ten miles of Dartmouth College. From his very early youth he was in pretty steady attendance upon the Commencements there. From that day to this he has had a large interest and a fair comprehension of the things scholastical that have transpired there. Long before he could understand it, he had repeatedly read Daniel Webster's argument before the Supreme Court at Washington in the famous Dartmouth College case. He recurs to those troubles now in order to show that not even the Legislature of a state that had chartered a

college and appointed a board of trustees was, or is, the tribunal of last resort in cases that may arise out of such a grant and from such a board. The board at Hanover thought that there were no limits to their collegiate powers. Accordingly they removed from his office, in 1815, John Wheelock, after a presidency of thirty-six years. The Legislature of New Hampshire favored Dr. Wheelock and opposed the trustees. The Legislature voted to amend the charter of the college, and virtually took everything into their own hands for the time being, and did not dream that there was any power relating to the college beyond them. But there proved to be such a power. Daniel Webster was graduated at the college in 1801; Professor Shurtleff was one of his teachers and sat on the Commencement stage when Webster delivered his graduating address in that year; and in 1841, when Webster was Secretary of State of the United States, the present writer saw him walk arm in arm with Professor Shurtleff across the campus on Commencement Day from the college to the church, and heard their words conversing together.

Now the famous "Dartmouth College case" in its final stage is very simple, easily understood, and necessary of understanding for the radical analysis and discussion in which we are now engaged. As a graduate of the college and a citizen of the state, with a few other leading lawyers of New Hampshire, Webster disbelieved in, and disapproved of, the Legislature that changed the college into a university, and passed other assumptive laws. The issue was first tried in the Supreme Court of the state, and the decision went against the college and in favor of the Legislature. This was in 1817. Webster appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. By what process could this be done? Under what clause of the national Constitution could a local matter arising on the banks of the upper Connecticut enter with one stride the loftiest tribunal in Washington? Among several prohibitions on the states in that instrument is one prohibiting them from "*passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts.*" Very well.

But are gifts to a college, for example, bestowed on certain expressed or implied conditions in the constitutional sense of that word, CONTRACTS? Webster contended that "Eleemosynary" gifts, that is, charities, whose income or use recurs under implied conditions are "*contracts*"; and, therefore, the Uinted States can legally put a stop to all such highhanded proceedings of the state Legislature as those sought to be made applicable at Hanover. John Marshall, of Virginia, was then the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He had taken, as a statesman, a much

stronger view of the powers granted to the general government by the national Constitution, in contradistinction with those retained by the separate states, than even most of the Federalists of his time. He was, accordingly, preinclined to the view now presented to the Supreme Court for the first time, namely, that the nation might overrule the state in a legal matter of apparently purely local concern, provided the case be fairly brought under one of those sweeping prohibitions on the states like that to "impair the obligation of contracts." Although the Chief Justice could not carry all his associate judges with him, judgment was rendered, in February, 1819, in favor of the college and against the Legislature of New Hampshire. There is hanging in one of the halls at Dartmouth a brief, original letter from Daniel Webster to his brother Ezekiel, announcing this result in words that hold a certain amount of personal exultation. His own argument on that occasion was the one that first gave him his national fame. On constitutional and public grounds, also, this decision of the court was memorable. It secured throughout the United States the sacredness of private trusts. But it cannot be said that this great step in national jurisprudence enlarged the functions or exalted the position of trustees, whether college or other. The reverse is probably true. It subjects them, at any rate, to an additional and more authoritative supervision.

(3) The third and last constituent of government in a New England college is the president of the college, so called. In many respects he is the analogue of the preacher and pastor in an independent church. He is chosen by the board of trustees, and becomes thereby a member of the board *ex officio*, and presides in all meetings of the board when he is present; but his vote is no more than the vote of any other one of the trustees. Being, however, a resident in the college, and the presiding officer of the faculty, also, when present, he has a moral advantage over any other one of the trustees in a much more minute knowledge of the general state of things within the strict college circle; and if he be a man of ability and firmness and prudence, not over-assumptive of questionable powers, and willing to yield to each of his colleagues in the trustees and in the faculty the same in the way of courtesy and concession and patience that he has a right to claim from each of them, the president of a New England college often enjoys a position in fellowship and in opportunity of personal and official influence very desirable for himself and very useful to the public.

On the other hand, the very fact that his authority is not, and cannot be, circumscribed to the letter; that he is, in substance, an

equal among equals in two or three bodies of collegiate men, with special, though shadowy privileges and responsibilities in each; that the very peculiarities and complexities of his position furnish strong temptations for him to think more highly of himself than he ought to think, and so far forth to minimize the rights and perturb the feelings of sensitive colleagues; that his position at the head of two sets of colleagues with all of his own idiosyncrasies brings him into contact with all the idiosyncrasies of the individuals of both sets; and that there are very few qualified men, indeed, so evenly balanced in temperament and training, so blest with attractions, so steady in wholesome impressions he makes, and so steady in bearing the unpleasant impressions he receives from others; — all this is apt to cause misfits and unhappiness on all sides, and to make the president's place a place of friction and disintegration. Many presidents attempt to strengthen themselves in what is confessedly a point of weakness and difficulty, by making *quasi* secret alliances or cliques as between himself and groups of trustees or of alumni or of faculty or even of students. These never ultimately succeed, for the reason that they can never ultimately be kept secret.

It has now been made plain why the term of service of college presidents has, as a rule, been so short. Taking Dartmouth again, as on the whole a fair example of the rest, we find that in its first full century of work there were eight presidents, with an average of twelve years each of service, with one of an exceptionally long term, namely, thirty-six years. Williams has been, on the whole, confirmatory in this, although, with its one very long term of thirty-six years, it undoubtedly stands on the outer edge of averages, namely, sixteen years.

Now, in conclusion, it must be said, and the conclusion, if logically sound, is very important, that there is no sharply defined government over the colleges, any more than there is over the churches. The analogies between the two are very close. Here, as elsewhere, the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life. The churches grow through the heavenly visions and the mutual affections that beget and sustain them. When the vision faileth and the love grows cold, there must come of necessity alienation and excision of individuals. Not essentially is it otherwise in the colleges. Every teacher must come to love his pupils, enjoy his work with them, be able to win their attachment in return. He must be glad to coöperate with all his colleagues in their work with the same spirit. Those who exercise authority, however restrained, must do it, not to set themselves up, nor in any sense to pull others down, but to work together for

good, as towards the single end — to increase and diffuse knowledge and righteousness among men. There will be recalcitrants and impracticables, both among teachers and those sought to be taught, both among trustees and executive officers of every grade, because it was written so. Let these in the last resort be sloughed off. But the living and loving churches and colleges will pass on into the "*life everlasting.*"

MARCH, 1890.

CITIZENS OF WILLIAMSTOWN:

Your committee, appointed for that purpose last March, beg leave respectfully to submit their report on the roads and streets of the town, subject to your amendment and approval.

A. L. PERRY, JOHN BASCOM, A. E. HALL.

ROADS.

1. " Ashford Road," from Sabin House to Ashford line.
2. "Hancock Road," from Sabin House to Hancock line.
3. "Sloan Road," from Sabin House to Oblong, in memory of General Samuel Sloan, whose first log house stood midway upon it.
4. "Stone Hill Road," from Woodcock road to west end of Gale road.
5. "Green River Road," from Sabin House to east end of Gale road.
6. "Woodcock Road," from Green River road to Oblong, in memory of Nehemiah Woodcock, whose house crowned the highest land on it.
7. "Hopper Road," from Sweet's mill to Bacon's, and beyond.
8. "Potter Road," from Haley's to the Ashford road.
9. "Burchard Road," from Hopper road to brick house, in memory of Samuel Burchard, who built the house.
10. "Hemlock Road," from old John Sherman's to Sabin House.
11. "Bee Hill Road," from old John Sherman's to New York line near Walker's.
12. "Torrey Road," from Hemlock road to junction with Bee Hill road.
13. "Oblong Road," from Torrey road to Hancock road.
14. "Petersburg Road," from Buxton bridge to the Pass.
15. "North West Hill Road," from Buxton bridge to Pownal line.

16. "Gale Road," from north foot of Stone Hill to Green River road.
17. "Blair Road," from Green River road to the right angle.
18. "Stratton Road," from same right angle to Main Street, at Markham's, in memory of Deacon Ebenezer Stratton, who lived and died on it.
19. "Adams Road," from Markham's to the North Adams line, east.
20. "Luce Road," from the Adams road to the "Luce lot," in memory of Captain Seth Luce.
21. "Paul Road," from the Luce road to North Adams line.
22. "Blackinton Road," from the Adams road at Cook's to the North Adams line in Blackinton.
23. "North Hoosac Road," from the Blackinton road to the Thomas place.
24. "Simonds Road," from Moody bridge to the Pownal line, in memory of Colonel Benjamin Simonds, who lived and died on it.
25. "White Oaks Road," from North Hoosac road to Pownal line, up Broad Brook.
26. "Sand Springs Road," from Simonds road to White Oaks road, up Broad Brook.
27. "Bridges Road," from North Hoosac road to Pine Grove.
28. "Henderson Road," from North Hoosac road to Vermont line, in memory of John Henderson, a Hessian soldier, who built his log hut at the opening of it, east side.
29. "Brook Road," from White Oaks road to Henderson road, east.
30. "Treadwell Hollow Road," from Bee Hill road to Petersburg Pass.
31. "Roaring Brook Road," from Ashford road to Goodell's.

STREETS.

1. "Main Street," from Buxton bridge to Markham's.
2. "Cole Avenue," from Main street to North Hoosac road, beyond the station.
3. "Water Street," from Main street to east end of Gale road.
4. "South Street," from Field Park to west end of Gale road.
5. "North Street," from Field Park to Moody bridge.
6. "Bulkley Street," from North street to North West Hill road.

7. "Park Street," from Main street to North street, near Moody bridge.
8. "Whitman Street," from Park street to North street.
9. "Hoxsie Street," from Main street to Latham street (not yet opened).
10. "Latham Street," from Water street to Austin's, and on to South street (when opened).
11. "Spring Street," from Main street to Latham street.
12. "Meacham Street," from College bridge to Water street, past Meacham's.
13. "Bingham Street," from Main street to the milldam.
14. "Southworth Street," from Main street, northward.
15. "Glen Street," from Main street at Sabin's to old John Sherman's.
16. "Linden Street," from Cole avenue, eastward.
17. "Hall Street," from Cole avenue, eastward.
18. "Front Street," from Cole avenue, westward.

BRIDGES OVER THE HOOSAC RIVER.

1. "Baker Bridge" (east).
2. "Noble Bridge," (middle).
3. "Moody Bridge," (west).

MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

1. On the Taconics, from north to south: "Mount Belcher" (so named in 1741); "Leet Hill"; "Dodd's Cone"; "Mount Hopkins"; "McMaster Mountain"; "Mount Mills"; "Sabin Heights."
2. On East Mountain, from north to south: "Mount Hazen" (from the surveyor who ran the state line over it); "Hudson's Height" (in memory of Captain Seth Hudson); "Mount Emmons;" "Smedley Height."
3. On the south line of the town: "Stratton Mountain."
4. On the Greylock group (west lobe): "Simonds Peak" (south end of Prospect); "Bald Mountain"; "Mount Chadbourne" (point overhanging Potter road).

   (Middle lobe): "Mount Williams"; "Mount Fitch"; "Greylock"; "Mount Moore"; "Mount Griffin."

PRESIDENTS.

REV. EBENEZER FITCH, D.D., 1793–1815.
REV. ZEPHANIAH SWIFT MOORE, D.D., 1815–1821.
REV. EDWARD DORR GRIFFIN, D.D., 1821–1836.
REV. MARK HOPKINS, D.D., LL.D., 1836–1872.
HON. PAUL ANSEL CHADBOURNE, D.D., LL.D., 1872–1881.
FRANKLIN CARTER, PH.D., LL.D., 1881–1901.

TRUSTEES IN 1901.

JOHN HASKELL HEWITT, LL.D., ACTING PRESIDENT.

REV. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH, D.D., LL.D., New York City.
HON. JAMES MADISON BARKER, LL.D., Pittsfield.
REV. WILLIAM WISNER ADAMS, D.D., Fall River.
HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER, L.H.D., Cambridge.
REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D., New York City.
REV. HENRY HOPKINS, D.D., Kansas City, Mo.
FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON, M.A., New York City.
HON. ALBERT CHARLES HOUGHTON, North Adams.
HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, L.H.D., LL.D., New York City.
REV. DANIEL MERRIMAN, D.D., Cambridge.
HON. JOSEPH EDWARD SIMMONS, LL.D., New York City.
HON. WILLIAM RUMSEY, LL.D., New York City.
EUGENE DELANO, M.A., New York City.
HON. JAMES RUDOLPH GARFIELD, B.A., West Mentor, O.
HON. JAMES ROBERT DUNBAR, B.A., Brookline.
WILLIAM HENRY HOLLISTER, JR., B.A., Troy, N. Y.

CLASS OF 1852.

"The only class of '51 that can be a class of '52."

Batchelder, John Stockman.
Bigelow, William Howard.
Bradley, William Alfred.
Chamberlain, Jeremiah Everts.
Clark, Augustus Orton.
Curtis, Augustus Seaver.
David, William Glenn.
Deming, Richard Titus.
Dickinson, John Woodbridge.
Freeman, Charles March.
French, Edward Warner.
Gibbs, Thomas Hayden.
Greene, David Brainerd.
Harris, John Kellogg.

Harwood, Charles Edward.
Hazeltine, Henry Martyn.
Hill, Charles Jenkins.
Holmes, Charles Henry.
Horton, Charles Howell.
Hunt, Horace Judson.
Hyde, Charles McEwen.
Jewett, Augustine D. L.
Johnson, Norman Lewis.
Lyman, Micah Jones.
Marcusson, Jacob William.
Niles, Addison Cook.
Parsons, James Harvey.
Pease, Harlow.
Perry, Arthur Latham.
Perry, Charles.
Phillips, Benjamin Franklin.
Pixley, Stephen Clapp.
Potter, William Sidney.
Pratt, Henry Lyman.
Pratt, Lewellyn.
Punnett, Thomas Wickes.
Rankin, Frederic Wolcott.
Redfield, Charles.
Reed, James Hervey.
Rogers, James Henry.
Senderling, Philip Meyer.
Seymour, Bela Newton.
Sherman, Job Gray.
Van Deusen, Edwin Augustus.
Wetmore, John McEwen.
Whipple, Alden Bradford.
Williams, Chauncey Kiborn.
Wilson, Elijah Noble.
Wright, Pitkin Cowles.

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